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# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 1.—NOVEMBER 1889.

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## *EMILE ZOLA : A CRITICISM.*

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GREAT and rapid though the march of culture and civilization has been in this century, yet it is strange what a great but unconscious influence old world ideas and prejudices exert on most of us, preventing us from forming true and impartial judgments of men and manners, and from examining any production, literary or otherwise, except by the light of our own narrow and usually one-sided stand-point. Now and then, perhaps in a hundred years, a great author arises surprising and startling the world with a certain daring independence of thought which the world cannot appreciate, simply because it cannot understand it. No derision nor ridicule could have been greater than that which was levelled at Wordsworth when he broke the fetters of conventionality in which the poetry of the last and the first-half of this century was bound; but to-day, only nine-and-thirty years after his death, he stands in the front rank of English poets, and his name in literature is as firmly established as that of Scott or Byron. The subject of this criticism now stands before the literary world in the same position in which the great Lake Poet stood some fifty years ago, inasmuch as he also has braved the conventionality of the period, the conventionality of literary treatment, and the conventionality of a weak and watery kind

of morality which was and still is, very much in vogue. He considers the present race of novelists to be mere literary dabblers, in whose pages not a single true picture of life or manners can be found ; he thinks that we have had enough of the old, old pulling sentimentalisms of the modern novel ; of the tender pangs of lovesick maidens ; of life a summer holiday or a dreamy ramble among roses and honey-suckles, in which every one seems to be utterly unconscious and even ignorant of the every-day and matter-of-fact actions of this matter-of-fact world. We need something more *real* than all this, and ever since he gave to the world the first of the remarkable series known as the "Rougon-Macquart," public opinion has been raging round his work and name in discordant strife. With hosts of admirers in France and America, some half-hearted ones in England and Germany, with a few select writers of great scholarship and culture, on the one hand, expressing an ever-growing admiration of the originality of his treatment and the trenchant force of his style, and able critics on the other, ever and anon bringing against his writings charges of no trivial an order, Emile Zola is undoubtedly one of the most prominent figures in the literary world of to-day. It may safely be taken for granted that the majority of the English-reading public are usually unable to understand French writers *as they ought to be understood*, and the insular prejudice that condemned the brilliant genius of Balzac and of Aurore Du Devant—better known to English readers as George Sand—and which denounced Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, more than two hundred years ago, has condemned Zola with greater force and persistency. Now what is there in Zola's writings which has provoked so much hostile criticism, but which no amount of adverse opinion has been, or ever will be, able to strangle ?

In his preface to "L'Assommoir" he has a passage which, translated, runs as follows : "I have striven to picture the fatal downfall of a family of work-people situated in the pestilential centre of our faubourgs. Following drunkenness and idleness, succeed the loosening of family ties, the filth of promiscuous living, gradual indifference to upright sentiments

and then as a *dénouement*, shame and death. It is simply morals in real life."

His object thus being to give as true and life-like an account of the people as possible, he could not but carry it out in the manner he has done. He considers it the duty of a novelist to tell the world what it really is, and to bring it face to face with the hideous moral ulcers which are gradually poisoning the life-blood of French Society. The present age is essentially an age of analysis; the itch to classify and manipulate everything has come with the march of Science, and Emile Zola, the great master of the "realistic" school, is a psychological annalist of a very advanced order. The human mind in its connection with the body he dissects in his works in a most minute and elaborate manner, the force of which no one who has read them can deny. Zola has lifted up the veil which conventionality has thrown over certain things, perhaps lifted it up a little too roughly; but the under-current of morality and warning (and this cannot be too frequently repeated) which runs through each and every one of his books fully compensates for his plainness of discourse. It is in this that the great difference between Theophile Gautier and Zola lies. Gautier's "Maupin" is one long pæan of alluring sensuality; Zola's "Nana," properly considered, is a picture in praise of virtue, for it depicts the ugliness, the shame, and the filth of vice in all its hideous nakedness.

Indeed, the common but erroneous impression that Zola delights in filth will be easily effaced from the mind of even the most conservative sentimentalists if they but bring to the perusal of his pages a clear way of thinking and an unbiassed judgment; his latest work "Le Reve," moreover, is a story of virgin love told with a grace and delicacy that would do honour to the author of the purest idyl ever penned.

Looking at Zola's novels, one finds that they exhibit two great characteristics: *first*, a scientific accuracy and minuteness of description; and, *secondly*, a proper adjustment of characters in the light which will help to bring out the parts in bold relief, as contemplated by the author. His descriptions, whether of

still life, animals, or the actions and motives of human beings are all graphic; possessing at times an exquisite delicacy of touch, instances of which may be cited from all his novels. In "Le Conquest de Plassans" the description of rural scenery shows a sensitive eye for colour and effect necessary to a painter; the episode of *Silvere* and *Miette* is sweetly rustic, not with the coarse rusticity of the nymphs and swains of Virgil's Eclogues, but with an Arcadian simplicity, so to speak, which has a most pathetic effect; in "Le Joie De Vivre" the last moments of a faithful dog are portrayed with the accuracy of a scientist, and the kindly and tender feeling of one who has long and lovingly watched animals and their ways.

This scientific accuracy, which is perhaps Zola's chief characteristic, when applied to the description of the poverty-stricken masses of great cities, happens to shock the reader nurtured upon the highly-seasoned food which the pages of Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli and Ouida offer; but one must not think that Zola confines himself solely and entirely to the description of the lower phases of life. He penetrates into every region where he believes there is room for reform and improvement. In "Pot-Bouille" the middle classes are mercilessly satirised, and in "Son Excellence Eugene Rougon," the curtain which veils the inner political life of ministers and statesmen is thrust aside, and the base motives which impel their public acts are exposed to the world. We see that some of the names of the characters are but thin disguises, and we can recognize well-known personages whose hypocrisy has, with no gentle hand, been laid bare.

Though Zola himself has seen how wretched the life of the poor is, with what real evils they have to grapple, the serpents of misery and want they have to strangle, he is neither a socialist nor a communist; he certainly desires a change in the existing order of things, but he is not enthusiastic enough to think it possible that the millennium will be brought about at once, or by a general levelling of all classes; indeed he condemns all those who are for community of property and all such catching "fads" of the hour, as crack-brained enthusiasts, like the Russian *Souvarine* in "Germinal" or wily rogues like

*Lantier* in "*L'Assommoir*;" he believes the world can be improved but not by violent means; this improvement will take time; it requires careful and judicious nursing; meanwhile Zola does the best he can in pointing out where the improvement might begin and hinting at the means which may be used.

Zola's novels have a purpose, a system, and goal. He believes that the world is a place full of sin and love, in which men and women are but ordinary clay. He shows us the dark side of life, its vices, its hypocrisy, its miseries—because he is of opinion that the world cannot be reformed except by being told in language as plain as possible its true condition. Starting with this idea—an idea the truth of which is patent—he planned the following scheme: "*Adelaide Fouque*, a mad woman confined in a lunatic asylum at Plassans, is the first ancestor. She is the transmitter of the original neurosis, which regulated by his or her physical constitution, assumes various forms in each individual member of the family, and is developed according to the surroundings in which he or she lives. By *Rougon* this woman had two children; by *Macquart*, with whom she lived on the death of her husband, she had three. *Ursule Macquart* married a man named *Mouret* and their children are therefore cousins of the "*Rougon-Macquart's*." This family has some forty or fifty members, who are distributed through the different grades of our social system. Some have attained the highest positions, as *Son Excellence Eugene Rougon*, others have sunk to the lowest depths, as *Gervaise* in "*L'Assommoir*;" nevertheless all are tainted with the hereditary malady. By it *Nana* is invincibly driven to prostitution; by it, *Etienne Lantier*, in "*Germinal*," is eventually driven to crime; by it his brother, *Claude*, is made a great painter. Protean-like is this disease. Sometimes it skips over a generation, sometimes lies almost latent, and the balance of the intelligence is but slightly disturbed, as in the instance of *Octave* in "*Pot-Bouille*," and *Lazare* in "*La Joie de Vivre*." But the mind of the latter is more distorted than is *Octave's*. *Lazare* lives in a perpetual fear of death, and is prevented from realizing any of his magnificent projects by his vacillating



temperament ; in him we have an example how a splendid intelligence may be drained away like water through an imperceptible crack in the vase, and how, what might have been the fruit of, a life withers, like the flowers from which the nourishing liquid has been withdrawn."

The chief charge which has been brought against Zola by his critics is the grossness of his language ; but this is partly accounted for by the fact that some of the expressions used in "Nana," "L'Assommoir" and "Pot-Bouille," and indeed in the greater number of his novels are untranslatable, and even to one who knows French, the "Argot?" used so frequently by him is bewildering, unless a long and intimate acquaintance with Paris and her *gamins* has familiarised the reader with "the echoes of the streets." This plainness of language, moreover, is purposely used by Zola, and is an essential part of his system. His workmanship, the building up of his sentences, is sometimes clumsy ; his style is not like that of Gautier's poetic prose, nor have his sentences the regular flow and rhythmic cadence of Flaubert, but they carry with them a vigour and a force which goes home direct to the head and heart.

There can be no question that Zola is a great artist, and that his opinions have been greatly misunderstood ; there can be no hesitation in saying that those who carp at him because he has chosen to make or break limits are always narrow-minded men. Devoted to his art ; scorning the world's censure, and striving with all his might to do the right according to his best light ; living a pure, simple life ; eager in his strenuous, ardent search after Truth,—search, that "has tracked her secret lodes and come up again to the surface world, with a knowledge grounded deeper," he stands alone, a unique example of new ideas struggling against the old. And when all these facts are taken into consideration, and one remembers his novels are written with a high moral purpose, only with a system different to the one hitherto recognised, one cannot but feel sympathy for the worker and admiration for the work.

S. C. SEN.

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*A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.*

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I ONCE had a friend, now much regretted, as honest a fellow as ever lived, and as worthy of a niche in the annals of fame as the proudest who ever claimed the honour. Tom Brown was born an inveterate joker; nature designed him for a practical humorist, yet who could look upon him and note his solid, serious face and grave manner in his most hilarious moments, and believe that mirth and mischief could emanate from such a lugubrious face and so apparently sluggish a temperament? Tom was, in fact, a living contradiction, his very deviltry and impudence acquiring a double force and unction from the serious gravity with which he planned and executed all his practical jokes. While his friends shook with convulsive laughter at his tricks, he, as if unconscious of the mirth he inspired, would perform them or look on at their development with an obtuse simplicity that of itself was fresh merriment. Poor Tom! his mirthful and exuberant spirit was shut up in an outward hearse of flesh and blood, a mortal tenement, so mournful and sombre that he was never known to laugh but once, and that hilarious sally was so ghastly and unnatural that his best friends entreated him never to give way to such an indulgence again. The dull phlegmatic coldness of his demeanour and his heavy, inexpressive features, were of inestimable value to Tom in the performance of his practical jokes, as they totally blinded the victims as to the real source of their annoyance, and thus enabled him to perpetrate the most unblushing rogueries with perfect impunity. As an instance of the value of his facial stolidity on pressing emergencies he one day "bonneted" an exquisite of

the first water, as he ostentatiously lounged down the High Street of Canterbury, and though instantly seized by the enraged dandy and held firmly with one hand, as he raised the battered hat with the other, he no sooner beheld the mournful rigidity of Tom's features than he courteously apologised for his rudeness of his detention, and with a bow was about to pass on, when the laughter of those for whose amusement the joke was perpetrated caught his ear. Chase was immediately given to the unoffending parties, while Tom marched slowly down the street all the richer for the undeserved apology.

It was, however, in the practical branch of a joke that Tom's genius shone brightest, and for which his natural advantages of person fitted him so admirably—in fact, he became a perfect enthusiast in this species of illustrative humour, and, looking upon it as a means to an end, declared himself a moral corrector of abuses. For a dandy or anything in the shape of male vanity Tom entertained a profound hostility, and to all such he was the most inexorable of Lynch judges. The sight of a dapper dandy or a heavy swell roused his gall in an instant, and believing himself morally called upon to nip such frivolity in the bud, Tom would declare that his duty to society compelled him to administer instant correction either in the form of "bonneting," "running," or "bumping," according to the heinousness of the offence. It was on running his victims, however, that Tom rested the great moral suasion of his system, as the pupil never forgot the lesson so vividly impressed on his mind. The *modus operandi* of this undignified public instruction consisted in Tom placing himself behind the victim, as with dainty steps and lounging motion, and happy in the splendour of a faultless toilet, he strolled along the pavement. Having weighed the moral guilt of the offender and decided upon the amount or rather length of punishment the case demanded, Tom suddenly bounded forward and grasping the collar of his coat with one hand and firmly clutching the waist of his trousers with the other, drove the imprisoned dandy before him at the utmost speed of his own

interminable legs, till, watching his opportunity at some diverging street or lane, he gave him an extra impetus from behind, and dashing to the right or left was lost to sight and sound long before the humiliated and indignant victim, under the *vis inertia* imparted by the enforced run and the last momentum given to his person, could arrest his speed, pull down his coat and return with high-pressure indignation to the spot where the propelling power had so audaciously shunted itself off. Tom had practised this moral suasion so frequently and so successfully that the swells were almost at a discount in public thoroughfares; and those who, hiding their eyeglasses and leaving their gold-headed canes at home, strove to walk modestly along the street, were in momentary dread, not knowing at what hour or place their unknown persecutor might seize them, rush from behind and give them another admonitory run before all the grinning inhabitants.

Tom, who was remarkably swift of foot and long-legged, was partial to playing leap-frog whenever a favourable opportunity offered itself in the street; no matter who the person might be that presented a tempting back, Tom was certain to go over, often carrying the victim's hat with him or flinging him on his face on the pavement. One day when sauntering down St. George's, and nearly opposite the corn-market, he observed a group of gentlemen, one a middle-aged, pompous-looking individual who had just taken off his hat to a lady as she passed from the Library to her carriage. "There's a splendid back, Charlie, I'll have a leap," he cried, as the gentleman bent gracefully forward hat in hand. At that instant I caught sight of the gentleman's profile, but before I could articulate a warning, Tom had taken his run, and the next instant his hand descended on the individual's shoulder, and he was over like a shot and a good distance on the other side, his weight doubling up the little gentleman and rolling him over in a most humiliating and undignified manner. Tom, looking askance, caught a glimpse of the victim's features, and recognising in the sprawling individual his lordship the mayor, put on extra steam, and darting down Butchery Lane and up Burgate was soon lost to observation. At the same time that Tom made

his flank movement, one of the town sergeants, in the full effulgence of his cocked hat and new livery, seeing the indignity offered to the civic autocrat, rushed from the market to secure the offender, but his feet getting entangled in the mayor's hat down went his six feet three inches of mortality at full length across the rising body of his lordship; his cocked hat being lodged on the knees of the lady in the carriage.

"Do you see that conceited young coxcomb, Charlie, who has just turned out of Guildhall Street?" Tom said to me one bright summer's day, a few weeks subsequent to the last adventure, indicating a spruce young fellow with lavender-coloured gloves, jingling spurs, a small dapper whip, and a glass stuck in his eye. "Either all my practical lessons to benefit society," he said, with a discouraging sigh, "have been unappreciated and thrown away, or this is a new importation; if the latter, my course is clear; duty impels me, and I must carry out my mission." "Besides," he continued, justifying the point, "on personal grounds it must be done. I have taken an antipathy to that swell; the man annoys me; I must give him a bumping; I feel I must,—so no more opposition. Now for a telling lesson."

"No; no; remember the last affair. You must not, Tom," I replied, holding his arm tightly under my own.

"Nonsense; that puppy is not the mayor; besides, if a man will outrage my ideas of propriety and offend public taste, he must take the consequences. See how admirably the occasion offers. Yonder is a group of young ladies who will be highly edified, while the knowledge of their presence will give a double moral to my instructive teaching. Here goes." And before I could make any resistance he jerked out his arm, darted off, fell with such an impetus on the back of the lounge that the glass was shot from his eye to the length of its silken tether, and he emitted a sigh as loud as a paviour's. With one rapid slap he drove the victim's hat down to his very shoulders, then grasping each arm above the elbows and firmly pinioning them to his side, propelled him onward in a sharp trot, bumping him at every step, first with the left knee, then with the right, while all the time he kept up a running admonition. "Why do you exasperate me by wearing a glass"—*bump*—"in your eye like

a monkey?"—*Bump*—"This is to teach you to avoid such puppy tricks in future"—*bump, bump, bump!*—"to eschew spurs"—*bump*—"whips"—*hump*—"and creaking boots."—*Bump, bump, bump, bump!* Tom was so deeply enthusiastic in the social ethics he was inculcating that he hurried his powerless victim down to the very spot where he had played leap-frog with the mayor, and where that very individual with two aldermen and a councillor were at the moment engaged in earnest conversation. Perfectly unconscious of his spectators, Tom spun his prisoner round before their faces, and had begun to repeat the bumping process preparatory to running back to the starting-place, when the voice of the mayor was heard exclaiming:—

"Why, this is the scoundrel who knocked me down a few weeks ago! And good heavens! that's my son, Cornet Ashford, who he is so shamefully assaulting! Where are the town sergeants? Police! Arrest the ruffian!"

Long before his worship had made an end of his speech, Tom had dropped the uplifted knee, and, content with one parting bump, had darted across the street, and, favoured by his length of legs was soon enabled to place a safe distance between himself and his pursuers. For my own part, I was so convulsed with laughter at the whole proceeding, but more particularly at the rueful and half-smothered appearance of the exquisite as the hat with its inverted lining was dragged over his face and eyes, and the quiet manner in which he applied his hand to the part so frequently saluted by Tom's knees, that when an irate sergeant, he who formerly tripped over the mayor, rushed across the street and grasped me by the collar as an accomplice, my mirth made me powerless to shake him off or even to speak in self-vindication.

However salutary Tom's lesson might have been to the young cornet in after life, it gave the teacher one on the instant, namely, that of moderating his out-door instruction, and being less liberal in future with his practical suasions. That night Tom had to start for London, there to remain until the irritation caused by his joke was mollified by time, the universal peacemaker.

W. H. HILLYARD.

*A BURIAL AT SEA.*

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I HAVE oft seen crape to the door-knob cling,  
And knew that a soul had taken wing,  
And soared beyond the stars, through space,  
In that home leaving a vacant place.  
And then I have thought 'twere best to die  
'Mid weeping friends, and calmly lie  
Where the birds they sing, the roses blush,  
And the daisies smile ; and, 'mid the hush  
Of a churchyard's consecrated ground,  
Await the Final Trumpet's sound.

I have heard the " Dead March," slow and sad,  
And have seen, in death, a soldier clad  
In the flag he loved—the Union Jack—  
And borne on a cannon's brazen back ;  
His steed with spurs and boots in place,  
But o'er them smiled no warlike face.  
They laid him low, and o'er his breast  
The volleys flashed ; and there at rest  
They left him in his glory, all  
Alone to await the Trumpet's call.  
The band burst forth in a lively strain  
That seemed to banish thoughts of pain,  
That a comrade, good and true, and brave,  
Had met his wish—a soldier's grave.

I stood on a ship, when the little deck—  
On the boundless ocean but a speck—  
Was dashed about from trough to crest,  
And never a moment lay at rest ;  
And there amid the dashing spray,  
A soul from the vessel soared away ;  
And weeping friends around the bier  
Together braved the spray, to hear

The gallant captain as he read  
The "Funeral Service for the Dead : "  
While the engines slept, the screw stood still,  
And through the rigging, loud and shrill  
The wind made music, as to sleep  
The loved one plunged to the raging deep.

I have heard a mother shriek, and sink  
In a deathly faint, as from the brink  
Of the deck, her darling child they gave  
To the hungry, all-devouring Wave.  
And when old England loomed in sight,  
I saw the father's features light.  
As he reached the deck, to greet at last  
His wife and child :—He stood aghast  
At meeting her in sable clad  
With down-cast eyes so calm and sad :  
A look, a word, and all the light  
From his dancing eyes had taken flight ;  
One tender, fond embrace, and they  
Slowly and sadly moved away.

A terrible thing to lose a child,  
And place the form where breezes mild  
Will fan its resting place ; but far  
More terrible to parents are  
The thoughts at sea, when Death's cold hand  
O'ertakes the ship afar from land,  
And bears the child they loved, away,  
Leaving with them the rigid clay,  
Which soon must rest, 'mid creatures dread,  
On a coral reef ; or on a bed  
Of sea-weeds dank, by the mad waves cast  
To await the Final Trumpet's blast.

AMERICUS.



## TOBACCO; OR THE AGE OF SMOKE.

IN order to ensure the perusal of my article and not to frighten my readers, I think it necessary to relieve their minds by the information that it is not my intention in the present article to discourse learnedly and with the aid of trisyllabic words on the benefits or evils attendant on the use of Tobacco. On this subject I would feel as ignorant as an aboriginal savage, if subjected to a critical examination in the tenets of the Confucian creed; never having yet within the cycle of my own recollection, endeavoured to imbibe the social qualities of the "fragrant weed." The disciples of the Nicotian creed urge, in its defence, that it enables a man to concentrate his thoughts on some high and mighty problem, such as the principle of Evolution or the *menu* of to-morrow's dinner. They also point to a fact, admitted even by their most determined opponents, that the social qualities of the weed are such that men have never been known to quarrel with pipes in their mouth, except in three-volume novels or on the stage. Its opponents, on the other hand, complain bitterly of its many disadvantages, and, placing their economical caps firmly on their heads, inveigh against its expensive nature with all the energy at their command. This energy, I would venture to remark, is represented by a very fair quantum of noise, as the "gentle" sex constitute of a few of the enemies of tobacco, and these, with a consistency of purpose which commands our genuine admiration, object on principle to expenditure of money on cigars and tobacco which should legitimately go to swell the income of that bug-bear of all industrious husbands—the milliner.

And yet, despite the arguments of Anti-Tobaccoists, I am filled with an insatiable curiosity to enter the world of smokers—for curiosity is not an exclusively feminine qualification—in search of a solution to this perplexing question. Another reason, too, prompts me to launch out on this voyage of discovery, and it is that I feel lamentably small in the company of smokers, and particularly indignant when I have to decline the offer of a “Burmah” or a “Manilla,” for such is the desire of men to live on other people that I, as a portion of humanity, cannot but consider myself a remarkably aggrieved mortal when compelled to refuse the contents of a proffered cigar case.

It was precisely at the commencement of the present era that smoking was introduced. The Council of Trent was just sitting—the foundations of Protestantism were just being laid; the people of all European nations were just beginning to make use of the new art of Printing in controverting every variety of subject, and circulating their opinions as they gradually developed; and Natural Philosophy was just beginning to put forth its branches and divisions to ramify itself into sects and parties innumerable,—when a weed was imported from the New World, a bitter narcotic which was destined to play a most prominent part on the stage of modern society. This weed is really one of the signs of the times; more so than a comet or a conqueror; more so than even a great philosopher or a scientific discovery; more so than even a National Congress, for it is more universal. Who has not seen a tobacco-pipe, or a cigar? What child in all Christendom knows not the name of it almost as soon as it knows the name of a dog or a cat? How rapidly it has penetrated into all the nooks and corners of society! Where books and periodicals are yet unknown, there the pipe is familiar. Where reading and writing have not yet been acquired, the art of smoking has been thoroughly acquired. Men delight in it, women indulge in it, and boys regard it as the first evidence of manhood—a substitute for whiskers in the morning of existence.

And yet the thing itself is an abominable drug; an unsavoury poison. The habit of using it is always revolting to simple nature. A single puff will sicken the child, a puff or two the uninitiated. A desperate effort is made by many to acquire the taste for it. There is no natural passion in man or woman for it. Nature abhors it. Art alone has invented the passion and planted and cultivated it, and men delight in training this passion, because it gives them something to do in their leisure moments. When a man has nothing to do, he yawns or sleeps; the pipe or the cigar keeps his eyelids open, and with this preservative against sleep, he finds a gentle stimulus to think and talk, and this, I believe, is the simple secret of the attraction of smoking. It is an idle habit only indulged in idle hours, or by idle people, or by speculating and scheming people, and most intemperately followed by those master spirits who have plenty of money and no servile employment.

All the world now smokes. The Orientals prefer opium, and are a dreamy race; the people of the West are the leaders of civilisation. The tobacconists have the precedence in the list of smokers. If smoke we must, then let us use Nicotian, bitter and sickening though the leaf be. And why should I not smoke as well as others? If all the world *puffs* and *poohs*, why should not I? Let me take a cigar and see if it can help me to think a little, or rather, let me make a man like Prometheus, and set him a smoking.

#### TAKING A CIGAR.

Taking smoke! A thing that intoxicates you at first and sickens you at last! How many things in this age are like it, I wonder? (*Pooh!*)

Many a sick philosopher I have known in my day, many a sick philanthropist and world reformer, who began the career of a generous enthusiasm with a mouthful of eloquence, and ended with (*pooh!*) a mouthful of smoke!

And many a cheerful maid who is now intoxicating herself with the tender passion, will find ere long that love is nothing

more than a mild cigar that sickens the heart and burns itself away into dust and ashes. (*Poooh!*)

Yesterday I saw and heard an indignant mother scolding intemperately a grown-up daughter as a good-for-nothing faggot. She was a dear baby that daughter once—a delightful baby; but now the old lady's cigar is burnt out. She has got to the hot end of it. (*Poooh!*)

One day I saw a poet burning all his manuscripts. I asked him why he did so. He said very mournfully, "I am quite sick of them." Poor fellow! But he had been first intoxicated. (*Poooh!*)

Last week I called on Jones, the artist, who was working most wofully at his grand conception of the "Fall of Lucifer." He had foreshortened the right foot, and it looked like a club-foot, and he was unable to rectify it. How sanguine he was at the birth of that idea! How gallantly he wrought for the first three weeks! But it is all up with it now. The club-foot has done for it. His own foot will finish it by and by. 'Tis a strong pipe of pigtail that! (*Poo-oo-oo-h!*)

All men smoke; and all women also; and the Ancients they also smoked after their own fashion. What else could the Wise Man of old have been doing but taking a smoke when he wrote those memorable and oft-repeated words, "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had laboured to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." (*Poooh!*)

And we moderns smoke mightily, too, after a fashion of our own, when, in these intellectual times, we presume to give our individual and respective opinions on all subjects under and above the sun, from the universe which is too large to be seen down to the atom which is too small to be seen. (*Poooh!*)

The mediævals, those foolish and imaginative ancestors of ours, smoked very differently, for they believed what they could not see, just as young ladies believe in peeping without being peepers themselves. (*Poooh!*)

Now, however, we have come out with a visible and ponderable philosophy, and the visible smoke accompanies it as its

type and symbol. It was a requisite ingredient of this material era. The tobacco was as necessary to complete the edifice as the *Novum Organum* of Bacon to begin it. The pipe was as indispensable as the philosophy of induction. (*Pooh!*)

And why should it come from "Ameriky," above all places? Because it is the paradise of democracy, I daresay. These democrats are powerful smokers. They draw very vigorously and puff voluminously. The only difference I can see between a despot and a democrat is, that one has power already, and the other wishes he may get it. (*Pooh!*)

All men are of one principle. 'Tis the rank and the place that makes the difference. I remember once reading a story about three men, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Baptist being wrecked on a desolate island where they lived together in perfect harmony. After they were rescued and restored to their native country, they all three quarrelled about the true Church. It's a grand thing adversity. (*Pooh!*)

And that reminds me of a specimen of royal adversity in 1848, when Louis Phillipp, poor soul! adopted the name of William Smith, and went over to England. He was very humble then, and held out his hands to shake the rough and dirty hands of the British railway labourers and navvies. This was to show them how very good and true a king the French had rejected. (*Pooh!*)

And the Duke of Lucca, soon after, alarmed for his own crown and throne, addressed his own subjects in the following style in a ducal proclamation: "We, Charles Augustus of B—, Prince of C—, to our dearly beloved subjects! We desire to reign over you by love and not by fear, and therefore we open to you our paternal heart," &c. (*Pooh!*)

King's speeches and Queen's speeches are all read with a cigar or a pipe in the mouth. Even a Bishop reads his visitation charge in this manner, when he declares from his manuscript his manifest zeal for the glory of God and the good of the Church, and reminds his clergy of the efforts he has already made as pledges of the continuance of his devotion in times to come. (*Pooh!*)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he opens a Budget in which he means to magnify as much as possible his own skill, never fails to take the precaution as well as the consolation of putting a pipe of pigtail in his mouth, and his friends or his foes inhale alike with delight or disgust the official vapour which they cannot emit. (*Pooh !*)

The editorial "we" of a paper smokes as he boasts of his own consistency, and integrity, and pompously reviews the sayings and doings of his superiors from behind the curtain of his own *incognito*. (*Pooh !*)

The first number of a new periodical smokes when it proclaims to the world the astounding intelligence that the public have demanded an impression of 500,000 copies of itself. (*Pooh !*)

The author smokes when he writes a preface to his book, or advertises his title-page with the "opinions of the press," always omitting the unfavourable opinions. (*Pooh !*)

The auctioneer smokes when he sells an estate, the merchant when he disposes of his goods, and the quack when he proclaims his own skill and the efficacy of his nostrums. In Preston twenty-one druggists sold 68 lbs. weekly of *narcotic mixtures*, poisons for keeping babies quiet whilst their mothers are working for this *age of Industry*. (*Pooh !*)

Ladies all smoke when they tell one another, or tell the gentlemen, how they detest personalities and personal criticism and gossip, and scandal and affectation (*pooh !*), and how they prefer plain attire without the tawdry ornaments of jewellery (*pooh !*), and how much happier they are at home than at balls and parties, and theatres, and concerts, and other scenes of fashionable frivolity (*pooh !*); and young ladies smoke when they tell you that they do not mean ever to marry, that they have never yet seen a man whom they could bear to inaugurate as their Lord High Chancellor, Rector, or keeper of their conscience or even of their persons (*pooh !*); and old ladies smoke when they tell you how many offers they have refused,—eligible offers conscientiously refused, from principle refused,—and they do not regret it (*pooh !*); and wives smoke when they tell you how

the cook would have spoiled the dinner if they had not interfered (*pooh !*), and that the reason why the pudding was spoiled was because she did not do "as I told her." (*Pooh !*)

And rogues smoke when they make tremendous sacrifices ; and swindlers when they advertise for money to be faithfully returned with a hundred per cent. interest ; and swells all smoke when they go into the world with a tailors' certificate. But my cigar is getting hot ; I have got to the short end of it. There ! there ! it lies, dust and ashes !

Yes ! dust and ashes. That is the end of all vanity, of all unsubstantial, unreal pretensions. They must all vanish like those puffs of smoke, and leave behind them only that carbonated sickly white ash that is the only real substance they possess ; and it will be revealed at last in some way or other, only wait a little while till the cigar be burnt out.

But is there actually in the age in which we live more of this vanity and unsubstantiality, more of this pretence than in any other age ? There must be more, because it is a more active and speculating age. It is an age of intense mental excitement, an age of unprecedented scheming, an age in which appearances are more than ever deceitful. It is an age of gilding and silver-plating, with brass and nickel beneath the splendid exterior ; an age of adulteration unsurpassed ; an age of specious appearances, in which the bankrupt often outshines in splendour the man of capital. But yet there is great substantiality also in the age in which we live ? True there is. It is the most substantial of all ages in its philosophy ; it is the most substantial of all ages in its industry ; it is the most substantial of all ages in its science, and in its general intelligence. Why, then, should it be unsubstantial also ? Just because one substance is employed to represent another substance, and to pass for it ; and thus we find that, having obtained the wrong substance instead of the right, we are in much the same predicament as if we had grasped a shadow. When a man takes home a very accomplished young wife, who can play and sing and speak French, and converse fluently of the operas and the plays,

who has read Sir Walter Scott, and Tom Moore, and Dickens and Thackeray, and even seen through Bulwer's *Divan* philosophy, he no doubt thinks he has got something substantial, as poor St. Clare, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, no doubt believed when he took home his Marie. But by and bye the substance begins to evaporate. "The vapours are coming!" and the splendid substantiality of a wife has the equally genuine substantialities of maids and nurses, and physicians, and apothecaries in attendance, besides poor Massa himself, who can never do anything that's right even though he dance attendance, want sleep, buy dresses, jewels, coaches and liveries, for Madame is nothing but a vapour, and these are merely the golden censers in which she consumes herself, and poor Massa has been grasping a phantom with all its realities and substantialities. It is not substance in the vulgar tongue that constitutes the reality of any man's existence. Every man is pursuing a phantom, however material, when he is involving himself in such troubles, who works chiefly or solely for himself, for the aggrandisement of his own family or name, the gratification of his own vanity, or the establishment of his own fortune. For every man has a universal as well as an individual interest. The first is always sacred, the latter is always more or less profane. The first always justifies and sanctifies the second, and the second is always base-born and unsatisfactory, and scarcely even ever legitimate, without the purification that it derives from the first, which, like the incense of the temple, neutralises the corruption that proceeds from the sacrifices and their putrid remains. Sorry should I be to say that there is no incense in the age in which we live, to purify its atmosphere and sanctify its activity, for there is much. The temple of society would be intolerable without it. I should be living in a mere slaughter-house, or a tannery, or a fetid factory, from whose poisonous malaria there was no escape. But the incense of society rises up amidst the atmosphere of selfishness to deodorise it, and that incense is the object that the generous feelings of society aim at, the amelioration of the species, the eradication of ignorance, immorality



and injustice, the establishment of peace and unanimity amongst nations and individuals. This is the incense of the temple; this is the smoke of the universal men that goeth up for ever and ever, and neutralises the stench of individual selfishness and petty smoking through which the individual seeks to exalt himself; and to the honour of the age in which we live there is much of this already perceived, and it is growing in quantity with unexampled speed, and in this speed is the growth of the poor man's hope and the good man's triumph.

VIXEN.

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"BEEN TO LODGE."

---

LADY, when thy lips did falter  
At that door to bliss—the altar,  
"I will love and I'll obey  
Thee my husband dear, for aye:"  
They were vows, though lightly spoken,  
Oft forgot, and often broken;  
Vows that saved thy barque from sailing  
Where around is heard the wailing,  
From the cheerless barques of maids  
Sailing near to Age's shades.  
Thou should'st still thy master cherish,  
Prize his love or else 'twill perish;  
Flirting oft will overthrow it  
Should'st thou flirt—and let him know it.

Love is fickle, oft 'tis frisky;  
Shouldst thou let it slip, to whisky  
It may flit, or any minute  
May some other woman win it.

Should thy lord say, "I am going  
To my lodge," there's little knowing  
Where he's bound for; and at three,  
Should he stagger home to thee,  
He will naught divulge to please you,  
Will the secret keep to tease you;  
If the secret he should tell you,  
'Twould be just to fool or "sell" you.

Don't imagine he'll consent  
To tell you where his time he's spent,  
As that short decisive sentence  
"Been to lodge" will make repentance  
Harder than if never uttered  
Ne'er invented, never muttered :  
That short sentence spikes your gun,  
Covers all he's seen and done.

Lodge is sacred in each nation  
To the "lords of the creation ;"  
You've no right within or near it  
In your body, thoughts or spirit ;  
There he's safe, and no confusion  
Ladies make, by their intrusion ;  
Ladies, be they e'er so fair,  
Cannot enter "on the square."

Carry water in a sieve,  
Bid a mummy breathe and live ;  
When thy skill has reached perfection,  
Bring the Ladies in connection  
With our lodges. Let them join,  
Make them members, take their coin ;  
Then they'll keep the secret well,  
Nothing will divulge or tell.

But till mummies tell their history,  
Shrouded now in awful mystery ;  
Until gravity's stern laws  
Cease to act, and will not cause  
Water in a sieve to run out,  
Keep the ladies ev'ry one out  
Of our lodges ; then the excuse,  
"Been to lodge," will still of use  
Be to us, and we can use it,  
Use it often and abuse it ;  
Still 'twill keep 'twixt men and wives  
Peace and quiet all their lives.  
It saves inventing fibs a score,  
By using this fib o'er and o'er.

B. B. C.

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

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WHY is it that in America, there still exists a certain amount of prejudice against England, and *vice versa*? The answer is not hard to find for anyone who has had his prejudice toned down nearly to the vanishing point by travel and who has lived in both countries. As a boy, the writer of this paper learned his history from American school-books, which were somewhat biassed in favour of that country. There were only one man and one woman in the neighbourhood where he attended school who were English born; they were uneducated, and the way they dropped the eighth letter in the alphabet was amusing to Americans. My idea, formed as a boy, of Englishmen, was something as follows: I thought them all ignorant tyrants, who had tried to enslave America by sending their soldiers, and hired Hessians to fight us; while they paid the Indians to massacre the families of our soldiers. I knew that we were not enslaved, and thought that we could "whip all creation," even though every American had one of his hands tied behind his back.

In America, we have a noisy faction of Dynamiters who detest England; also a great many Irishmen who do not love England. The Dynamite faction is very small, but scattered over the whole country. They are like crying babies at night: though every one in hearing would enjoy throttling them, they still continue to make all within hearing uncomfortable. The patriotic Irishmen love Ireland, and have some cause for not loving England; the Dynamiters make their living by

agitation, and by cursing England; and many ignorant Americans, knowing little of England and Englishmen, are prejudiced against them, scarcely knowing why. In the States, the Republican and Democratic parties are so evenly divided, that in many places, the Irish vote carries the day; and our politicians naturally wish to secure these votes. To accomplish this end, they very often, as the saying goes, "give the tail of the British lion a twist," and should the lion, by any chance, become aware that his tail is being twisted, and roar, then the Dynamiters dance for joy, respectable Irishmen smile, and a great many of both classes will, at election, vote with the party which defied the British lion and caused him to roar. It is, therefore, safe to state that America is at heart friendly to England; and that in America, Dynamiters from policy, Irishmen from love of Ireland, and ignorant Americans are the only classes who are prejudiced against England. Our politicians are very noisy, and ten of them, together with ten more noisy Dynamiters, often make a greater uproar than would a thousand thoroughly respectable Americans; and their noisy demonstrations are often heard across the Atlantic, though little heeded in America.

Why are Englishmen prejudiced against Americans? Our politicians rant, our Dynamiters send bombs to England; but all respectable Americans would enjoy suppressing the first and banishing the latter. On the Continent, and in England, very many ignorant and vulgar Americans are met. Why is this? An American who has little or no education has many ways of "making his pile," and he very seldom settles down to enjoy his wealth until he has "done" Europe. Although he has money, he is as ignorant as a navvy; he thinks "America can whip the world;" he knows nothing of any place, save the farm or village where he was born, and under these circumstances, no one should expect him to create a favourable impression. In England, men of this class are very seldom met with at hotels, and, should they travel, they have not been led to understand that one man is as good as another, regardless of education or refinement, in the same way as their American cousins of the

same class. At hotels, though as ignorant as their American equals, their ignorance is not so prominently displayed, and they do not, in fact, make themselves so ridiculous.

England may never be in danger of being crushed by foreign invasion, but should she be in distress and call for aid, then America would say to her Dynamiters and ranting politicians :—

“ Down ye vipers ! cease rejoicing !  
Know that ye are not the Nation,  
Neither speak ye for the Nation ? ”  
And to England o'er the water  
Would America this greeting  
Send : “ Cheer up ! as we are sending  
To thine aid a million freemen  
Of thy blood, and of thy language ;  
Gold we send from our abundance  
Freely take and freely use it,  
As we've millions more to send thee  
Should thy pressing needs require them.”  
Then the foes of earthly Freedom  
Soon would find that blood is thicker,  
Ever thicker, far than water.

AMERICUS.

### WHY ARE SO MANY MARRIAGES FAILURES?

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THE world at large, and especially the domestic world, has recently been greatly agitated by articles from the pen of Mrs. Mona Caird treating of Marriage as a Failure. Now while I do not agree with Mrs. Mona Caird in all she says, and consider that the remedy is worse than the evil it attempts to combat, being in my opinion not only incapable of doing away with the ills it strives to eradicate, but likely to be productive of still worse and greater evils, yet, at the same time, I do not think her deserving of the vituperation she has received at the hands of certain possibly well-meaning but decidedly misguided individuals. It is unfortunately too true that the state of things against which Mrs. Mona Caird inveighs, does exist, and no good can therefore be gained by our ignoring facts and shutting our eyes to the truth. The evil, if allowed to go on unchecked, will assume more dreadful proportions. It behoves us, therefore, to look the matter boldly in the face, with the object of ascertaining what is the real cause of the evils which we deplore, in order that the entire removal of the former may bring about the complete eradication of the latter.

It would be hard, perhaps, and unjust, to ascribe the whole blame of these failures to any one specific cause; but we may, nevertheless, be able to trace the primary source of the evils from which the other causes seems to spring in a greater or less degree. The age in which we live is essentially a materialistic one. We claim to be wiser than our fathers, who peopled the world with unseen spirits, whose agency was all-important in the drama played by man on the stage of life. We have abandoned their credulity, and with it has disappeared all but a theoretical belief

in the unseen. We believe only in that which appeals to our sense of sight—no further. In a word, we have ceased to believe in the spiritual, and put faith only in the material and (so called) rational. We are disciples of what Carlyle calls "the Gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau," and we act up to that creed. We have divested marriage of its spirituality; we have ceased to consider it in any other light, but as a necessary means of perpetuating our name and race; we have forgotten that marriage brings with it duties, which are by no means light, that not only do we owe a duty to ourselves, to the one whom we choose as a companion for life, but to the possible offspring of the marriage, and, through them, to humanity at large. I shall be told that this is nothing new, that Macaulay's schoolboy could echo similar sentiments. True; but how many are there who give these facts mature consideration before entering into the marriage state? Are these the real reasons which influence the young men and maidens of to-day in their decisions? Are they not rather led to a choice of partners by a pleasing face, agreeable manners, or an intelligent mind; if they sink not yet to lower reasons, such as those of wealth or position? One of our own satirists has described the situation happily:—

"If *He* be pleasant to look on,  
 Stalled in the packed serai,  
 Doth not the young man try  
 Its temper and pace ere he buy?  
 If *She* be pleasant to look on,  
 What doth the young man say?  
 'Lo! She is pleasant to look on,  
 Give Her to me to-day.'"

And, paradoxical though it may seem, men take greater pains in the purchase of a horse, which may, if vicious, break their necks, than in the choice of a wife, though on her disposition greatly depends the happiness or misery of their wedded life. Who, then, is primarily to blame, if marriages so contracted should eventually turn out unhappy, and the old proverb, "marry in haste, and repent at leisure," be verified again and again?

St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, when talking of marriage, was wont to say that "entering on marriage was like entering into one of the Religious Orders, save that for the



former there was no novicate; for if there were, but few would enter. The venerable Bishop with his quaint simile, strikes the key-note of our position. Men who would ponder well over the *pros* and *cons* of any business transaction before they undertook it, rush headlong into the far more serious responsibilities of marriage, the necessary sequence being that, in nine cases out of ten, the new-made husband and wife know but little more of each other than they do of their ordinary acquaintances. Let me cursorily trace the usual course of a betrothal and marriage, and leave my readers to judge whether the picture be not coloured with the pencil of truth. 834

Chance, that all-important factor in our lives, throws two young people together, and soon, perhaps, as their acquaintance progresses, they become animated with a mutual regard, which concurrent circumstances ripen into affection. Shortly after, with the consent of their parents, they become "engaged." What, now, is the general tenor of their conduct? Instead of endeavouring to study each other's dispositions, so as to solve the problem of future happiness or misery, they spend their time in vapid amusements, balls, concerts, operas, and in long moonlight walks. Were it not for stolen kisses, honeyed speeches, tender glances and surreptitious pressures of hands, the period of courtship would indeed be a time of inane inactivity. I have no wish to rob courtship of its blossoms, for it is the happy spring-tide of life; but I would, at the same time, dearly desire to see a little more common sense infused into the poetry of its existence. I would like to see it come to be considered more of a school in which the future husband and wife should learn the rudiments of that lesson, the completion of which is only to be learned in after life. I would not, on the other hand, expel all the poetry from courtship, nor would I advise all lovers to adopt the principles of courtship laid down by Cobbett in his *Letters to Young Men*, though this at least must be admitted, that he practised what he preached and obtained an excellent wife thereby. But surely there is some golden mean, between the extreme caution and fanciful method of Cobbett, and the reckless conduct of the ordinary

lover—behaviour of so proverbial a character as to cause our greatest poet and dramatist to class the “lunatic and the lover” as “nigh akin.” Might I not with good reason enquire whether “engagements” were not instituted for some better aim than to be a period of delirious bliss to the betrothed pair? Are they not rather the “noviciate” of which the Bishop of Geneva speaks, or rather ought they not so to be? I might well question whether, with this interpretation of the period of courtship, one should hear of so many unhappy failures.

I have pointed out that the study of each other's tastes and dispositions is necessary before marriage; and, if this be so, how much more necessary is the continuance of it needful after marriage? It has been said that the golden rule of life is “to bear and forbear,” and this is surely imperative in married life. Yet how often do we see the contrary exemplified, the fact proved beyond dispute that—

“We have careful thought for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometimes guest,  
But oft for our own the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.”

And alas! how can it be otherwise? Mutual forbearance is impossible without a knowledge of each other's faults; and how is this knowledge obtainable except by the continual study of each other's dispositions?

It is this, which, in my opinion, is the mainspring and chief source of the unhappy marriages of to-day, the fact that men and women hurry into marriage without using the opportunities they have, or considering whether they have selected suitable partners with whom to make the voyage through life, with all its vicissitudes and gusts of tribulation and ill fortune; to be enabled to sail safely past all its shoals, rocks and quicksands; who will, in a word, be what they were intended to be—helpmates one of the other.

There are doubtless other causes of failure, such as “marriages of convenience,” imprudent marriages, &c., &c., but I have dealt at some length with this one, because I consider the others to be but secondary causes, more or less dependent on the primary evil.

A. C. GRANT.

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*CALCUTTA IN THE OLDEN TIMES.*

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IT is a curious fact that the first attempt of the English, like that of the Dutch, to reach India, lay through the Arctic Sea, known at the present day as the North-East and North-West Passage. As might be expected, at a time when geographica knowledge was yet in its infancy, and navigation conducted on scientific principles was unknown, the expeditions sent to this country proved abortive in their results, besides costing many lives and much treasure.

From the earliest times the spirit of enquiry had never slept, and strenuous exertions were made to extend a knowledge of India, then scarcely known but by name, and to acquire some accurate information regarding the manners and customs of the various races of men by whom it was inhabited. The fabulous opulence and the unheard-of magnificence of Indian potentates always had a fascination for Englishmen thirsting for adventures in foreign lands. Allied to this the fame of that myth known to the readers of modern history as Preser John, also led a great many enterprising characters to seek premature death in their fruitless attempts to penetrate into the wildest and least accessible parts of the globe. Somewhere between the confines of China in the east and of America in the west, imagination had located the dominion of this creature of fancy, though what particular locality it embraced was not known with any degree of precision. Travellers and others had heard of the monarch, and the report of his conversion to Christianity helped to lend additional stimulus to their already

excited imagination. It was only gradually, and when the light of reason broke upon the Dark Ages, that the ideas of the wildest visionaries came to be sobered down to the realities of every-day existence.

During the earlier years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a solitary Englishman, a student of New College, Oxford, named Stevens, was wending his way to the capital of the Great Moghul, to realise for himself the gorgeous pageantry of an Eastern Court, of which historians had written and poets sung. The accounts which the young Oxonian sent home gave a fresh stimulus to travellers to the far East, and he was followed, in 1583, by Newbury and Fitch, who, travelled overland by way of Syria to India, bearing a letter from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor Akbar. Fitch's writings are still extant, and form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the country and its inhabitants in the sixteenth century. To sit by one's fireside, and, in the enjoyment of a sense of security, to read of hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures by "field and flood" is, at all times, an exciting occupation of the mind; hence books of travel are eagerly sought after by almost all sections of the reading public.

The discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese, led the English to send an expedition to India, in the year 1591, under Lankester and some others. But a spirit of adventure and love of gain proved more potent, and what was originally meant to be a voyage of discovery degenerated into a piratical cruise. The consequences were disastrous in the extreme. All the ships were lost or deserted. Nothing daunted by past reverses, an East India Company was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1600. The following year another expedition was fitted out under the same commander, but Lankester having, on that occasion, conformed rigidly to the instructions of his masters, and confined himself to his legitimate duties, the expeditions proved a perfect success, and was followed by several others. In 1611 the English first landed on the eastern coast at Masulipatam, and five years after, they established factories in that place. In 1624 they obtained permission

to build a factory at Pipli near Balasore. Fortune now began to smile on them.

It might be said, without fear of contradiction, that to the skill and influence of two members of the medical profession the English are indebted for the permission granted them for the first time by the Moghul Emperor to carry on trade in Bengal, as well as for the first permanent footing they had obtained in the country. The former was secured to them so far back as 1638 by the kindly offices of Mr. Boughton, and the latter through the solicitation of Mr. Hamilton, surgeon in the then newly-formed establishment of Fort William. In the former case the doctor was sent for by Shah Jehan to attend his sick daughter. His treatment was crowned with success, and the grateful Emperor conferred important privileges on his countrymen. The professional services rendered by him to the Viceroy of Bengal resulted in similar concessions being granted to them in the Gangetic provinces, and in 1656 a fortress was erected at Hugli. But I am anticipating.

Calcutta (lat.  $22^{\circ} 33' 47''$ , long.  $88^{\circ} 23' 34''$ , area eight miles) is situated about 100 miles from the sea on the left bank of the Hugli. Its width opposite the terminus of the East Indian Railway at Howrah, is little short of half a mile, but in other parts, both lower down and higher up the stream, the breadth is considerably more. The river frontage from Tolly's Nalla in the south to Chitpur in the north is about five miles, and from Circular Road, the most easterly boundary, to the river bank, there is an average width of about a couple miles. The length of the roads is about 120 miles. The city is built on the alluvial deposits of the Gangetic Delta, and is scarcely 20 feet above the level of the sea. From excavations at the building of Fort William, it was found that to a depth of about 40 feet the surface formed is an alternation of sand and clay beds. At about 20 feet from the surface down to 30 feet, ample traces of vegetable life on a gigantic scale are found, which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that, once upon a time, the site of Calcutta was covered with marshy islands, much the same way as the outer Sunderbans are to the present day.

Below 40 feet, a bed of semi-fluid quicksand is traceable, and this has served the purpose of the Public Works Department to account for the unsatisfactory condition of the High Court and the Indian Museum buildings, the walls of which were cracked and some portions of which inclined from the perpendicular before the massive piles were finished. But a significant and unanswerable argument is presented in the fact that the Armenian Church and other structures in the native part of the town, which were erected immediately above the banks of the river, have never been known to show a crack, although they have stood the ravages of time for about two centuries.

The general slope of the land is barely perceptible, and the only rising ground is in the vicinity of Clive Street, being, according to Simm's Survey of Calcutta in 1887, nearly 31 feet above low-water mark at Kidderpur, while the lowest part of Calcutta, Muchua Bazár, has a height of 18 feet only. The natural, and therefore the system of artificial, drainage of the town tends towards the Salt Water Lake to the east. As Calcutta is situated within a degree of the Tropic of Cancer, its climate is more susceptible of change than that of places near the Equator. At the same time, owing to its position being close to the Sea, the contrasts of season are not as strongly perceptible as they are in towns further inland. The seasons may be divided into the hot season, from the middle of March to the setting in of the rains in the middle of June; the rainy season, which lasts till the end of September or the beginning of October; and the cold season from the beginning of November to the end of February. The average temperature is about  $80^{\circ}$ ; that of the hot weather months about  $86^{\circ}$ ; of the rains,  $84^{\circ}$ ; and of the cold weather,  $71^{\circ}$ . It was on two occasions that the highest temperature was recorded, namely, in May 1867 and in 1873, when the thermometer showed a reading of  $106^{\circ}$  in the shade. The lowest temperature was recorded to be  $51.4^{\circ}$  by a thermometer exposed under a thatch. This was in January 1874, when night dew, which had settled on some lettuce plants, was congealed into ice. Like Jamaica and the West Indian Islands, Calcutta, when the

temperature rises to 100° and upwards, enjoys the advantage of a refreshing sea-breeze from a little before sunset till long after dark. It is about this season that the city is visited by an occasional nor'-wester, a storm which follows close upon violent gust of wind and clouds of dust from a north-westerly direction, as its name obviously indicates. It is usually accompanied by thunder and lightning, which commit great damages at times, and result in loss of lives. But it has a salutary effect in clearing remains in the atmosphere. As a rule, lightning-conductors are generally used, but, as it is not certain what area a rod of a certain length protects effectively, they can scarcely be said to afford protection against electric fluid.

The average annual rainfall in Calcutta is estimated at 66 inches. The greater part of this fall takes place between June and October; there is then in the atmosphere a perceptible dampness which tells upon the health injuriously. Furniture, clothes, books, even the very mats on the floor, present a mouldy, jaundiced surface, repulsive to the touch, and emitting an offensive smell, which oppresses the lungs and interferes with their free action. Although the heat is not so intense as in the earlier months, everything is wrapped in a hot-vapour bath, producing a lassitude and languor which preclude mental and physical activity. European ladies and gentlemen, who cannot avail themselves of a trip to Simla in spring, prefer living out of Calcutta during the rains, and there is an exodus to the hill sanitariums within easy reach of the Metropolis. Great atmospheric disturbances, known as cyclones, are not of rare occurrence in tropical climates.\* They are cradled in the Bay of Bengal, and, after growing more violent day after day, they proceed in a north-westerly direction, spreading destruction and desolation on their onward path. The last of three terrible storms visited Calcutta on the 3rd June 1842. There was, however, a cyclone on the 5th of

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\* Of the ravages of cyclones, we have an early account given in the *Ain-i-Akbari*, which relates that in the twenty-eighth year of Akbar's reign, or 1582 A.D., a terrible cyclone overran the whole of *Surkar Baklu* (Bakurganj), causing the loss of 200,000 lives.—*Hunter's Statistical Account of Bengal*, vol. I., p. 383.

October 1864, when its centre passed a few miles to the west of the city, which proved most disastrous, not only to the shipping in the port, but to the town itself. Dr. Hunter, in his Statistical Account of Bengal, gives the following particulars (vol. I, p. 259):—"The destruction caused by the hurricane was two fold: *First*, the violence of the wind produced wide-spread destruction of houses and trees. *Secondly*, the storm-wave which the gale brought up from the Bay of Bengal, and drove before it up the Hugli, inundated the country for many square miles, sweeping over the strongest embankments, flooding the crops with salt water, and carrying away entire villages. The storm, which had been slowly travelling up the Bay of Bengal, first made itself felt at the Sandheads on the afternoon of the 4th October 1864, and attained its full fury in the night. At Calcutta, it raged with extreme violence from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. of the 5th October, after which it gradually subsided. The lowest reading of the barometer in Calcutta was at 2.45 P.M. on the 5th, when it stood at 28.571. As might be expected, by far the greatest loss of life occurred on Sagar Island, in the Diamond Harbour Sub-division, and in the Sunderbans. The storm-wave entered the District at Sagar Island, where it was 11 feet above the level of the land. It rushed over the embankments, and up the river, sweeping away huts and villages to a distance of eight miles from either bank, until it reached Achipur. At Sagar Island the wave destroyed nearly every building, and left scarcely any living creature on the island. The few people that did escape saved themselves either by climbing trees, or by floating on the roofs of their houses, which the wave carried inland. At first it was reported that about twenty per cent. of the population had perished, but it was afterwards ascertained that 1,488 persons survived on Sagar Island, out of a population, before the cyclone, of 5,625 souls.

"In the Diamond Harbour Sub-division, Mr. Payne, a missionary, who was engaged in distributing relief after the cyclone, estimated that, in all the villages within one mile of the river, the loss of life was eighty per cent., and in the other more in-



land villages over which the storm-wave swept, the loss was from thirty to forty per cent. At Diamond Harbour the wave was eleven feet high. It was stated at the time, that, within six miles of Diamond Harbour, it was impossible to go fifty yards in the road without seeing a human body. In some villages every house was swept away, with almost all the inhabitants. The loss in cattle in this sub-division was estimated at eighty per cent., and the sufferings of the survivors were very great. The local supply of food had all been swept away, and for three or four days there were no means of sending relief from Calcutta. In some places the people were ascertained to be eating grass; at others, they broke open and plundered the stores of rice merchants who refused to distribute, or, as was alleged, even to sell their grain."

Since then a system of storm signals has been introduced for the benefit of the shipping, and at the first intimation of threatening weather, these signals are shown in Calcutta and at the stations lower down the river.\*

For Police and Municipal purposes, the town of Calcutta is divided into two portions—the *northern* and the *southern*. Bow Bazar is the line of demarcation; to the north of it lies the northern division, and to the south of it the southern, including the shipping. The former is occupied almost exclusively by *bustis* or native huts, crammed with mud, or thatched huts planted on the bare ground, mostly without the least pretension to ventilation or drainage, and in close proximity to tanks or ponds reeking with the filth and abomination of ages, receptacles for the refuse from the neighbourhood. The water from these reservoirs serves both for washing and culinary purposes, in all cases where Municipal hydrants are not within easy reach. Some of the bye-

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\* "The nature of these storms is now well understood. The winds blow spirally round and into a central region (the eye of the storm), where a perfect calm prevails, surrounded by winds of the greatest violence. When the centre of such a storm passes over any place, the wind blows steadily from the same quarter (in Calcutta from the east or E. N.-E.) with increasing violence, until the central calm reaches it. There is then a complete calm, which lasts for a few minutes to an hour or more; and this is followed by a sudden renewal of the storm, with its maximum violence, from the opposite quarter of the compass."—*Newman's Handbook to Calcutta*, p. 51.

lanes are narrow, mean thoroughfares, strangers to sunshine except at mid-day. The lower order of the people ignore sanitary and hygienic laws. Inflexible in their faith in destiny, they would not move a finger to mitigate physical sufferings brought on by a disregard of these laws. The inevitable results follow: hecatombs of victims are annually offered to cholera, small-pox, malignant fevers, and other ills which flesh is heir to. Formerly, when an epidemic was at its height, they used to parade the streets with *tom-toms* beating, singing hymns to the deities whom they believed to preside over those scourges of humanity; sacrifices of goats used to be made, and, even in these days, are offered to propitiate the anger of the gods; in fact everything which ignorance suggests or superstitious instinct prompts was resorted to, but they would make no attempt to observe cleanliness in their mode of living. The causes of their fatal visitations lie nearer home, but the average native mind rarely grasps the mill in matters sanitary. The better classes live in brick-built houses, and the mansions of the aristocracy are built on a grand scale, a portion being usually set apart for the exclusive accommodation of the presiding deity of the family; but there is not a building I know of which can lay claim to architectural beauty; the style of architecture adopted being peculiarly their own, and having nothing in common with any recognised forms.

Calcutta is the sixth capital which Bengal has had within the last six centuries. First in order was Gaur, the seat of government of the line of princes whose name was Pal, the last but one of the four dynasties of Kings who reigned in the Gangetic provinces from the times of the Mahabharata to the period of the Mahomedan invasion in 1203. They are supposed to have been Buddhists. One of that family, Raja Deva Pal Deva, conquered Thibet, and was acknowledged as Maharaja Adhiraj, or Lord Paramount. Owing to the change in the course of the Ganges, Gaur was reduced to ruins, after flourishing for two thousand years. It contained a population of a million souls, and the size and grandeur of its buildings excelled those of the finest palaces of which Bengal can now

boast.\* Rajmahal; "the city of one hundred Kings," comes next in order of time; Dhaka (Dacca), famous for its muslins from the time of the Russians; Nadya (Nuddea), the Oxford of Bengal and the seat of Brahmanical learning for five centuries; Moorshedabad, "the abode of Moslem pride and seat of Moslem revelry" (for a vivid picture of which *vide* the *Seir Mukta-kherim*). These were, in their palmy days, the metropolitan cities of Lower Bengal, but their glory has departed, and they are no longer the seats of Government nor the centres of wealth.

There is a great divergence of opinion as to the etymology of the name Calcutta,\* called Golgotha (the place of skulls) by an old Dutch traveller, and not amiss in those days, when more than twenty-five per cent. of its European inhabitants fell victims to the diseases arising at the close of the rains. "We find," says a writer in the *Calcutta Review*, "that in Europe various cities received their names from the circumstance of monasteries and castles having been first erected on a spot which formed the nucleus of a town, as English words ending in Chester (*castra*) show; in the Middle Ages this occurred very

\* "I could not help feeling some regret that I was to pass so near the ruins of Gaur without visiting them, though, by all accounts, they are merely shapeless mounds, covered with jungles, and haunted, as usual, by snakes and wild beasts. Yet the great antiquity of the place, which is said to be mentioned in the oldest Hindoo poetry, its size, which seems almost to have equalled Babylon or Nineveh, and the circumstances which led to its abandonment, are very striking.

'It was not in the battle, No tempest gave the shock.'

The same mighty river, whose active powers of destruction we witnessed yesterday, by a different process turned Gaur into a wilderness. The main advantage of its situation was, that the Ganges rolled under its walls. Two hundred years ago the Ganges deserted its old bed for that which it at present occupies, six or seven miles south of the former, and Gaur began to decay. The Governors of Behar and Bengal deserted it for other residences, and

'Now pointed at by wisdom and by wealth,  
Stands, in the wilderness of woe, Masar!'

It is impossible to pass it without recollecting that what Gaur is, Calcutta may any day become, unless the river in its fresh channel should assume a more fatal direction, and sweep in its narrow track our churches, markets, and palaces (by the way of the Lall Diggay and the Kalighat) to that Salt Water Lake which seems its natural estuary. The length of the ruins of Gaur, as marked on Ripnel's map, is eighteen miles, and their breadth six."—*Bishop Heber's Indian Journal*, edition of 1828, Vol. I, pp. 191-92.

\* In the *Ain-i-Akbari* (compiled by Abul Fazl, the Prime Minister of Akbar, A. D. 1596) *Kalighata* (Calcutta), *Bakuya*, and *Barhakpur* are 35th, 36th, and 37th sub-divisions of the Sarkar Satgaon; the *Ain-i-Akbari* is, therefore, the first book that mentions the present capital of India. The revenue paid by these three Mahals, in 1582 A.D., amounted to Rs. 23,405½.

frequently. Now as Puranic authority and existing traditions all seem to point to the fact that the Ganges formerly flowed over the site of what is known at the present day as Tolly's Nalla, and Kalighat has been known from time immemorial as one of the holiest shrines in Bengal, may it not be possible that the name Calcutta is derived from Kali Ghat ?" Halwell writes in 1766 :— "Kali Ghat, an ancient pagoda, dedicated to Kali, stands close to a small brook, which is, by the Brahmins, deemed to be the original course of the Ganges."\* When Job Charnock landed at Sutanati in 1690, at the pressing invitation of Ibrahim Khan, Governor of Bengal, Chowringi was a dense jungle infested by wild animals, and the only signs of habitation were a few weavers' huts on the banks of the river where Chandpal Ghat now stands. There was consequently no place of greater interest closer than Kali Ghat, and is it not presumable that the old patriarch called the locality after the most important place within a couple miles of it ?" The anonymous author of the *Historical and Ecclesiastical Sketches of Bengal* adopts the same view : he states, "Calcutta takes its name from a temple dedicated to Caly."

The other foreigners, *viz.*, the Dutch, the French and the Danes, selected for their settlements the right or the west bank of the Hugli, which enjoyed the full advantage of the river breezes, but the English preferred the left or the east. This preference is attributable to three reasons : (1) the water was deep on that side, affording safe anchorage to their vessels ; (2) a large number of cloth-weavers lived there, notably the patriarchal families of the Sets who had dealings with them ; and (3) the Maharatta irruptions never extended beyond the right bank ; their armies being composed entirely of cavalry, they could not conveniently cross large rivers on their march with the appliances they possessed. The Hugli offered an effectual barrier to their pro-

\* A correspondent of the *Indian Antiquary* gives the following etymology of the name Calcutta :—"Calcutta is a place known from remote antiquity. The ancient Hindus called it by the name of *Kalikshetra*. It extended from *Bahula* to *Dakshinashur*. *Bahula* is modern *Bahala*, and the site of *Dakshinashur* still exists. According to the *Puranas*, a portion of the mangled corpse of *Sati* or *Kali* fell somewhere within that boundary, whence the place was called *Kalikshetra*. Calcutta is a corruption of *Kalikshetra*. In the time of Ballal Sein it was assigned to the dependants of *Sera*.

press. The following is an account of the settlement of the English in Calcutta given in Price's observations :—" When the English first settled at Calcutta, the little body of merchants, instead of affixing themselves on the west side of the river, as all other Europeans had done before and since, determined on a very *small spot of rising ground* on the east side. If I remember right, their reasons for the choice were, that it was situated near to several *populous* villages, filled with cloth manufacturers, whom they wished to engage in their service ; that they should be free from the invasions of the Mahrattas, who in those days were very troublesome to those settled on the west side of the river ; that the exchange for their ships was very good, and near to the place on which they proposed to erect a fort ; and the ground itself did not cost them much money."

A. STEPHENS.

(*To be continued.*)

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*All Communications should be addressed to*

THE PUBLISHER.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 2.—DECEMBER 1889.

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## *IMPERIAL FEDERATION.*

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IMPERIAL FEDERATION has attracted little or no attention in this country up to the present time. We presume, however, that our readers have seen the official accounts of the negotiations which have recently been going on between Lord Rosebery as the head of the Imperial Federation League, and the Marquis of Salisbury as Prime Minister of England, but, if read, these accounts have made no impression on the Anglo-Indian mind. We certainly have never heard the subject discussed or even referred to by the people we had the pleasure of meeting; but perhaps now that Mrs. Maybrick has a little palled on the public taste, we may be forgiven for directing the attention of the inhabitants of England's grandest possession to the greatest question of the day—Imperial Federation. We remember, three or four years ago, reading in a book called *Brotherhood* the following passage on this subject:—"Imagine what a nation Great Britain would be if only bound together in national brotherhood. What European Power would then dare to agitate for war or inflict insults on an Empire that consisted of half the world? We should then become the world's arbitrators, and no nation would dare to move in any way that could injure the interests and prosperity of

the British Empire. With one army, one navy, one flag, little England would have developed into a power such as few politicians could have ever conceived in their wildest dreams of national greatness. The Empire would resemble an orange, each portion perfect in itself, but all bound together by the sinews of affection and interest, and the whole protected from injury by the skin of federation." There can be no doubt that, since this was written, Imperial Federation has made great progress. It was at that time the unhatched chick of some few thinking minds who brooded over England's past glory, and pondered how to devise a scheme by which her future should eclipse her past in the same ratio as the electric light of to-day eclipses the tallow dip of our grandfathers. The history of the world teaches us that nations, like families, rise and fall, and there are some jaundiced croakers who declare that Britain is even now on the wane, and in support of their theory point to the discontent and misery that exist at home on the one hand, and the great wealth and lavish expenditure that characterises the other side of the coin, and they rest satisfied at having cast a shadow across Britain's road to glory, and Hood-like spell of fear over the weak-minded.

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear :  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

These are the people who prefer roughly to break open a casket, to looking for a key by which it can be opened ; and they unthinkingly drift on they know not where, until at last in their despair they grasp Socialism and derive as much real support from it as a drowning man does from the proverbial straw. There can be no doubt that England's power lies in her colonies, just in the same way as several of our noblest families owe their present existence to certain scions of their houses having in the past married into families who were characterised by healthy energy and prosperity in place of antiquity, thus rejuvenating the old stock. Lord Rosebery, a short time ago, suggested that we should send a deputation of our working-men to the colonies in order to assist the development of Imperial Federa-

tion ; but upon reflection has altered his scheme, and it is well he has done so, for the present is certainly not the time to send our working-men abroad in order to convince the colonists of the advantage of Imperial Federation ; for with strikes and Socialism rampant at home, we would, if we adopted this course, be sending elements of discord where it is our desire only to produce notes of harmony.

Lord Rosebery, on behalf of the Council of the Imperial Federation League, now proposes that Government should consider the advisability of issuing invitations to the Governments of self-governing colonies to send delegates to London, to confer and report on the possibility of establishing closer and more substantial union with the mother-country. This is a move in the right direction ; but would it not be well in the first place to bring "home" men selected from the successfully working agriculturists, who are gradually forming a yeoman class in the colonies—a class which is ever a nation's truest safeguard, and which, alas ! foreign competition, bad harvests, and manufactories have done so much to destroy in Old England, although Great Britain owes her present position in the world to yeoman influence in the past ? The visit of these men would, if properly conducted, do an immense deal to restore peace and order, as well as help on the great cause : they would thus become our benefactors as well as our visitors. It should be so arranged that our colonial friends visit all our market towns and cities, and have an opportunity of telling our discontented classes of the land from which they come, where honest independence is obtained by hard, honest work and perseverance, not by Socialism, destruction of property, and strikes. The best means of disseminating this useful knowledge would be to inaugurate little receptions for the colonists by the farmers and existing classes around the market towns they visit ; and with a glass of beer and a pipe a good deal more useful friendliness would be engendered than at a Lord Mayor's banquet. In our manufacturing cities, public meetings at the town halls, with a few speeches and a smoking concert



afterwards, would prove the best medium. "By the heart must be expended what shall work upon the heart," Goethe wrote enough years ago for it to be better realised and understood by our philanthropists than it is to-day. The upper classes must not come between our visitors and our working classes; they can assist however with money and sympathy and do much separately to make our friends have a good time in Old England. The little leaven thus cast throughout the country would soon work, and show our people how much better it is to work abroad, than to remain idle and discontented at home. Then our colonial brothers would also realise England's greatness, when they saw her wealth, her army, and navy, and at the same time realise, as they never have done before, the present helpless state of the Colonies in the event of attack from a foreign Power, and they would return to their homes eager advocates for Imperial Federation, as it would mean safety and protection of their property and future greatness to the land of their adoption.

Now let us see how Imperial Federation could be applied to this country. Our Queen has received the most convincing proofs of the loyalty of the independent Princes of India to the British rule in the eloquent offers of military support which have been proffered by them, and there can be no doubt that our greatest safety in this country lies in conciliating and binding *irrevocably* the independent war-loving nations who occupy the position of sentinels over the land we rule. At the same time, it must be a compact which will benefit both parties, for Great Britain must ever give, where she receives, support. In this country, we are victims to chronic attacks of the Russian scare, and there can be little doubt that a Russian invasion would be as injurious to the independent native Princes as to British rule. A little reflection and careful study of our geographical position will, however, show that we should rather prepare ourselves to anticipate danger from China, in place of allowing fear of Russia to engross our minds. China is a country teeming with a countless population, who are intelligent, thrifty, and are yearly becoming more and more proficient in

the art of war. The fear of death is unknown to the Celestial, and the devotion to his country's advancement, coupled with his belief in future happiness as a reward, are the ruling passions of his life. Should the national flood-gate of China once be forced open by its ever-increasing masses, there is nothing to prevent its countless myriads sweeping over this country—a human deluge against which no divided force could stand. It is interesting to note that our Colonies and America are already fearing the danger of receiving into their midst pioneers of a foreign Power, who, once located, spread in the same alarming way as imported rabbits—once a blessing, now a plague, destroying all in their path and defying extermination by their numbers. It is self-evident that in this country we must do all in our power to prevent internal dissension when we have such a powerful neighbour as China on the lookout for fresh territory, and already busy colonising our latest possession, Burmah, and showing the wisdom of serpents by marrying its women.

Now Imperial Federation properly applied to India will open up careers for the native Princes, their followers, and all the warlike population of this great land, and will bind our fellow-subjects to us in a way that nothing else can ever attain; and secure for us the lasting friendship of the independent nations around us. There are numerous young noblemen in this country eager to distinguish themselves, only lacking the opportunity, and in despair of a career of glory and in the absence of healthy excitement, they resign themselves hopelessly to sensual enjoyments, which, alas! too often become hard masters when they should ever remain the attendants on pleasure. There is no reason why these noblemen should not prove some of the brightest ornaments of the army of Imperial Federation, and a few years passed by them with their troops in British possessions out of India, would improve these gentlemen just in the same way as a few years of military foreign service improve and qualify the sons of English noblemen for the later duties they have to discharge in their native land. Those native Princes

and gentlemen who have visited England know what a kind and brotherly welcome awaits them wherever the English language is spoken and their Empress reigns. It is rumoured that the Queen of England and the Empress of the land will have, during the next few months, to take a long sea voyage for the benefit of her health. Now could a more glorious opportunity occur for emphasising the great interest Her Majesty has ever taken in India, and the affection she has always borne for its people, than by sailing to this port and holding in Calcutta a *Durbar* of all the great Princes of the land? It would be the most eloquent way of expressing a nation's gratitude and appreciation of the loyal offers already received, for the Queen-mother to come and see her foreign children, and would also afford a glorious opportunity for the Empress of India to found the army of Imperial Federation by having enrolled in her august presence all those Princes who desire an opportunity of achieving military glory and distinction in the world's history, and at the same time of showing their devotion to the British Empire. The effect of such a step as the above would do more to tranquillise Europe than all the sugared sophistry in the world. A few days in Calcutta would suffice for Her Majesty to immortalise herself as no sovereign has ever yet done, and crown her glorious reign by a royal act which would cement two great nations together and prove the real quickening of Imperial Federation by founding an army which would be the most effectual means of securing peace and prosperity to the world at large and prove an endless blessing in the ages to come.

DAVID McLAREN MORRISON.

[IMPERIAL FEDERATION is now attracting great attention throughout the civilised world, and, as we shall publish further articles on this subject by the same Author, we take this opportunity of putting before our readers the above, which appeared in the *Statesman* of the 29th September. It has since been printed and widely circulated in Great Britain with the writer's name attached, and is being considerably criticised.—ED.]

## *CALCUTTA IN THE OLDEN TIMES.*

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### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CALCUTTA PREVIOUS TO 1756.

WE have said elsewhere that the English are indebted to a member of the medical profession for the first permanent footing they obtained in Bengal. It happened thus: Farrukh Seiyar, second son of Prince Azam-us-shan, and the ninth Mogul Emperor, was engaged to be married to a Rajput Princess, a daughter of Raja Azit Singh, the Raja of Marwar. The bride-elect had already arrived at the capital, and preparations were being made for the forthcoming festivities, when it was discovered that the Emperor was suffering from a physical disability, which the skill of the Court physicians were unable to remove, and which would result in the marriage being postponed indefinitely, if not broken off altogether. At this time there arrived a deputation to the Emperor from the small British factory at Calcutta. With the deputation came a Scotch Surgeon named Gabriel Hamilton, whose services were called into requisition, mainly through the instrumentality of Khan Dauran, a confidential minister of the Emperor, and the latter patiently submitted to a painful operation at the skilful hands of Hamilton, which restored him to health, and the royal marriage was accordingly celebrated. The grateful Farrukh Seiyar, with whom the young doctor was now a great favourite, among other proofs of his princely munificence asked him to choose his reward. The noble Hamilton, with a disinterestedness rarely met with in the servants of the Company then or since, cared not for personal aggrandisement, but asked His Majesty, on behalf of the Company, to concede to the Embassy the object of their mis-

sion; *vis.*, the zemindarship of 38 rural towns in Bengal and exemption from duties on their goods. The Emperor readily granted the request and confirmed to the British the possession of the 38 villages.\* These concessions must have contributed, in a great measure, to strengthen the position of the British in India, for it is stated by Stewart, in his *History of Bengal*, that "the inhabitants of Calcutta enjoyed, after the return of the Embassy, a degree of freedom and security unknown to the other subjects of the Mogul Empire, and that city increased yearly in wealth, beauty and riches."

Before, however, proceeding further, let us for a moment take a bird's-eye view of the original establishment of the factory of 1756, with the object of ascertaining, as far as possible, the site of the three villages of Sutanuti, Calcutta and Govindpur, which once occupied the spot on which now stands the City of Palaces. In 1656, the seat of the English Factory was at Hugli, then the port of Bengal, where they built a fortress; but repeated and serious interruptions to trade were caused by the cupidity of the Nawab Vizier at Murshedabad and the machinations of his servants. Hugli was then governed by a Mahomedan officer, called the *Faujdar*, who, having a large body of men under his orders, and being armed with supreme authority, as the representative of the Viceroy, treated the foreigners just as it suited his caprice or his convenience. The helplessness and the insecurity of the small body of Englishmen, thus thrown completely at his mercy, roused the Court of Directors of the East India

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\* Sir William Hunter, LL.D., C.I.E., C.S., in his elaborate and able *Statistical Account of Bengal*, vol. I., p. 20, gives the following account of our acquisition of the port and city of Calcutta:—"The Company obtained possession of certain villages, corresponding to the existing site of Calcutta, in return for a present to the son of Aurangzeb, in 1700. In 1717, during the reign of Farrukh Seiyar, it acquired grant, but only in the name of a *talukdari*, or copy-hold tenure, and as such subject to a yearly rental. The fixed rental which the Company paid to the Mahomedan officers for the township of Calcutta (under the description of Calcutta, Sutanuti and Govindpur) was Rs. 8,836, whilst the *kefayat*, or surplus revenue over and above the fixed rental which the Company realized as *talukdars*, amounted to Rs. 98,295. The gross revenue of the town of Calcutta, before 1757, amounted to Rs. 1,07,131. In December 1757 or 1758 (for Mr. J. Grant gives both years), the Company finally obtained a *lakhtiraj*, or rent-free grant, under the royal authority." (Fifth Report, pp. 478-92, Madras reprint.)

Company to a sense of their duty, and the Chief of the Settlement was directed to demand of the Nawab, and through him of the Great Mogul, a grant of land where they might establish warehouses and strengthen their fortifications. While negotiations were proceeding, a rupture between the native contractors at Kasim Bazar and Job Charnock, owing to the extortionate demands of the former, brought about a crisis. An appeal having been made to the Nawab, he decided against the English, but Charnock was not the man to be frightened into submission, and he remained obdurate to the last. What could not be accomplished by force was circumvented by fraud. Representations were made to the Emperor of the violence and cruelty of the English and their refractory conduct in not tamely submitting to the dictates of superior authority. Their trade was at once stopped and their ships sent away half empty. On the news of their arbitrary proceedings reaching England, James II., naturally indignant at the insult offered to the British flag, espoused the cause of the Company and sanctioned their resolution of going to war with Aurangzeb, who was then in the zenith of his power. An armament, consisting of ten ships of the line, carrying from 12 to 70 guns, was despatched under Captain Nicholson, who was to command the fleet till his arrival in port, when he was to be relieved by the Chief of the Settlement who was to act as Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, and six companies of infantry that were on board were to be officered by the Members of Council. Nicholson's instructions were to demand a compensation of sixty-six lakhs of rupees,\* and if necessary to enforce payment at the mouth of the guns. A portion of the fleet came up to Hugli, and while the Chief was anxiously waiting for the arrival of the rest of the squadron, a drunken brawl, originating with three of the sailors, brought on a free fight. Nicholson having a fine excuse to hand, bombarded the town, set fire to 500 houses, and

\* Of this sum "twenty lakhs were set down for the demurrage of their ships for three years, and twenty lakhs more as the charge of the 1,000 men and 20 ships of war sent to enforce the demand, thus making the Great Mogul pay for the very birch which was to be employed to chastise him."—*Calcutta Review*, vol. III., p. 435.

spiked all the guns in the batteries. This, of course, precluded the idea of an amicable solution of the difficulty. The frightened *Faujdar* begged for a truce, promising to submit Nicholson's demands for the consideration of the Emperor. The Company's servants meanwhile reflected upon the awkward position in which they would be placed in an open town like Hugli, in the event of the Viceroy retaliating with hostilities. Before the expiry of the armistice they transferred their goods and belongings to the ships and dropped down the river to Sutanuti, a village to the east of the Dutch settlement at Barnagore, and, on the 20th December 1686, the British ensign was, for the first time, unfurled on the spot, destined ere long to become the capital of a mighty empire. They had scarcely turned their backs on Hugli, when an army arrived there to drive away the English out of it by main force. Charnock readily construed this into a breach of truce and commenced a series of pillaging warfare against the small islands lying between Tanna and Injili, which latter he took and fortified. He carried his depredations as far as Balasore, which place he burnt, and took forcible possession of 40 Mogul ships as his prize. The Court of Directors were greatly incensed at the apathy of Nicholson and his flagrant dereliction of duty in not sacking Hugli when such an opportunity presented itself. They sent out most stringent orders to prosecute the war at any sacrifice, and on no account to accept of a compromise. As if to put a seal to their instructions, they despatched a hot-headed sailor by the name of Heath in command of the *Defiance* frigate, with a hundred and sixty men on board, either to assist in the war or to bring away their entire establishment if an amicable settlement had been made with the enemy. Heath arrived in 1688, and, landing at Balasore, stormed the batteries and plundered the place. He sailed for Chittagong with the whole body of the Company's servants, and, after entering into negotiations with an Arakanese Raja, he abruptly set sail for Madras where he landed the Company's establishment. Strange vicissitudes of fortune dogged their steps for some years. The attempts of the Company to

establish a footing in Bengal by force of arms proved abortive, involving their commerce and settlements in one common ruin. The next year, Ibrahim Khan was appointed Governor of Bengal. He sent pressing invitations to Charnock to return to his old place of trade. The offer was accepted, and Charnock landed at Sutanuti with an accumulated stock of goods. On the 27th April he received a *firman* in which the Emperor declared "that it had been the good fortune of the English to repent of their past irregular proceedings," and that permission was given to them to carry on trade.\* The year 1671 found Charnock still at Sutanuti with a hundred soldiers, but without either warehouses or fortifications. His death occurred in January following. Writing under the *nom-de-plume* of "Tribunus," Colonel Ironside terms Charnock "the Illustrious Job Charnock, the first conspicuous Englishman on this side of the world." "His name," says a modern writer, "is inseparably associated with the metropolis of British India, which he was accidentally the instrument of establishing; but there does not appear to have been anything great or even remarkable in his character. He had no large comprehensive views; he was vacillating, timid, and cruel. He is said to have rescued a Hindoo female from the flame, and to have subsequently bestowed his affections (if not his hand) upon her, and he appears to have passed his time under the influence of native associations." According to Orme, the historian of India, "Charnock was a man of courage, without military experience, but impatient to take revenge on a (the Mogul) Government from whom he had personally received the most ignominious treatment, having been imprisoned and scourged by the Nabob." On the death of Charnock, Sir John Gouldsborough came over from Madras to settle the affairs of the Company which had fallen into a state

\* According to another writer, the Emperor Aurangzeb offered a compensation of Rs. 60,000 to the English for the goods which had been plundered; and it was on the 24th of August 1690, that Charnock hoisted the standard of England on the banks of the Hugli, and laid the foundation of the City of Calcutta. From an oral tradition still prevalent among the natives at Barrackpore, fourteen miles north of Calcutta, we learn that Mr. Charnock built a bungalow there, and a flourishing bazar grew under his patronage before the settlement of Calcutta had been determined on. Barrackpore is to this day best known to the natives by the old name of Charnock, the letter *r* being dropped.



of confusion, owing to the dishonest practices of their servants. There was not a single man who could be entrusted with the charge of the settlement, Sir John therefore sent for Mr. Eyre from Dacca and appointed him the Chief. In 1694 and 1695, orders were issued by the Court of Directors that Sutanuti should henceforward be the seat of their Chief in Bengal, who was directed to extend the Company's possessions by taking farm of other villages situated in its vicinity. An event occurred about this time, of which the foreign settlers were not slow in taking advantage. In 1696 and 1697, Sobha Sing, Zemindar of Burdwan, raised the standard of revolt, and for a time the district lying between Midnapur and Rajmahal became independent of the Viceroy. As the European factors expected a raid, and were threatened with extortionate demands, they solicited permission to throw up fortifications for their defence, which was readily granted by the Nawab. They lost no time in providing for their own safety by strengthening the fortifications which they had hitherto secretly erected. This was the origin of Fort Gustavus at Chinsura, Fort William in Calcutta, and the French Fort at Chandernagore. Sutanuti must have now grown in importance, for the Nawab sent a *Nishan* to the Chief of that place for "a settlement of their rights at Sutanuti, on the basis of which they rented the two adjoining villages of Calcutta and Govindpur." When the Court of Directors received this intelligence, they directed that Calcutta should be raised to the rank of a Presidency;\* that the President should receive a salary of Rs. 200 a month, with a personal allowance of Rs. 100; and that a Council, consisting of four members, be formed to assist him in his deliberations—"the first should be the Accountant, the second the Warehouse-keeper, the third the Marine Purser, and the fourth the Receiver of Revenues." It was in the year 1699 that the fort, after completion, was called Fort William, in honour of King William III., the then reigning King of England. From the time that

\* The term "Presidency," as applied to Surat (afterwards to Bombay), to Madras, and to Calcutta, originally meant that the Chief of each of these factories respectively was supreme also over the subordinate factories in that part of India.  
—*Lalbridge's History of India*, p 201.

Charnock returned to Bengal and occupied the factory, to the acquisition of the villages of Calcutta and Govindpur, the former was called Sutanuti in the Despatches sent out from England by the Court of Directors, on its being advanced to the dignity of a Presidency. It was styled the Presidency of Calcutta, and subsequently of Fort William, which it retains to this day.

The site of Sutanuti was what is now occupied by that portion of the native town which is traversed by the Chitpur Road; The Ghât now called Hatkhola was known for close upon a century by the name of Sutanuti Ghât, in immediate proximity to which was a large market known as Sutanuti Bazâr. Govindpur was a straggling, nondescript sort of a village with clusters of huts here and there, and patches of jungle intervening. It occupied the site of Fort William and the adjacent plain. Mr. Holwell, in one of his Tracts, mentions that the income derived from the Govindpur market having been affected by the neighbourhood of Kali Ghât, a remedy was devised by which tolls were levied on all articles brought into English territories from that market. This had a most salutary effect in restoring equilibrium. The village of Calcutta must, therefore, have been situated between Sutanuti and Govindpur; in 1756, the houses of European gentlemen stood on it, and it comprised that portion of the present town which is known as the commercial and official quarter. According to a writer in the *Calcutta Review*, vol. III., p. 438, "the position of the original village of Calcutta is distinctly marked by the following circumstances:—In the map of 1794, the portions of the town to the east of Tank Square are marked Dhee Calcutta. The great bazâr, now known only by its native name of Bara Bazâr, was entered on the records before 1756 as being in Dhee Calcutta, and the ground on which St. John's Church stands, and which was presented by Raja Nobo Kissen, is also stated in the Deed of Gift as being in Dhee Calcutta."

With the advent of peace and security came a new order of things. Commerce sprang up with renewed vigour, the little settlement prospered considerably, and habits of luxury,

severely commented upon by the writers of that period, followed in its train. It attracted the notice of even the Court of Directors, who frequently reprov'd their servants for their ostentatious style of living regardless of consequences. In the year 1725 Mr. Deane, the President, was sharply reprimanded for charging "Rs. 1,100 for a chaise-and-pair" to the public account, which amount he was directed to refund without loss of time. "If our servants," say the Directors, "will have such superfluities, let them pay for them." Despite the administering of constant rebukes on this head, extravagant mode of living seems to have increased rather than decreased; for, in 1731, we find the President and "some of inferior rank" charged with the "foppery of having a set of music at their table and a coach-and-six with guards and running footmen." They were, moreover, plainly told that "wherever such practice prevails in any of our servants, we shall always expect that we are the paymasters in some shape or other." Hamilton, who was in Calcutta a few years earlier, says: "Most gentlemen and ladies in Bengal live both splendidly and pleasantly, the forenoons being dedicated to business, and after dinner to rest, and in the evenings to recreate themselves in chaises or *palankins* in the fields, or to gardens, or by water in their *budgeroes*, which are convenient boats that go swiftly by four oars; and on the river sometimes there is the diversion of fishing, or fowling, or both; and before night they make friendly visits to one another, when pride and contention do not spoil society, which too often they do among the ladies, as discord and faction do amongst the men. And although the conscript fathers of the colony disagree in many points among themselves, yet they all agree in oppressing strangers who are consigned to them, not suffering them to buy or sell their goods at the most advantageous markets, but of the Governor and his Council, who fix their own prices, high or low, as seemeth best to their wisdom and discretion. The colony has very little manufactory of its own: for the Government being pretty arbitrary, discourages ingenuity and industry in the populace; for by the weight of the Company's authority, if a native

chances to disoblige one of the upper-house, he is liable to arbitrary punishment or corporal sufferings."

In the natural course of events such oppressive proceedings could not continue long, without bringing in their train the inevitable consequences of tyranny and misrule. We therefore find a different state of things thirty years later, owing to a mitigation of the severe measures, for Stewart says :—"Success produced new adventures, and besides a number of English private merchants licensed by the Company, Calcutta was in a short time peopled by Portuguese, Armenian, Mogul and Hindoo merchants, who carried on their commerce under the protection of the British flag ; thus, the shipping belonging to the port, in course of ten years after the Embassy (that is, the Embassy of 1716), amounted to ten thousand tons, and many individuals amassed fortunes without injury to the Company's trade, or incurring the displeasure of the Mogul Government."

The year 1737 was memorable on account of its great prosperity : an old analyst refers to it "as a period when we had opulent merchants, in days when gold was plenty, labour cheap, and not an indigent European in all Calcutta." As a set-off against this pleasant picture, it had its dark side as well. A great natural calamity visited the country in the same year. A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1738-39 gives the following particulars :—"In the night of the 11th October 1737, there happened a furious hurricane at the mouth of the Ganges, which reached sixty leagues up the river. There was at the same time a violent earthquake, which threw down a great many houses along the river side ; in Golgotha (*i.e.*, Calcutta) alone, a port belonging to the English, 200 houses were thrown down, and the high and magnificent steeple of the English Church sank into the ground without breaking. It is computed that 20,000 ships, barques, sloops, boats, canoes, &c., have been cast away ; of nine English ships then in the Ganges, eight were lost, and most of the crews drowned. Barques of sixty tons were blown two leagues up into land over the tops of high trees ; of four Dutch ships in the river, three were lost, with their men and cargoes ; 300,000 souls are said to have

perished. The water rose forty feet higher than usual in the Ganges."\*

Other actors now appear on the shifting panorama of Indian history, destined for a short period to be the scourge of Islam and of Christian alike. For the first time during nearly seven centuries of Moslem occupation of the country, a new foe emerged from his mountain eyrie in Central India to contest the supremacy of Hindoostan with an alien race. A few years after Sivaji, the great founder of the Mahratta power, had left his wild fastnesses on a mission of conquest, he wrested from the Emperor's lieutenants the fairest provinces in the Dakhin, and with a fell sloop paralysed the energies of Aurangzeb's best Generals. The glorious and brilliant, although meteoric, career of Sivaji, however, came to a close in 1680; but his successors, infused by their daring leader with an intense national enthusiasm, carried the war up to the very gates of Delhi. Within three years of the latter exploit they managed to pick a quarrel with the Portuguese, who were fighting for supremacy in Western India, and having stormed Bassein, crippled for ever their power in that part of the Peninsula. Emboldened by these successes, they next transferred their victorious arms to the rich plains of Bengal, which they ravaged by fire and sword, laying everything desolate in their onward march. The indomitable pluck of the horsemen, whose names carried terror into the hearts of the ruined millions, only equalled their audacity. A pretext for overrunning the Lower Provinces was ready to hand. About seventy years previous to the invasion when hard pressed by Aurangzeb, in the stronghold of Purandhar, Sivaji was compelled to accept the Emperor's terms, by which he surrendered twenty of his hill-forts, retaining twelve as a *jagir*;

\* To the description of the hurricane there is an amusing addition which we reproduce here *verbatim*:—"A French ship was driven on shore and bulged; after the winds and the waters abated, they opened their hatches and took out several bales of merchandise, &c., but the man who was in the hold to sling the bales suddenly ceased working, nor by calling to him could they get any reply; on which they sent down another but heard nothing of him, which very much added to their fear; so that for some time no one would venture down. At length one more hardy than the rest went down, and became silent and inactive as the two former, to the astonishment of all. They then agreed by lights to look down into the hold, which had a great quantity of water in it, and to their great surprise they saw a huge Alligator staring as if expecting more prey. It had come in through a hole on the ship's side and it was with difficulty they killed it, when they found the three men in the creature's belly!"—*Historical Chronicle*, p. 321.

for which concession he was to have certain assignments of revenue, called *chauth* (or the *fourth*), and *sirdeshmukhi* (or ten per cent.) in some districts of Bijapur. This was the ground for the ill-defined claims of the Mahrattas in after-times, to plunder and extort tribute from the inhabitants of every province of the empire. What was originally the wages of humiliation came, in process of time, to be recognised and asserted as a right. They laid waste the country from Balasore to Rajmahal, and finally took possession of the town of Hugli; but the river was an effectual bar to their progress towards Calcutta. The unfortunate inhabitants of the former town who escaped the sword, in their embarrassment, took shelter under the British flag, and the President asked permission from the Nawab of Murshedabad, which we suppose was readily granted, to surround the Company's possessions with a ditch, to extend from the northern portion of Sutanuti to Govindpur. After three miles were finished, in twice as many months, the work was discontinued; the earth excavated being used to form a road in the inward or townward side. The ditch was called the Mahratta ditch, and the road, the *Circular Road*, upon which, as an old writer remarks, in the bombastic language current in that period, "the young, the sprightly, and the opulent, during the fragrance of morning, in the chariot of Health, enjoy the gales of recreation."

From a military point of view the ditch could not have been of much value as a means of defence, especially with the small garrison the English had at command, and this fact probably accounts for its not being utilized by them during the siege of Calcutta in 1756. It was filled up by order of the Marquis of Wellesley, but traces of it may be seen to this day as the boundary line dividing the City from the 24-Pergannas.

A. STEPHEN.

(To be continued.)

## MODERN PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

### A RETROSPECT.

[*Authorities.*—The Works of the Authors named, Courtney and Ueberweg.

“Reason cannot know  
What sense can neither feel, nor thought conceive ;  
There is delusion in the world—and woe,  
And fear, and pain—we know not whence we live,  
Or why, or how, or what mute power may give  
Their being to each plant, and star, and beast,  
Or even these thoughts.

Alas ! our thoughts flow on with stream, whose waters  
Return not to their fountain . . . . .  
All that we are or know, is darkly driven  
Towards our gulf—Lo ! what a change is come  
Since I first spake.”

—*The Revolt of Islam.*

THE dawn of our century witnessed the rivalry of two schools of philosophic thought. The one clustered round REID, DUGALD STEWART and BROWN in Scotland, the other ranged itself beneath the banner of AUGUSTE COMTE in France. The former employed Common Sense to overthrow the Scepticism of HUME ; the latter through Positivism denied psychology a place among sciences. These irreconcilable modes of thought had an obstinate encounter with the earliest expressions of empiricism ; but this last-named form of philosophy in the end prevailed. The consistent study of systematised experience has established Experimentalism as the leading school of nineteenth-century philosophy.

Alarmed by the logical termination to which HUME had reduced the scholastic doctrine of Representative Perception,

REID found his Common Sense rebel against his contemporaries' anti-theological inferences. The appeal which he made to the common sense of intelligent men became immediately popular. The agnosticism of HUME and his scepticism had virtually killed thought, and REID experienced a power within him that urged him to consult more rational and popular modes of solving metaphysical difficulties. The common sense of all men assured them that the material objects made known by sensations did actually exist. Every man placed unqualified reliance upon the evidence of his senses, be the perceptions subjective or external. If then philosophers teach that we do not perceive things that are without our mind, but only certain impressions of them and ideas, they, and not philosophy, are in error. Our common sense ridicules the sophistry that would have us believe that the soul within us and the universe about us are mere delusions.

ROYER-COLLARD, MAIN DE BRIAN and VICTOR COUSIN followed on the line struck out by REID. ROYER-COLLARD emphasises REID'S distinction between sensation and perception, and his principles of causality and induction. The personality of the *Ego* is insisted upon by BRIAN. COUSIN founded the Eclectic school. His early endeavour was to find a compromise between the philosophies of Germany and Scotland. This, he thought, could be compassed by building metaphysics on psychology. Later on he advocated the harmony of the mental science with religion, and argued in favour of the authority of common sense. But he did not rest here. REID'S doctrine he interwove with shreds of Cartesian self-analysis, and a mysterious spiritualism which was of his own inspiration. The polemic Saracens of these philosophers were DIDEROT and the ENCYCLOPÆDISTS, ROBESPIERRE and the FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS. To meet their adversaries they impressed into their service a very Babylon and Babel of fragmentary thoughts. No true philosophy could follow upon such a course, but only the eclecticism of M. JOUFFRAY, who taught that the beautiful is the invisible expressed by the visible, and that good is the coördination and subordination of ends.



AUGUSTE COMTE found much in Dogmatism and Scepticism to which he could not reconcile himself. He was unable to comprehend how it was possible for the mind to examine either itself or its emotions and passions. "In order to observe, you must effect a pause ; if you effect the pause, there is nothing left to observe." Under this condition, the mind vanishes. But the mind is never at rest. How then can the ever-active mind study itself in a state of quiescence? The very activity of the mental faculty obstructs the end contemplated. It is not possible for intelligence to examine its modes and phases, for in this case the analyst, the medium of analysis, and the analysed are one and the same. Psychology is therefore an impossible science. The mind cannot be studied objectively by introspection. Its emotions and passions are extraneous conditions which perturb its normal state. There can be therefore no subjective scrutiny of the mind or its faculties. These may, however, be contemplated from without by means of physiological phrenology. The conditions of the cerebrum, cerebellum, nerve-centres, white-grey matter and convolutions of the brain are capable of being reduced to a system which is competent to throw light on the nature and properties of the mind. The Positivism of Comte is a combination of Empiricism and Socialism. It is therefore a system of thought as well as of life. Final and first causes lie without the limits of experience, and are therefore unknowable. Our intelligence has to do with such problems as lie between the *alpha* and *omega* of existence. All forms of dogmatism and metaphysics are inadmissible. Anything incapable of verification by observation and experiment must be discarded. Humanity and sociology are the only religious creeds for mankind.

BAIN, LEWIS, CARPENTER and MAUDSLEY are infected with COMTE'S philosophy. But MILL and SPENCER maintain that we know infinitely less of the material and physical complements of the mind than of the "states of consciousness." They indicate that if a strict account be taken of our knowledge, we shall ultimately discover that we know of no facts whatever, except

in so far as they are related to our individual states of consciousness.

It is necessary to remark that if Positivism is destructive, it is also constructive. It enunciated the great law of progress and evolution—*La loi des trois états*. The principle thus formulated has been worked into the philosophy of "development," "the survival of the fittest," and the adaptation of the creature to his "environments." The system of COMTE bore fruit in the Sociology and Utilitarianism of MILL, and its influence may be traced in allied speculations of the present day.

JOHN STUART MILL based his system of psychology upon the tenets of JAMES MILL. But he modified his father's views by admitting an influence derived from DR. THOMAS BROWN. His metaphysical conclusions have much in common with HOBBS, HUME, and COMTE. In his effort to elaborate the science of sociology on psychological conclusions and ethnology, he identifies himself with the school of Positivism. He appears as a revised edition of HUME when he traces all knowledge to sensations and contact with the material world. Intuition and *à priori* truths have no place in his system of thought. Matter he interprets as "a permanent possibility of sensation," and mind is "a series of feelings with a background of possibilities of feeling." He is content to observe that by this definition "we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind, or *ego*, is something different from any series of feelings or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something which, *ex hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself as a series." He opines that, although the existence of the external world cannot be proved philosophically, yet a conviction of its reality may be produced by the reflection that "the world of possible sensations, succeeding one another according to laws, is as much in other beings as it is in me: it has therefore an existence outside me; it is an external world."

MILL'S great contributions to philosophy are his elaboration of HARTLEY'S theory of "the association of ideas," and his enunciation of the doctrine of Utilitarianism. He accords the phenomenon of association an all-important position in mental

science—it "is to psychology what gravitation is to physics." This "mental chemistry" disproves the existence of the so-called first truths and intuition. In the moral world "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" is the criterion of right and wrong, and it is to be observed that this principle has been endorsed by almost all the English psychologists, not excepting even BAIN and HERBERT SPENCER.

Moral phenomena become in MILL'S hands an independent science. He denies conscience any primary and original existence. He regards it merely as an outgrowth of sentiments and feelings which appear to be disinterested. Recent metaphysicians have advanced a step further, and regard conscience as a "function of organisation," and morality as an "appanage" of the physical constitution. BAIN and LEWIS deal with thought "as a function of matter," while MAUDSLEY emphasises that "one thing is certain—that moral philosophy cannot penetrate the hidden springs of feeling and impulse; they lie deeper than it can reach, for they lie in the physical constitution of the individual; and, going still further back, perhaps in his organic antecedents." This view is the most recent outcome of evolution applied to Ethics.

The doctrine of Evolution is SPENCER'S philosophic diapason. He observes that nature is in a state of perpetual unrest, of constant change. No force in nature is lost—it is transformed into some other energy or mode. Concentration is followed by dissipation, not by annihilation. In this process of organic development, there is an unvarying transformation "from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous structure." As it is with matter so it is with mind. The simple modes become complex by a series of differentiations. "Homogeneity is a condition of unstable equilibrium." A state of uniformity cannot be maintained. Every cause is capable of producing more than one result. Hence Evolution is a process in which "an indefinite incoherent homogeneity is transformed into a definite coherent heterogeneity." The law is not self-evident, but its universality is indefinitely supported by the accumulated experience of the human race.

In his *Principles of Psychology* the mind is read in the light of Evolution. LOCKE had regarded Space and Time as *à posteriori*, KANT as *à priori*, conditions of sensation and perception. HUME and MILL had considered them as ideas "put together out of simple sensations." SPENCER asserts that they have arisen from the organized and consolidated experiences of all antecedent individuals who bequeathed their slowly-developed nervous organizations, till they practically became forms of thought apparently independent of experience." He claims to have reconciled LOCKE with KANT, by making Space and Time *à priori* to the individual, but *à posteriori* to the race.

Touching the existence of ethical sentiments, he explains that "the experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding nervous modifications, which, by continued transmission and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition—certain emotions corresponding to right and wrong conduct which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility."

He moreover decides that between Religion and Science there is no antagonism; "for in every direction, if we pursue the enquiry long enough, we come to an inner secret, to a *substratum* of 'the Unknowable.'" Both presume *a one—a cause—a permanent, all-pervading force*, which is not capable of comprehension or identification. The Scientist can give no account of the "universal causal agency" which underlies Forces, Energies and Laws. Similarly, the Theologian, apart from what he admits as a revelation from without, confesses his inability as an ontologist to apprehend his God. He cannot explain how an infinite and absolute Being can still be a Person. "Beginning with causal agents, conceived as imperfectly known; progressing to causal agents, conceived as less known and less knowable; and coming at last to a universal causal agent posited as not to be known at all;—the religious sentiment must ever continue to occupy itself with this universal causal agent." "When the theological idea of the providential action of our

being is developed to its ultimate form by the absorption of all independent secondary agencies, it becomes the conception of being immanent in all phenomena; and the reduction to this state implies the fading away in thought of all those anthropomorphic attributes by which the aboriginal idea was distinguished." "The consciousness of a single source, which, in coming to be regarded as universal, ceases to be regarded as conceivable, differs in nothing but name from the consciousness of one being, manifested in all phenomena." Though he nowhere directly avers it, still SPENCER seems to think that it is not impossible that the springs of Religion and Science well from the same fountain-head, albeit to our intelligences that source be unknown and unknowable.

GEORGE HENRY LEWIS arrives at the principle of Development by a totally different approach. Shunning metaphysics and dogmatic theology, and breaking away from the simple sensationalism of CONDILLAC, he anticipates "a method which will make religion also the expression of experience." Thought is merely a function of the brain, and moral feeling and sentiment may be accounted for on physical considerations. The *History of Philosophy* is the history of the decline of the tyranny of the School-men and Dogmatism, and the growth of Empiricism, Hedonism, Positivism, and the Religion of Humanity. By him transcendental philosophy and *a priori* reasoning are swept away. He measures great theories with frequent accuracy. But his doctrines have not taken a lasting hold on the minds of his age, and are already retiring into obscurity, on the introduction of German influence and Rationalized Christianity.

PROFESSOR BAIN bases his metaphysical inductions upon an analysis of the nervous system and its functions, and the laws of Association. His views are preëminently those of a Materialist like HARTLEY, and an Associationalist like MILL. "There is no possible knowledge of the external world except in reference to our minds. Knowledge means a state of mind; the notion of material things is a mental thing." Space and Time are the results of "muscular feelings or sensations

coöperating with the intellectual powers," and are not innate ideas. "The collective 'I' or 'Self' can be nothing different from the Feelings, Actions and Intelligence of the individual." The Will "is a bundle of acquisitions." It originates in the instinctive germs—spontaneity of muscular action and Self-conservation, which is the link between Action and Feeling. "Nothing but chance can be assigned as the means of first bringing together pleasure and movement." (This, however, appears to be a very unstable foundation for a scientist and philosopher to build his system upon.) The ethical standard "is identified with our education under Government or authority." "The *Religious Sentiment* is constituted by the Tender Emotion, together with Fear, and the sentiment of the Sublime." Touching the existence of a soul independent of cerebral organization, BAIN observes nothing by way of support or refutation. SPENCER writes thus :—"The work of Mr. ALEXANDER BAIN is not in itself a system of mental philosophy, properly so called, but a classified collection of materials for that system presented with that method and insight which scientific discipline generates, and accompanied with occasional passages of an analytical character." BAIN has contributed no new feature to the philosophy of his day. But he has furnished an elaborate digest of the forms of thought and methods employed by the Empirical and Materialistic Schools in their study of the sensations, emotions and morals of mankind.

The present is an age of transition due to the influence of German philosophy upon the thoughts of British metaphysicians. This influence has invaded England in two stages. The first of these consisted in a revival of the study of KANT and JACOBI by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, THOMAS CARLYLE, SIR WALTER SCOTT, E. BULWER LYTTON, THOMAS DE QUINCEY, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON-MANSEL, and to some extent by JOHN STUART MILL and HERBERT SPENCER. COLERIDGE dissented from the materialistic and agnostic speculations of his day, and throughout his workings he warns his readers against the philosophy then being published. He returned to the orthodox teachings of KANT and JACOBI, believing, as did also

CARLYLE, that there was more true philosophy to be found in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, than in the reign of William IV. He emphasises an important distinction between Reason and Understanding, and is convinced that scientific discoveries and Christianity may be easily assimilated the one with the other. This first period has already passed away, and we live in the second stage of the transition, wherein HEGEL has exerted no small influence. Science had previously held the field of speculation exclusively, and it was historically necessary that a rival should arise to divide the spoil. This rival is Rationalized Christianity, which explains away philosophically many objections to the teachings of the School-men. It establishes a system of Christianity that is rational, and which does not conflict with the discoveries of Natural Science. This second period of Kantian Renaissance is ushered in by the works of STIRLING, WALLACE, CAIRD, McCOSH, FARRAR and NEWMAN. It is not now possible to determine the value of this transition. In remarking that that can be decided only by the Future, COURTNEY continues :—"By some men the new Hegelian metaphysics, in its apotheosis of Reason, may be hailed as providing the only substitute which a cultivated and enlightened age can accept for the superannuated phases of 'Faith;' while others, who refuse to recognise in such new garb the long-loved features of the religion which has been consecrated to them in lisping utterances, learnt at a mother's knee, may hold at arms' length the doubtful advantages of novel, though generous, allies. . . . To Time we must look to decide whether the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations, and which have been gathered in the Garden of Gethsemane, can be ever found in the Garden of the Academe."

HERBERT A. STARK, B.A.

### THE BAY OF LIFE.

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I STOOD on the pier on a pleasant night,  
When the sky's fair queen shone round and bright ;  
And lights at the mast-heads kept their guard  
O'er the sleeping crews, and each bare yard  
Stood out in the moonlight 'gainst the sky  
Like phantom ships both far and nigh.

The waves came rolling high and free  
From the sometimes angry Arabian Sea ;  
And some would grandly ride the bay  
Like British dragoons on review, as they  
With a long straight line, and never a lag  
Majestically pass the saluting flag.

Other waves would hug the shore,  
And dash on the harbour's rocky floor ;  
And the rocks would fret them into foam,  
And back they would sink to their ocean home ;  
And other waves would o'er them go  
And force them back in the under-tow.

Others again would meet no rock,  
But would strike the pier with a shivering shock ;  
Then they would sink, and another wave  
Would dash at the pier and meet its grave.  
But the waves that grandly passed the pier  
Would gaily ride where all was clear ;  
But I knew that the sands of the deep back bay  
Would at last their majestic progress stay ;  
And the sands would gently check their flow,  
And send them back in the under-tow.



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Would at last their majestic progress stay ;  
And the sands would gently check their flow,  
And send them back in the under-tow.

And I thought, "What foolish waves I see  
So freely before the breeze to flee,  
And dash on the cruel rocks, which peep  
Like fiends of darkness from out the deep.  
And nearly as foolish are those mad waves  
That miss the rocks, but find their graves  
By dashing themselves against the side  
Of this mighty pier, so firm and wide.  
How much more sense do those waves show  
That grandly o'er the harbour go,  
And sink in the deep back bay, at last  
In a quiet sleep, the danger passed."

And then I remembered that waves are dumb,  
And in their strength they must succumb,  
Should the wind toward danger shape their track  
As it drives them over the sea and back.

As I sat and watched them late at night  
As on the rocks they dashed to right  
Or shook the pier, or passed it by  
In the deep back bay to sink and die :  
I thought, "No matter how they go,  
They all must join the under-tow."

And how like men who have some sense,  
And make to wisdom such pretence :  
Men come from the ocean of chaos wide,  
And before the winds of time they ride ;  
They enter the bay of Life, and they  
Each hope in Age's deep back bay  
To rest at last, but left and right  
Like the waves, we see them sink from sight ;  
They proudly, blindly glide, till lo !  
They sink to Death's great under-tow,

Men venture near the shoals of Debt,  
To find that the tide will inward set ;  
And the winds of time will not abate,  
But drive them on at a galloping rate ;  
The tide will turn, and round their barque  
The rocks will peep from the waters dark ;  
And an ebbing tide, and a rocky lee

And the wind against them blowing free,  
Conspire to dash them into spray,  
Although they struggle night and day ;  
Competing waves, both strong and fleet,  
Will follow on, and bar retreat ;  
The rocks will rend, and down they go  
To the great financial under-tow.

While others shun the shoals of Debt  
And get in a tide with a forward set,  
And merrily onward they will glide  
Before the wind, and with the tide,  
Till Speculation's pier they meet  
With a terrible shock, and no retreat ;  
And thus they meet with an overthrow,  
And sink from sight to the under-tow.

While others get in a current strong  
That safely bears their barque along ;  
Afar from the shoals of Debt, nor near  
To Speculation's mighty pier :  
And gaily o'er the bay they glide ;  
It may be where 'tis very wide,  
Or where the other shore is near,  
But the pier and rocks they do not fear.

And those who cross where the bay is deep,  
Will reach the other side, and sleep  
In a peaceful rest in the deep back bay  
And meet no shock, as calmly they  
The sands of second childhood reach,  
And spend their force on a sandy beach ;  
With scarcely a murmur, as they go,  
They mingle with the under-tow.

The waves of population ride  
O'er the bay of Life, with wind and tide,  
And the under-tow is forced to the sea  
Of a vast, unknown eternity.  
The bay of Life has rocks and piers,  
And the voyage hedged round with doubts and fears ;  
And men, like wavelets, blindly glide  
Along in all their strength and pride

Till the piers or rocks they meet, and end  
A life in spray, that should extend  
To the other side, would they not stray  
From the course to Age's deep back bay.  
They shape their course, and meet an end  
That is pointed out by the path they wend.  
Though friends may see the rocks and piers,  
And point them out to rouse their fears,  
They drift, like the waves, till down they go,  
At Death's stern call, to the under-tow.

AMERICUS.

## SOME TRUTHS ABOUT INDIA.

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### NO. I.

BUT for the fact that the motives of the Government of India are unimpeachable, it would appear to an unprejudiced, impartial observer, that the Legislative machinery and the Educational system were devised—the one, to render the people as helpless as possible ; and the other, to keep them in a state of blissful ignorance of the practical affairs of life. In India, as in civilized England, legal enactments are considered to be the only remedy for all ills that society or the body politic is heir to. If a road is to be made, it must bear the *imprimatur* of law ; if our health is to be protected from the use of unwholesome food, the legislature must be resorted to for redress. We can do nothing ourselves, for we are supposed to be unable to exercise independent opinion. We are taught to look to our rulers for the removal of grievances, however trifling they may be, and, as it is rather convenient to let others think and act for us, the present arrangements are gladly acquiesced in. Before proceeding further, I would cite two or three instances in support of my position. It would be hard to find another country in the world, the revenue system of which presents greater intricacies than that of India. Not that it has been so from time immemorial, but the introduction of British rule has revolutionized the old order of things and enveloped them in hopeless confusion. Upwards of half a century ago, a Frenchman was travelling in India and contemplated writing an account of his tour. He accidentally met at a dinner party a Commissioner of a Division in the North-West Provinces, who had passed the entire term of his service in the management of the land revenue, and was naturally looked

upon as an authority on such matters. The garrulous son of Gaul, in his simplicity, mentioned to the Commissioner that, as the book he intended to write would be incomplete without a chapter on Rent Laws, he would be obliged for half an hour's conversation on the subject. The Commissioner begged to be excused, as it was impossible to communicate the required information in thirty minutes what it had taken him as many years to acquire, and even, at the end of that period, he arrived at the conclusion 'that he knew nothing.' In one sense he was right. India is a continent comprising various races, speaking a number of distinct languages and dialects, with diverse habits, customs and manners.\* There are no two districts, although lying contiguous to each other, in which the revenue system is identical in details, and hence attempts to convert it into a homogeneous mass by the introduction of Western ideas have conspicuously failed. That I am not singular in the views I hold, will best appear from what has transpired within the last thirty years, not to go back to an earlier period. It was about the year 1859 that the late Sir Frederick Currie was preparing to return home on a well-earned pension, for he had rendered some services to Bengal. He suddenly became inspired with an idea that he should not leave it without initiating some measure which would indissolubly connect his name with the province in which he had passed a good portion of his life. He posed as the Friend of the Rayyet, and was instrumental in bringing before the Legislative Council a Bill which professed to embody in a handy form the Rent Laws then in force. Now, considering that these lay scattered through a series of enactments, which extended over a number of years, the task of compiling and digesting them was not an easy one. But the *fiat* had gone forth and the crude Bill, teeming with inconsistencies, was hastily rushed through the Council. Legal and public opinion

\* "Their religions," says a modern writer, "involve ideas that have moved ancient Empires and created the destinies of mankind. The existing institutions are fragments of an institution or civilization that elsewhere is almost extinct. When Alexander the Great was in the Punjab, tribes and dynasties were in existence which have not yet passed away. The Hindoo law was followed in the days of Lycurgus. The Hindoo Scriptures are coeval with the Pentateuch. The chariot, the mill, the wagon, the plough are as they were when the Aryans first learned the arts of rural life."

were alike ignored, and what required mature and deliberate thought was whisked off in a few sittings of the Council: with the result that when it came to be applied practically, innumerable difficulties arose in the way. The highest appellate tribunal in the land could make nothing of this patched-up mass of incongruities. Each Divisional Bench of the High Court took a different view of the Act and placed a construction according to its own light. Sometimes the decision on an identical clause were diametrically opposed to one another and conflicting. No two Divisional Benches agreed upon any important point. The lawyers, as is their wont, made a good harvest by their acumen in dividing a hair 'twixt south and south-west side, but the people derived no benefit. This very Act led to what is known as the great Rent case, immortalised by 'Pips' in his *Lyrics and Lays*. Since then it has been tinkered several times but to no useful purpose till the arrival of Lord Dufferin, who, deaf to the remonstrances of the landed classes and the tenants, gave his sanction to the last Tenancy Act, which is said, by parties competent to judge of its operations, works with no less friction than any of its predecessors. Let us now come down to later times. As every one knows, the tricks of the trade are practised all over the world, and short weights, adulterations, &c., are their chief characteristics. It is a known fact that *ghee*, or, what is popularly termed 'clarified butter,' is largely used all over the country by every grade of the people, each according to his means. In its original state it is a luxury of life, and therefore confined to the rich; but inasmuch as the poor also consume it at times, adulteration with the fat of sheep and kine is largely resorted to, to bring it within their reach. This has been the case for years past, but it was about three years ago that agitation was commenced. The native press took up the cry, backed by the orthodox portion of the Hindoo community, and so strong was public opinion that the then Lieutenant-Governor had to come down from his snug retreat in Darjeeling, in hot haste convened a meeting of his Council, and successfully coached the Bill, making it penal to adulterate ghee. Those who clamoured for legislation were in ecstasies of joy at their victory, and



henceforward the impure stuff was to completely disappear from the bazar in Bengal. A few criminal prosecutions took place, and the orthodox world was satisfied it could consume any amount of genuine ghee without fear of losing caste or being troubled with the pangs of conscience. After all this fuss and nonsense, will anybody be so bold as to tell us that the evil—if it be an evil after all—has been stamped out? Do not the poor still use ghee, and is it reasonable to suppose that they can afford to pay the same price as the rich and get the same pure stuff? If not, where is the vaunted boast of the victory of the orthodox party over the tricks of the trade.

One instance more and I have done. It was only the other day that the Debtor's Imprisonment Bill was passed in the Imperial Legislative Council. It was accompanied by a good deal of fanfarade; long-winded speeches were made, and a lively interest was evinced for the unfortunate debtors who were taken under the special care of the Honourable Members. After every care was expended on it and the enactment was an accomplished fact, it was reserved for the Registrar of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes to discover that the Act did not apply to the proceedings of that tribunal, and defendants were, as usual, committed to jail for non-fulfilment of their obligations. Of course every little time was lost in supplementing that Act by another small one to avoid any inconsistency arising therefrom. I do not mean to deprecate the work of the Council or disparage the worthy members who had charge of the Bill in the Select Committee appointed to consider it. But it appears very strange indeed that, after all the precautions adopted to avoid any mishap, such a serious flaw could have been discovered in it by an unfledged barrister. It would have been a grave reflection indeed upon the entire Council itself, but for the fact that the system, more than the individual, is responsible for the shortcomings in this respect. Whether in the Council or out of it, action in the usual groove is the order of the day, and no one has the pluck to deviate from the beaten path of officialdom and red-tape. A disposition inclining to independence is immediately cried down, for conservatism holds high jinks in all that pertains to

India. Whence arises this state of affairs? The answer is simple enough. The rulers of the country being an alien race, they fail to recognise any intelligence in the governed, and, though education is steadily but as surely permeating through the upper and middle strata of society down to the 'masses,' they fail to observe the signs of the times, and would consider their charge to be in the same stage of pupilage as they were half a century ago. Once this conviction is established, it is hard to dislodge the idea. The governing classes would escape all condemnation if they saw things in their true light rather than through a distorted medium. Now, take a common instance which forms the daily experience of every man engaged in active pursuits in life. In his personal transactions he is surrounded by conditions which are known to him and which help as a guide; but, in spite of this knowledge, how often he miscalculates their effects upon his conduct. If we come across lamentable failures under these circumstances, how much more likely it is that we will seriously err when the conditions are much more complex and obscure; as in the case of legislating for other people. I will, perhaps, be told it is for their good that coercion is applied. But are there sufficient data to warrant such a course? Do not we see daily failures in that direction? And yet the persistency with which the blind leads the blind is truly amazing. What does the past history of Acts of Parliament teach us? That they are—many of them—the greatest blunders that have ever been perpetrated by human legislators. But yet the faith in their wisdom remains unshaken. If Acts of Parliament were sufficient to effect any desired end, we should be living in a millennium, and individual exertion would be worse than useless. This faith in indiscriminate legislation is the bane of civilized countries, and in their complacency our rulers have imported it into this country not in a modified, but in an aggravated form. It is an understood thing that circumstances should form the nucleus of legislative enactments; but here the latter is forced to fit the circumstances, very much like the bed of Procrustes. The implicit faith placed in them might be defensible if each Department of the State had fulfilled its

proper functions. But when the latter are at fault, how could any one suppose that one defect will be removed by another, both emanating from the same imperfect source. Take the case of the Stamp duties. The old punchayet system, which dispensed solid, substantial justice without lavish expenditure of funds, has been relegated to oblivion, and in its place a cumbrous and elaborate machinery has been set up which has effected a revolution in the lives of the people. Yet they are taunted with being the most degenerate nation on earth, given to perjury, forgery and chicanery of every description. If there is any truth in the accusation, who should stand condemned, but those who have placed a premium on such practices? Opportunities are held out to any and every one to prosecute his neighbour on the slightest provocation; and is it a matter for wonder that the ignorant section of the community should take advantage of it to drain to the dregs the cup of malice, or pursue it to the bitter end?

There is one fact, however, connected with the appointment of members to the Council which should not be lost sight of, and which accounts for so many disappointments. In the ordinary course of events it might be supposed that to be efficient as a legislator one should have served an apprenticeship to qualify himself for the onerous duties imposed on him. But in India a preparatory knowledge is not indispensable, at least in the case of non-official members, for they are taken at haphazard; any one who holds an influential position in society, irrespective of his merits, is considered to possess the passport to a seat in Council, and his qualifications looked upon as a sufficient guarantee of efficiency in the management of our affairs.\*

Notwithstanding the stringency of the law against the employment of touters in the conduct of cases, a large number

\* A writer, whose utterances are entitled to respect, arrives at an opposite conclusion of the state of affairs described above. He says:—"Certain evils, from which almost all parts of India suffer, have been caused, or much intensified, by improved ideas and practices introduced by our administration. For example, the strength of the law is a gain to civilization; yet all over the country persons are suffering from many of its effects. Here a man's enemy uses the Courts in a vindictive spirit; there a debt, contracted on usurious terms derived from a period of lawlessness, is enforced with rigorous punctuality."

of harpies earn a miserable livelihood by acting the part of "brokers." Our law Courts are so constituted that nothing can be done without personal attendance or a constituted agent to represent the parties to a suit. And as very few suitors have the leisure to devote to the prosecution of a cause, people are naturally constrained to employ those pests of society for a small consideration, who will do everything to relieve the parties from personal attendance down to "preparing" the witnesses to stand the test of cross-examination even at the hands of a trained lawyer. It is really a sight to see these men give their evidence "on solemn affirmation." The conscience of the native community is shocked at the idea of being put to the test, which a Christian is required to submit to, that is, an oath on his Sacred Books. Herein lies the difference between the conscience of a Christian and that of one professing a different faith. In this connection a comparison naturally suggests itself to us. In the ordinary course of events, a private individual would entrust his business to the most capable man; but when the interests of a community are to be argued, we make them over to the most inefficient, on what principle is known only to those who permit such a state of affairs. The more negligent and blundering such an agent is the more is he appreciated. If a man were to pursue his own benefit, he would act differently from one who is employed to find out the good for him.

India is now passing through a crisis, the like of which we look for in vain in its past annals. Not that its teeming millions contemplate an upheaval of a revolutionary character, but a peaceful one, yet fraught with momentous consequences both to the rulers and the ruled. The light of knowledge has been permeating the masses, and there is an intellectual awakening of the upper and middle classes of society which claim privileges not only promised, but in some cases accorded, to those who are capable of exercising them to their own credit, as well to the satisfaction of the governing body. As was once remarked by a Reviewer, "there is a strong and general desire of Self-Government within restricted circles—and one can perceive that it may be a good ideal that the

integer of administration should coincide with the integer of common interests." And in India alone is the spectacle offered of Great Britain possessing not only "the privilege of observing such a process, but of presiding over its development." Other countries have passed through a "Baphometric baptism," or the baptism of fire, as Carlyle styles it, or as in the conjoined Kingdom of Germany by a much milder process, in fact without firing a shot.

What was the secret of Rome's successes. She secured the conquered races in the enjoyment of civic rights in common with her own people, and admitted them into free citizenship; the status of the former being merged in that of the latter, they had no cause of complaint against the rulers. In fact, their position improved with the change of masters, and the incentive to a revolt died away. There was no rebellion on a large scale, for the simple reason that the conquerors and the conquered occupied the same platform. The absence of any distinction removed heartburning or a desire to regain liberty. But the English in India have committed a great blunder by studiously keeping themselves aloof from those brought under subjugation; and so long as this gulf is not filled up, so long will race feeling continue. Education has had a most salutary effect in preparing the cultured intellect of the country and making them grateful. If the young men who come out to conduct the affairs of this land were induced to be more sympathetic towards her people and to love those among whom their lot is cast, I feel convinced the Indians would only be too glad of this opportunity to meet them half-way.

DELTA.

## THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

THE following paper on *The English Constitution* was read at the Calcutta Literary and Debating Society on Saturday, the 23rd November 1889, by Mr. Chan-Toon, Barrister-at-law, who has recently returned from England :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with special pleasure that I come among you again, and this second invitation to address you proves the cordiality with which you received me on the last occasion. It is also gratifying that you are so indulgent as to allow me to select some subject as the topic of my address; and I have, in my turn, striven hard to fix upon something which might be interesting to the members of this society. Accordingly, I propose to draw your attention to the nature of the English Constitution. It is a general topic, which ought, I think, to be brought before the notice of every intelligent member of the British Empire, and specially to the notice of those who live so far away from the seat of Government. Besides, even a short description, as this must be, of the Constitution of which we are all subjects, may bring forth some points to you who are specially engaged in University education, in which, if I am not mistaken, the history of some part of the British Empire forms an important department.

At the outset, it is necessary to bear in mind that the British Government is an independent political society, *i.e.*, a State. All States are independent, and there are certain rules or laws which regulate their relations in time of war and peace: these rules are styled the Law of Nations or International Law. Such rules or laws have nothing whatsoever to do with the internal affairs of any particular State: they merely relate to the external.

On the other hand, our subject is mainly concerned with the internal or domestic affairs, though, of course, in its capacity as a State, the English Constitution has everything to do with external matters when it has dealings with other States. Confining ourselves to internal affairs, as though Great Britain and Ireland formed the only State in the globe, it must be borne in mind that our State was not built in a day; on the contrary, it has been the work of centuries, to be traced to the time when the Saxons, who invaded England, lived in village communities in the forests of Germany. This is the view first brought forward, I believe, by Professor Freeman, a historian well known to you.

Gentlemen, it is not my intention to trace the growth of the English Constitution, and those of you who are interested in it will find valuable information in Professor Freeman's small work on the subject, but I merely made mention of the historical fact to draw your attention to the several stages through which the Constitution must have passed to have arrived at its present form.

Before I come to the present state of the Government, it is incumbent upon me to say that from the beginning England has had some kind of representation by the people in the State, though in its earlier stages it is difficult to discern. She possessed a Parliamentary representation about the close of the thirteenth century—a representation which has given birth to the free and popular Governments of the world; a representation which is the model of the Governments of her colonies; a representation which is awakening despotic kingdoms to become popular. Hence, the most characteristic feature of the English Constitution is the representation in the Government by the people. It is a theory which has often been put into practice, that the Monarch or Sovereign of the British Parliament is elected by the people, though within the last two centuries the succession to the Crown has been hereditary, yet, in each case, the consent of the people is to be implied.

The other two parts of the British Constitution or Parliament are the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The former

is composed of the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, *i.e.*, the Clergy who are life-members, hereditary Peers, and the Law-Lords who form the ultimate Court of Appeal in Great Britain and Ireland. The Peers, Spiritual and Temporal, over whom the Lord High Chancellor presides, have the right of passing or rejecting Bills, which have passed through the Lower House. It has often been put forward by the extreme Liberals or Radicals, that the time has arrived for the abolition of the House of Lords. In this connection I may only point out that the Radicals seem to ignore the utility of a second chamber as a safeguard in moments of popular excitement and hasty legislation. Besides, it will always be noticed by students of English History that institutions in England are never swept away at random. This feature of English civilization becomes more prominent when compared with the nature of the French, who appear to take delight in altering, from time to time, their system of Government. The want of stability in a State is her greatest foe.

With respect to the House of Commons, more explanation is required, as it is the most important factor in the British Constitution. The aspect of representation alluded to is seen in full swing in the composition of its members, every member being returned by some Parliamentary constituency. It is through this House that the people of England speak and express their assent to, or dissent from, any particular bill or measure.

It would take me too long to explain to you all the details of the electioneering process, and the rules for the qualification of voters: suffice it to say that during the general election—which occurs on an average every four years, but which may be postponed for seven years, if a Ministry is strong enough to remain in office for that period,—during a general election there is much excitement all over the country, and great anxiety is felt by those whose political destinies are to be determined.

Usually there is some great question of the day as the pivot of the general election, the settlement of which is demanded



from the electors, the result being dependent on the number of seats gained by either of the political parties.

This brings me to the consideration of the party system in English politics. Now, there have been, as a rule, two parties, and in history you will have read of the Whigs and Tories. At the present moment they are styled Liberals and Conservatives, respectively. Through the Irish question, several other parties have sprung up; but we may consider these new parties as temporary, existing only till the settlement of that question. These two parties are rivals in the government of the Empire, and are for ever scheming to prove the policy of the other in the wrong, it being the ambition of the Opposition to subvert the Government.

Something ought to be said in this context of the views of the parties. If I understand rightly—and I may tell you that it is the most difficult problem to determine precisely the views of the two opposed political parties,—the Liberals believe that much reform is needed, and that reform should be carried out in such a manner as to recognize the principle of extensive franchise, *i.e.*, the Government ought to be democratic; but the Conservatives are more careful, and contend that nothing should be reformed until one is certain to replace something better in the stead of the old; and also that it is dangerous to extend the franchise to people who would not appreciate political power, *i.e.*, the Government ought to be aristocratic.

Again, the Liberals desire to remain at peace with other nations, whilst the Conservatives are not scrupulous in going to war, if necessary,—the former do not wish to extend the Empire; the latter would not mind if an extension would be beneficial.

The peculiarity of this party system has been noticed by many, and pronounced by the best observers to be the weak point of the English Constitution, since the Government would always be hampered in its policy by the Opposition. I may remind you that the arrangement of the House of Commons is such as to recognize this party system and encourage the

obstruction of work. It is divided into two parts, and members of either party take their seats on opposite sides of the House according to their politics. The prominent members of both sides have their seats in the front, and sit facing each other, having tables only between them: the Speaker, who is elected by the House, has his chair at one end of the floor, thus having the parties on his right and left.

Going back to the point of the election of Parliament and the return of one or other party to power by the electors, it has to be noticed that that party which has been returned governs the British Empire till they have either been defeated in the House on some important measure, or until the other party has been returned by the majority of seats gained in the general election.

Now, the party chosen is the one which has been able to gain the majority of seats in the country, as, for example, the return to power of the Conservatives in 1886 on the Home Rule question.

Each party has an acknowledged leader who becomes the Prime Minister when in office: he is responsible to the country for the policy he pursues, and it is he who selects from his party the principal Secretaries of State and the heads of political departments, all of whom form the Cabinet. It is in this secret chamber that important measures and movements of the Government are discussed, and Cabinet Ministers must be, in their political conscience, in accord with the policy of the Prime Minister, otherwise they are bound to resign office, as did Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan in 1885 from Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, because they could not adopt the Home Rule scheme for Ireland proposed by their leader.

Touching the proceedings in the House, a few words may be said: the House does not meet till four in the afternoon and often does not break up till three in the morning, and several times within recent years, through the obstruction of members, it has sat till 9 or 10 A.M.

At the early part of the sittings the Secretaries of State or the Under-Secretaries are usually questioned (such questions

being notified beforehand, by the Opposition) on matters for which they are responsible. This is an important part of the proceedings of the House, since general grievances in the Empire can be brought to its notice and thereby before the country.

It is also a powerful instrument in the hands of the Opposition, for they can generally throw discredit on the Government by putting questions regarding any mismanagement.

But the most exciting and attractive part of the proceedings of the House of Commons lies in the debates, and particularly when the debates concern important measures of State. It is then that the House is thronged both by members of Parliament and strangers,—and ladies, who have a gallery to themselves, are eager to hear the orators of the day. The scene presented at the time when the Home Rule Bill was introduced into the House by Mr. Gladstone will ever be memorable: that event is indeed historical. He is no doubt the greatest orator of England and one of the last of his race: the age of oratory will have passed away with this veteran statesman. Here I may mention that we all have cause to regret the death of John Bright, the silver-toned orator, especially as he was the great friend of India. Yet, for all that, it does not imply that the Constitution will be weakened, for the present generation of politicians surpass their forefathers in the management of the business of the Empire. And among this latter class, such men as Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Randolph Churchill, may be mentioned as prominent examples: these are men whose names will be recorded in the future history of England.

As I have come fresh from the midst of the political life of England, I feel that it may be expected of me to make some remarks on the great questions of the day, and especially as regards the proceedings before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the state of Ireland, elicited, as it was, through the publication of some articles in the *Times* on *Parnellism and Crime*. This great trial, or, as I have always regarded it, the impeachment of Mr. Parnell and his followers, is of vital

interest to the Empire, since, if the Home Rule for Ireland Bill be carried through Parliament and passed into law, material alterations would be made in the Constitution of England. At the present moment Ireland sends about one hundred members to the House of Commons, thus composing nearly one-sixth of the whole assembly. This great number may or may not continue to sit at Westminster, but its status in Parliament would be changed. If, again, the Bill were passed into law, it might have the effect of converting Ireland into a self-governing colony, which may or may not prove beneficial to the Empire—the inference I leave you to draw.

As to the result of the inquiry before the Commission, I fully agree with Sir Charles Russell when he declared that, “in truth, the attempt is here being made, in which your Lordships are asked to assist—to do what Edmund Burke declared had never been successfully done—to draw an indictment against a whole nation.”

. Again, it may be said that, if Ireland became a self-governing colony, the effect might extend to India, as the movement for Home Rule has extended to Scotland and Wales I refer to this point, because I made mention of the National Indian Congress on the last occasion, and I believe I have been misunderstood. My opinion, in a few words, is that the effect on India would be disastrous, since the agitation for political power on the part of the Congress is utterly unnecessary and is not countenanced, not to say unappreciated, by the mass of the people.

Before resuming my seat, it may be interesting to you to have my idea of the political intelligence of the English people. Such reference might explain the nature of the Government better than if I were to detail to you the rules and regulations of the State. I have had occasion to watch the life of this people, especially from the political standpoint. Now, it has been truly remarked that Englishmen are sound men of business, but, in my opinion, it is even more true to say that they are born politicians. Every man in England is either a Conservative or a Liberal, and whenever necessary will defend

the policy of his party. Most of them read their daily papers, but usually only the papers which are in conformity with their politics.

Regularly a Conservative will read the *Standard* and obtain his reviews from that journal: he has no time to think for himself unless he is more keen in the movement of parties than the generality of people.

An Englishman is always decided in his opinion, and particularly in politics: he does not express his views unnecessarily, but, when called upon to do so, though not usually eloquent, will utter some home-telling truths. He regards it as waste of time—and time is very valuable in England—to talk at length without saying something worth telling. In this respect an Irishman is totally different; for he is able (to use a slang expression) to *spout* on matters of which he may not know very much. The Scotchman, on the other hand, is even more reserved, and more decided in his opinions than is an Englishman. In short, it will not be far wrong when it is said that men in England take as much interest in politics—I cannot say more interest—than ladies do in the newest fashions.

Gentlemen, I will not tax your patience much longer. It has been a pleasure to read before your Society a paper on some of the salient features of the working of the English Constitution—a Constitution which may be styled aristocratic, but gradually tending towards democracy; a Constitution which has grown with the growth of the British Empire and the development of English civilization; a Constitution which has liberated India from tyranny and oppression, and given her people freedom and protection; a Constitution which is the model of all popular Governments.

*BURMA: BEFORE AND AFTER  
ANNEXATION.*

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No. I.

THE history of Burma is not unlike that of India, minus a Mahomedan invasion. From the earliest period, it has been politically in a constant state of agitation, prolonged, from time to time, by many cliques or parties; and, instead of forming one large whole kingdom, as we have been led to suppose the term 'Burmese Kingdom' represented, the country was, through disruption, split up into innumerable petty states at constant enmity and war with each other; every such state or kingdom endeavouring to secure the ascendancy over its neighbour and assume the paramount power.

The earliest Burmese history known, according to their own account, appears about the year 691 B.C., or the time of King Kapilavastu, named by the Burmese Kap-pi-la-wat, grandfather of Gautama, the name by which the last Buddha is known in Burma, Siam and Ceylon. Ethnologically and from a religious point, the royal family of Burma claim to be descendants of the Buddhist kings of Kap-pi-la-wat, by some authors said to have been situated on the River Rohini, midway between Benares and the Himalayas; but of this there seems no certainty. Some authors, again, fix the site of the city on the banks of the Gogra, north of Benares; but the only authentic information history hands down of Kap-pi-la-wat is that the city, about 435 A.D., was a heap of ruins, and that Gautama died about the year 543 B.C.

The late king, Mindone Min, father of ex-King Theebaw now confined at Ratnagarri, tenaciously adhered to this

ancient lineage, but without the least foundation in truth. He was the descendant of an obscure, but none the less warlike, hunter named Aloung-payah, better known as Alompra, who usurped the throne of Ava about the middle of last century, and was the undoubted founder of the last Burmese dynasty. The early history of Burma, prior to 1525 A.D., reads much like the tale of the *Arabian Nights*, heavily charged with writing of the *Monte Cristo* order. The old line of succession of kings, after many interruptions and vicissitudes, came to an end with the death of Na-ra-pa-ti Shwe-nan-sheng, who was slain by the Shans in 1525. Between his death and the ascension of Alompra in 1753 to the throne of Ava, the kings of Toungoo and Prome had both reigned at Ava. The latter, who put to death King Koung-theet-sakya-mong, his queen, and the whole family, reigned little more than a year. Having besieged and captured Ava in 1752, he was in the following year besieged by Alompra; Ava was recaptured, and Alompra left master of the situation. He was proclaimed King of Burma, and his descendants sat upon the throne till the time of our occupation of Mandalay on that memorable day, the 28th November 1885.

To arrive at anything like a true condition of things in the early history of Burma is a most difficult and intricate task. Portuguese annalists may be depended upon for the most authentic accounts; but the narratives of indigenous writers are so disintegrated as to be of no service to any one who has not lived in Burma, but who wishes to know something of the condition of that country in times past. Their own history abounds with recitals of bloodshed and rapine, and scarcely any thing can be gleaned as to the real state of the people or any system of government which prevailed. Not having thoroughly tested Burmese chronicles, historians have inadvertently recorded many inaccuracies which might have been avoided by the exercise of a little care and discretion. It is, therefore no easy task now to reduce materials so dissimilar into order and symmetry.

I have relied almost entirely upon the work of Father Sangarmano of Rome, an Italian Roman Catholic Missionary, who

died there in 1819, leaving behind him a manuscript entitled *A Description of the Burmese Empire*, translated into English by Dr. Tandy, and published in 1853 under the auspices of the late Cardinal Wiseman. I am also indebted to Signor Crispi, Premier of Italy, for a copy of this work, which he procured at considerable expense and trouble to assist me in the compilation of the *Fall of Mandalay*.

The later history of Burma is one long catalogue of rebellion, murder, massacre and rapine, down to the appearance in 1752 of Alompra, the founder of the last dynasty of the Burmese Kings. It was he who founded Rangoon, and it was during his reign that the British Government first formed a political alliance with the rulers of Burma. After occupying the throne for more than seven years, Alompra died in 1760, when the country relapsed into disorder.

It would be endless, and perhaps useless, labour to investigate the history of the several Kings that reigned between the death of Alompra in 1760 and the death of Bhodan Phra in 1819. It is a repetition of war, revolt, murder and massacre; and from all accounts Bhodan Phra was a monster beyond conception. Father Sangarmano says of him, "His chief delight was in wholesale destruction of innocent and guilty alike." At his death he was succeeded by his grandson, Phagyi-dan, a haughty and overbearing chief, who forced the first Burmese war upon us in 1824-26.

The insolent and arrogant pretensions of Phagyi-dan at that time in demanding the cession of territory in Eastern Bengal brought matters to a climax. The Burmese had been successful in the conquest of Arakan, up to the River Náf, then the boundary between Bengal and Burma. Not only did they demand customs-duty from British subjects passing up the river in boats, but, with a degree of usurped pride and self-importance, demanded possession of Shahpuri, a small island on the British side of the Náf. They threatened, if the island was not conceded, to invade British territory, and forcibly take possession of Chittagong, Dacca and Moorshedabad, which they claimed as ancient dependencies of Arakan.



Lord Amherst, then Governor-General of India, was willing to accede to any terms short of surrendering the island, but the Burmese would listen to nothing; they refused to negotiate, and war became inevitable. They commenced hostilities by crossing the frontier and attacking and defeating a detachment of our sepoy at Ramoo. This action roused the Government of India, who immediately despatched an army against Rangoon. Bundula, the Burmese General, who had crossed the frontier with a considerable force, retreated in hot haste, and when the English landed at Rangoon he was in sole command of the Burmese Forces. An engagement ensued, in which Bundula, being completely defeated, fled to the village of Donabew, higher up the Irrawaddy, which he quickly fortified by throwing up earthwork and erecting stockades. Our forces fired a few shells into it, one of which killed Bundula; and a panic seized the Burmese army, which dispersed in all directions. Bundula's brother, who had declined command after the death of his elder brother, fled to Ava, and almost immediately after his arrival was put to death for cowardice. The success at Donabew was taken advantage of, and our troops pushed up the Irrawaddy to within a few miles of Ava. Burma was then virtually as much in the power of the English as it became in 1885. But war was not then popular: there were no men clamouring for new markets for piece-goods, as in 1885, Messrs. Colquhoun and Holt Hallet being in the womb of futurity. Lord Amherst was abused; the war condemned in the strongest language; and the old East India Company, accused of undue and unnecessary severity, was held up to reprobation, and their conduct severely criticised by the whole press of Europe. Peace had, therefore, to be made to suppress the widening unpopularity of the war in England.

The King of Burma, too, was particularly anxious to get rid of the English at any price, so that we were enabled to dictate our own terms, ending in the Burmese paying one million pounds' indemnity and ceding the provinces of Assam, Arakan and Tenasserim. Phägyi-dan, in his latter years, became insane, and was deposed by his brother Tharawady in 1837, and

is said to have died in 1845. Before his deposition, Phagyi-dan's queen exercised powerful influence over him, attributed by a Burmese authority to sorcery. Tharawady occupied the throne for nearly eight years. Towards the latter part of his reign he drank to excess, and soon degenerated to a tyrant of the most inhuman type. In 1845 he was seized and placed in confinement, and was never seen again alive. He was succeeded by his eldest son Pagan Meng, who had inherited his father's depraved tastes ; and, fearing he might share the unknown fate of his father, exercised the most revolting acts of cruelty upon his own relatives. His Mussulman Minister had to bear the brunt, and, after three days' cruel suffering, he was taken to the scene of public execution, and beheaded with many others. Meanwhile the conduct of the Burmese Governor at Rangoon had attracted the attention of the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, under whose instructions our troops for the second time appeared before Rangoon.

ZITO,

*Author of the "Fall of Mandalay."*

*(To be continued.)*

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*All Communications should be addressed to*

**THE PUBLISHER.**



# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 4.—FEBRUARY 1890.

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## *BURMA : BEFORE AND AFTER ANNEXATION.*

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No. 3.

PRINCE Pudyne, eldest son of Komoung-Meng, the Crown Prince who was killed in the Palace, having escaped the massacre himself, fled from Mandalay, and, assembling a following of his father's adherents and stragglers favourable to his cause, raised the standard of rebellion and made an attempt at preparation for war, under the impression that the King was also slain. It is doubtless one of the most fortunate circumstances in the history of Burma that the King escaped with his life, as, had he been killed, there would have been one of the most desperate and bloody struggles for the succession, between the Pudyne Prince and the sons of the King, that Burmese history records. News, however, reaching the Pudyne Prince that the King still lived, and that the rebel sons were in the custody of the British at Rangoon, the rebellion collapsed, and the Prince, with several of his younger brothers, surrendered to the Royal troops sent to suppress the threatened revolt, and were brought into Mandalay and imprisoned within the Palace enclosure.

Immediately after their imprisonment one of the most striking episodes of the reign of King Mindone Min came to light. It was discovered that one of the Princesses, a sister of the Pudyne Prince, had succeeded in getting access to her brothers by bribing the officials in whose custody they were. The discovery filled the old King with fear, and a perfect panic reigned among the inmates of the Palace, which, at the time I am now writing of, contained quite a population. The officials who admitted the Princess, the attendants on the prisoners, and the Princess as well, were all subjected to tortures of the most refined cruelty, and confessed that a conspiracy was on foot to set fire to the Palace and allow the prisoners to escape. No one who has lived in Burma could suppose that the discovery of such a plot would result in any other than a bloody ending; yet Colonel Sir Edward Sladen (then Captain Sladen), than whom a more competent officer would have been difficult to find, was deceived for a brief period, being told, on what he considered good authority, that no further notice would be taken of the affair: in fact, he was told that the matter had been entirely passed over by the King, as a childish freak to frighten him. Colonel Sladen, however, had those in his service whom he trusted more implicitly than any of the King's attendants, and in less than an hour he heard that all the prisoners were on their way to the place of execution. Without a thought for his own safety, he rode with all speed to the Palace to try and save their lives. [Here I ask the reader's indulgence for a digression for the purpose of making an assertion which I have repeatedly made in my writings on the Burmese question. If in 1879 the Government of India had been represented by an officer of Colonel Sir Edward Sladen's calibre, and had Government-House been occupied by a Viceroy of Lord Dufferin's firmness and statesmanship, ex-King Theebaw would be reigning in Mandalay to-day instead of vegetating at Ratnagiri.] Colonel Sladen, on his way to the Palace, riding as fast as his horse could carry him, met the procession going to the place of execution within an hour of his been told that the matter had blown over.

The procession was certainly not a very imposing one, except for the solemnity of the occasion. A number of executioners armed with swords, all more or less under the influence of intoxication, and accompanied by Royal troops, together with the executioners' followers, carrying red velvet sacks. It must not, however, be understood, from the executioners carrying swords, that Princes or Princesses of Royal Blood were put to death by the sword. Princes of the Blood were executed by one or more blows of a heavy bludgeon inflicted on the back of the neck. The corpse was placed in a red velvet sack, suspended between two very large jars, perforated with holes to admit easy access of the water, and then sunk in the River Irrawaddy. Princesses were executed in a similar way; but were put to death by a blow in front, in place of the back of the neck. It was considered improper to spill the blood of any member of the Royal family. Colonel Sladen, on reaching the Palace, succeeded in persuading the King to stay the executions, and, with the reprieve, galloped at full speed to the place of execution. He arrived only just in time to see the Pudyne Prince in the agonies of death. All the other victims were saved. This was the turning point in the reign of King Mindone Min, and, from the sour, sulky, and obstinate Monarch I left him in my last chapter, he became docile as a child and accepted cheerfully the intervention of Colonel Sladen as a proof of friendly relations between the British Government and himself. He ever afterwards received Colonel Sladen with great cordiality, and ultimately thanked him for his interference, asserting that he was ignorant of any order having been given for the execution of the Princes. I scarcely think this statement was ever credited by Colonel Sladen, as it was well known that he had himself given the order, but cast the blame on the Ministers. The King began, in many ways, to show a great desire to cement an alliance with the Government of India; indeed, so rapidly did the King come round, that in a year from the time when he got into his cups and refused positively to renew or conclude any further treaty with the British Government, he not only received a Mission from the Government of

India, but concluded favourable treaties, abandoned monopolies, except on earth-oil, timber and precious stones, and consented to the permanent establishment of a Resident at Mandalay. The Mission, in short, succeeded in obtaining the King's consent to all that the Government of India looked for, and was welcomed and received with marked respect wherever it went. It was the same Mission that in 1867 gained the consent and co-operation of the King for the despatch of an expedition, *viâ* Bhamo, into Western China, for the purpose of resuscitating a trade which had ceased in 1855.

Colonel Sir Edward Sladen, prior to the arrival of the Mission, had succeeded with the King as no other British officer had done at the Burmese Court, and had no difficulty in gaining his consent to receive the Mission within forty-eight hours of their arrival at Mandalay. Such an early reception was entirely due to the tact and diplomatic skill of the Colonel, and not only was a mark of extreme condescension, but showed a desire on the part of the King to secure the friendship of the British Government. Colonel Sir Edward Sladen conducted the Expedition to Western China, and the result is now a matter of history. The King was not unwilling that the Colonel should accompany the Expedition, but did not wish any one to be appointed in his absence, as Resident at the Court of Mandalay. I will pass over further particulars of the Mission, as of little interest at the present time.

Strangely enough, King Mindone, after the violent death of his brother, the Crown Prince, in the Palace, could never be induced, to declare his successor to the Throne, and, still more strangely, prior to his death, he said that, whether he appointed a successor or not, disturbances would arise after his decease, which would compel the British Government to interfere, whether they liked it or not. It may be doubted, however, whether he imagined that any successor to the Throne would be insane enough to allow Burma to slip through his fingers as easily as Theebaw did. The fact that the treaty of 1867 was allowed to lapse in 1877, a year before King Mindone died, certainly did not leave things in a very happy

condition for Theebaw. There were questions of territorial dispute on the board, the Arrakan frontier boundary to settle, and the ever-perplexing shoe-question to adjust. These were legacies bequeathed to Theebaw at Mindone's death. How he managed to dispose of them, I shall relate further on.

King Mindone Min retained to his death his aversion to appointing a successor. Some writers, however, say he indicated the eldest of the Princes for his successor. If this is correct, Prince Mekran, the eldest of the King's sons, should have succeeded to the Throne. Here, however, the King himself placed an obstacle in the way, by selecting, as wife for the Prince who should succeed him, his favourite daughter, Princess Selin Supaya, who positively refused to marry while her father was alive, and retired to a nunnery.

Here the Dowager Queen, mother of Supaya Lat, began intriguing. The Queen had three daughters, but no son, and she was very ambitious. The King fell seriously ill, and determined as she was, that nothing should stand in the way of the advancement of her daughter, his illness unexpectedly favoured her schemes. Fearing disturbances after his death, the King called his sons together, and entreated them earnestly to remain friends, deputing each to a particular governorship. The King being in a precarious state, the Princes, on quitting the apartment, after taking leave of the Princesses, were about to leave the Palace for the various districts designated by the King, when the Queen Dowager had them arrested and detained in the Palace.

Although every precaution had been taken by the Queen to keep the King isolated, news of this outrage reached him; and he still had the strength to demand peremptorily who had caused the detention of the Princes. He was irritated and violent; the Queen and Ministers, even in the King's weak state, believed that their lives were in imminent danger, and, to avert any such tragic disaster to herself or her colleagues in crime, she had opium in oil administered to the King. He died, and with his death many more Princes and Princesses were cast into prison, and Theebaw was declared regent.



Without prejudice it may here be said, that King Mindone Min was the best King Burma ever had. He was pious, and prided himself on doing good works, but there were also in his time mysterious and sudden deaths, even of his own sons.

Since the above lines were written, the wires have brought us the painful intelligence that the officer who plays so prominent and brilliant a part in my narrative, is no more. Colonel Sir Edward Sladen died in London, on the 5th January 1890.

ZITO,

*Author of the "Fall of Mandalay."*

*(To be continued.)*

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*SOME GOSSIP ABOUT DREAMS.*

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IN one of the most delightful of the essays of the most genial and best-beloved of English humourists there is a record of personal experience which must surely awaken kindred memories in the breasts of all who were ever children. I refer to the vivid description left us by the "gentle Elia," in his Essay on "Witches and other Night Fears," of the terrors that in his early childhood, made the solitary darkness a veritable hell for him.

"I never," he says, "laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance which realised its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre," and he is led to make the just reflection: "Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and unwholesome hours, as they are called, would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution."

The visitation, in Charles Lamb's case, usually assumed a form as definite as it was appalling. Occupying a distinguished station, he tells us, in his father's book-closet was a copy of Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," and, among the illustrations with which it abounded, was a picture—how well I myself remember both the book and the picture!—of the Witch of Endor raising the Ghost of Samuel. This "detestable picture," long after the rest of the book had passed out of his head, re-

mained indelibly impressed upon his childish imagination, and this picture it was that gave shape to his nightly terrors.

"It was he" (Stackhouse) "who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was."

No less appalling, though of vaguer shape and less explicable fearfulness, was the earliest dream of which I have any distinct recollection.

"The night-time, the solitude and the dark were my hell" in those days, as they were Charles Lamb's. The begging to be allowed to sit up till the rest of the family went to bed, the grasping at any pretext, however trivial or irrelevant, to postpone, if only for a few moments, the dreaded departure for my chamber, sprang solely from an assurance, only too certain, of the horrors that there awaited me—horrors, albeit, which I had neither the courage nor the capacity to reveal.

It was with the final act of the waking day that this nightly hell inaugurated its dominion over me. No sooner had I knelt down by the bed-side, to repeat mechanically the prayers I had been taught by heart, than a cold, creeping dread of ghostly touchings from beneath the valance seized me, to reach a climax when, as I scrambled on to the bed, the powers of darkness ensconced below seemed to put forth a final effort to clutch my feet before I could draw them in. A brief moment of unspeakable relief followed that paroxysm. Then, when the friendly light had vanished and the sound of retreating footsteps had given place to silence, a fresh access of terror drove me to bury my head beneath the bed-clothes till sleep overtook me.

But what sleep! As often as not, after a space of, perhaps, an hour, my agonised screams would draw the whole household to my room. These screams, as I remember, I would com-

mence with deliberate intent, during the continuance of my dream, as a last desperate effort to rid myself of my terrible surroundings, and I would continue them when half awake, till succour came, well knowing that, not until I was lifted out of bed, would the horrid spell be completely broken. Then, under the stimulus of the light and the soothing influence of familiar voices, I would recover my senses and my self-possession, but no amount of questioning could draw from me any intelligible explanation of the cause of my alarm.

Nor is it wholly intelligible to me now, though the nature of the dream itself is vividly impressed upon me. The beginning and the end of all this terror, the entire sum and substance of this appalling visitation, was—what does the reader imagine?—the five of clubs!—the five of clubs, be it understood, not in the limited and palpable form of the card that bears that device, but an omnipresent, infinite, perpetual five of clubs; a thing of sense, indeed, yet not of any one sense in particular; not of vision only, nor yet exclusively of touch, or of audition, but of all these in some mysterious way combined, and of more than all these; the five of clubs above, below, around me, pervading all space, embracing all sound in one mighty, overwhelming monotone, inter-penetrating every fibre of my being and thrilling it with exquisite agony; more monstrous, more horrible, more desolating, wherefore I could not, cannot, tell, than any conceivable spectre; a presence unutterably malignant and absolutely inexorable.

A noteworthy fact about this strange incubus of my childhood was that it never assailed me twice in the same night. On being put back to bed, I invariably, owing perhaps to the physical exhaustion caused by the paroxysm, went quietly to sleep and rested peacefully till morning. After the age of about seven, I think, the visitation ceased to afflict me.

Somewhat analogous to the above experience is that of the historian, Kinglake, described by him in "Eothen," though the open eyes and apparently perfect consciousness which accompanied his vision, would seem to indicate a state of ecstasy, rather than true sleep.

"When I was very young," he says "(between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old), being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression; I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single abstract idea—the idea of solid Immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form, or shape—that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in Hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed, and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest with it any particular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not, of course, in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea), I could not, of course, find words to describe the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible."

Charles Lamb was deeply impressed with the immanency of the source of the mysterious night fears of infancy.

"It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants," he remarks, "which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own 'thick-coming fancies;' and from his little midnight pillow this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity."

"Gorgons, and Hydras and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types; the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all? . . . These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body they would have been the same."

Then, after quoting the well-known simile in the "Ancient Mariner," descriptive of the traveller in a lonesome road, who knows that

" . . . a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread,"

he adds: "That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence."

Had Charles Lamb lived in these days, and had he made himself acquainted, which he probably would not have done, with the results of the most recent scientific speculation, he might have formed a less transcendental theory of the source of the vague terrors which, while apparently innate in man, cannot be referred to the experience of the individual. The facts of evolution make it highly probable that the brain which we each bring into the world with us, is neither a mere *tabula rasa* for the reception of impressions, nor a repertory of Divine ideas, nor yet an instrument through which the soul imperfectly translates the memories of its "ante-mundane" experiences, but a material record in which are registered, in more or less definite shape, the past experiences of the race.

Viewed from this standpoint, may not these phantoms of the darkness, phantoms which not only haunt the solitary child with malign persistency, but, at moments, in spite of the most absolute conviction of their baselessness, assail even the bravest of us in after life, be regarded as a survival of ages of ancestral fetichism, to which the historic era is but as the edging to the shroud?

Civilised man, who has learnt to turn night into day, can form but a faint conception of the dread with which his primeval ancestor, in the recesses of the pathless forest, shrank from the darkness that followed the down-going of the sun, when evil spirits stalked abroad, and every malignant influence acquired an added potency. If we need more definite testimony than language and tradition everywhere bear, to the deep impress left by that terror on the thought of after ages, we have it to our hand in the religion of ancient Egypt, based, as it mainly was, on the idea of darkness, not as a mere negation of light, but as a positive and wholly noxious quality, emanating from an independent and antagonistic source.

That the fears which Charles Lamb characterises as purely spiritual, lie deeper than any communicated thoughts, is shown not only by such examples of their spontaneity as that furnished by "little T. H.," but by the fact that their extinction, if they are ever completely extinguished, instead of following promptly upon our conviction of their groundlessness, occurs only as the result of long habit and self-discipline. We have literally to outgrow them; to live them down. And in this respect they are clearly distinguished from any reasonable fears with which darkness may inspire us—from the fear, for instance, of rough contact with physical obstacles, of wild animals, of robbers, and the like. For, when reason or experience tells us that dangers of the latter kind are not to be apprehended, the fear of them ceases at once to trouble us.

That they predominate, again, in "sinless infancy," is surely, under these circumstances, a better reason for concluding that they are inherited, than for regarding them as "spiritual."

Why the cause of my nightly terror should have taken the shape of the five of clubs, must always remain a mystery. The terror itself, no doubt, had its immediate origin in the morbid frame of mind in which I had gone to bed, but there was nothing in my waking experience to cause the card in question, or any other, to be associated with fear, or even with repugnance.

That many of the fearful dreams of infancy are directly traceable to the suggestions of foolish stories, or injudicious preachings, there can, of course, be little doubt. The dream which, probably, next to that described above, most frequently tormented my early years, was one of the last Judgment, or rather of the signs and portents by which Christians are taught to believe that the last Judgment will be heralded, for, unlike De Quincey, I do not remember that matters ever went beyond the apparition of a blood-red moon, the rending of the rocks, the showers of fire and brimstone, and the general state of dismay which such prodigies might be expected to create.

One of the results of recent experimental researches into the causation of dreams has been to attach increased importance to the part played in their production by external and internal stimulation of the nerves of sense, and especially by the obscure sensations arising from the varying condition of the bodily organs. Thus the ticking of a watch may be transformed in dream consciousness into the strokes of a hammer, or the fall of a book into a peal of thunder; the exposure of a foot to the air may suggest a dream of stepping into cold water; subjective spectra connected with changes in the retinal circulation may produce all manner of visual images; disturbances of respiration or circulation; variations of pressure on any part of the body; slight pains and the like, may all suggest definite though erroneous interpretations.

No one who has taken note of the grotesque metamorphoses which sensations are apt to undergo in the state of consciousness that often intervenes between waking and sleeping, will be disposed to underrate the effect they may thus have in determining the course of our ideas in dreams. But there is strong reason for believing that the process is not unfrequently reversed, and the ideas, in a manner, determine the sensations,—not, that is, that they actually cause the sensations, but that they determine whether a particular sense impression shall declare itself in consciousness, or not.

*(To be continued.)*



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*CALCUTTA IN THE OLDEN TIMES.*

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## No. 4.

## EARLY AUTHORS ON INDIAN SUBJECTS.

ONE of the earliest works on Anglo-Indian life with which the public have been made acquainted is the *Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus*. The author, Philip Stanhope, was an officer in the 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards. His pamphlet of 174 pages was published in London in 1785. He visited India in 1774, "the victim of disappointed love," the young lady to whom he was engaged not being permitted to accompany him. On his way out, he landed in Madras, where he was entertained at a dinner given by the Governor. We obtain a glimpse of the social habits of those days, in the following remark in reference to that occasion:—"We retired soon after dinner according to the custom of the country, to take our afternoon's nap, which the heat of the climate rendered absolutely necessary for the refreshment of our bodies, which must necessarily be weakened by a continual perspiration."

In October of the same year "Asiaticus" landed in Calcutta. It was the period when the *hooka*, with its long snake pipe and rose-water, was in fashion among European gentlemen generally, irrespective of position: "Even the writers, whose salary and perquisites amount to two hundred pounds a year, contrive to be attended, whenever they go, by their *hooka-bur-dar*, a servant whose duty it is to replenish the *hooka* with the necessary ingredients, and to keep up the fire with his breath. But, extravagant as the English are in their *hooka*, their equipage and their tables, yet all this is absolute parsimony when com-

pared to the expenses of a seraglio : a luxury which only those can enjoy, whose rank in the service entitles them to a princely income, and whose *haram*, like the state horses of a monarch, is considered as a necessary appendage to Eastern grandeur."

Warren Hastings, who was then Governor-General of India, promised Stanhope an appointment under Government ; but this promise, owing to the opposition with which the new Members of the Council met all the recommendations brought forward by him, he was unable to redeem. "The numerous dependants, which have arrived in the train of the Judges and of the new Commander-in-Chief of the forces, will of course be appointed to all the posts of any emolument, and I must do those gentlemen the justice to observe, that, both in number and capacity, they exactly resemble an army of locusts sent to devour the fruits of the earth."

After a short stay in Calcutta, Stanhope returned to Madras, where he was more successful ; and he was employed, for three years, in the service of the Nawab of Arcot. In 1778 he visited Bombay, where "the settlement, not being divided by factions, there is more society than at Madras, and the sources of wealth being fewer, there is less of luxury and parade than at Calcutta." The same year he returned to London.\*

Mrs. Fay, the authoress of *Original Letters from India*, appears as a writer in 1780. She has the credit of being one of those who first attempted the Overland route. She was imprisoned at Calicut by the order of Haidar Ali. On being set at liberty, she came to Calcutta, and she mentions visiting Mrs. Hastings, at Belvedere House, "a great distance from Calcutta." Her husband was a barrister-at-law. He identified himself with the party of Francis against Warren Hastings, and joined some other choice spirit slike himself, in protesting against a proposed house-tax. This raised him a host of enemies,

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\* The *Memoirs of Asiaticus* were published in Calcutta in 1803, price Rs. 24 per copy. The work consisted of 142 pages 8vo., of which the last 82 pages are filled with the names of persons interred in the several cemeteries. In those days, and down even to a more recent period, the names of subscribers to a work were generally prefixed to its contents. Among the subscribers to these memoirs appear the names of the Marquis of Wellesley, W. Blaquiere, Rev. Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, H. T. Colebrooke, and Dr. Roxburgh.

and as a consequence he suffered in his profession, and was at last obliged to leave Calcutta in debt. His creditors carried their animosity to the length of depriving his wife of everything except her clothes. She was compelled to separate from him, but fortunately found shelter in the house of Sir R. Chambers, who was famous for his "immense library." After a residence of a year, she left Calcutta for England in May 1782, and arrived there in February 1783, "experiencing the discomfort of hard-drinking gentlemen on board, with a 'large gun' in the port-hole of her cabin." She again came to Calcutta in 1784 and started a millinery business. She failed in this, however, and returned to England, but made a third voyage to Calcutta; after which we lose sight of her.

There is a work called *Hartley House, Calcutta*, printed in London, 1789, which, "under the guise of fiction, paints the manners and customs of Calcutta as they existed in Warren Hastings' days," when Calcutta was "the grave of thousands, but a mine of inexhaustible wealth."

Another useful work is the *East Indian Chronologist*, published in 1801 by a Mr. Hawksworth. It elucidates a great many occurrences, which would, otherwise, never have been brought to light, and the existence of which might have been forgotten in course of time. "It is a compilation of facts relating to British connection with India, gathered from sources which are now destroyed by white-ants and damp." The facts, as the name of the book imports, are arranged in chronological order, and it forms a compendium, in a comparatively small compass of 100 pages quarto, of many curious subjects.

The next work we come across is called *Historical and Ecclesiastical Sketches of Bengal*. It was published in Calcutta, and gives a detailed account of the early establishment of the English in India, minute particulars of the Black Hole, the capture of Calcutta by the British army, the history of St. John's Church, the Old Church, Kiernander's Mission, the Portuguese and the Armenian Church of Calcutta.

Old Zephaniah Holwell is our next authority. He was a surgeon in the then infant establishment of Calcutta, and

eventually rose to the Governorship of the place. He published, in 1784, the third edition of a curious and interesting work, *India Tracts*, which, "besides giving various details respecting our progress to power after the Battle of Plassey, presents us with a minute account of the sufferings in the Black Hole." He was also Zemindar of Calcutta for some time, and the graphic accounts he gives in the work, of the "cheating and over-reaching" of the native servants of the Government of that day, are highly amusing and instructive. Holwell was born in Dublin in 1711, and, like other survivors of the Black Hole, lived to an advanced old age. He breathed his last in 1798.

Upjohn, an ingenious artist, published a *Map of Calcutta* \* in 1795. Its value can hardly be over-rated, as it gives at a glance the contrast of old Calcutta with the Calcutta of the present day, thus indicating the vast additions made since the time of its publication in buildings and streets. Upjohn died in 1800.

• *Mrs. Kindersley's Letters* deal with different features of Calcutta life about 1770.

Grose wrote his *Travels to the East Indies* about 1750-54.

Grandpré, a French officer, visited Calcutta towards the close of the last century, and has given a most interesting account of his travels. He gives an appalling description of the drainage and conservancy of the Town. The drains were 'open canals,' which were used as receptacles for dead bodies and every kind of abomination, these becoming decomposed in process of time, as the only scavengers were jackals and ravenous birds. The plague of flies was insupportable; and, referring to the mosquitoes, he says: "They beset one so obstinately, are so easily provoked,† and so extremely insatiable, that too many precautions cannot be taken against them. To be secure from their attacks, it is the custom to wear within doors, if one stays any time, whether for meals or any other purpose, pasteboard about the legs." The above descriptions, perhaps, refer chiefly to the "Black Town,"

\* Besides numerous other maps, the following may be had for sale at the Office of the Surveyor-General, 13 Wood Street, at the figures mentioned against them: Upjohn's map, 1795, Rs. 3-6; Bailie's map, 1785, Rs. 1-14; Schalch's map, 1830, Rs. 10-6.

† A change seems to have come over the spirit of their dreams, for the mosquitoes of the present day are aggressive without provocation.

or the northern division, which was principally inhabited by natives. The Frenchman might not have seen so much of the southern division as did Lord Valentia, who, during his visit here in 1803, was entertained right royally by the noblemen of the land. Many improvements must have taken place in a decade. He says: "The town of Calcutta is at present well worthy of being the seat of an Indian Government, both from its size and from the magnificent buildings which decorate the part of it inhabited by Europeans. The citadel of Fort William is a very fine work, but greatly too large for defence. The Esplanade leaves a grand opening, on the edge of which is placed the new Government House, erected by Lord Wellesley, a noble structure, although not without faults in the architecture, and, upon the whole, not unworthy of its destination. . . . Chowringhee; an entire village of palaces runs for a considerable length at right angles with it, and altogether forms the finest view I ever beheld in any city."

"The Black Town," continues our author, "is as complete a contrast to this as can well be conceived. Its streets are narrow and dirty; the houses, of two-storeys, occasionally brick but generally mud, and thatched, perfectly resembling the cabins of the poorest classes in Ireland."

In the map, made by General Martin, of the original survey in 1760, there is no road to Budge-Budge; nor is there any mention made of either Akra or Diamond Harbour. The *Rupnarayan* is called the old Ganges; the Salt Lake is marked off as haunted by wild buffaloes.

Stavorinus, of whom mention has been made above, visited India in 1768. An account of his travels in the East is given in three volumes in which we have some interesting descriptions of the times in Calcutta. He and the Dutch Governor of Hugli were invited to a State dinner at Government House at half-past twelve in the day—the forenoons were devoted to visits of ceremony. There were seventy dishes on the table, and the service entirely of silver; dinner over, the *hooka* was served round to everybody, and, after smoking and enjoying a quiet half-hour's chat, they retired to their dwellings. At six in the

evening they rode to the country-seat of Governor Caretiet at Belvedere, where they had supper. At nine o'clock the next morning, the English Governor paid a return visit to the Dutch Governor. About this time, a new Dutch Governor was installed at Chinsura, when a public breakfast was given at seven, and the ceremony took place at nine; it was then the month of March.

Our forefathers were more consistent and rational in their mode of living than ourselves. They did not sacrifice ease and elegance to etiquette, but adopted such outward forms of apparel as suited the requirements of the climate. In those days there were no broad-cloth tail-coats, white chokers, tight-fitting vests and trousers, with pumps and silk socks to complete the equipment of the outward man. Their *mufti* or civil dress was fashioned to give ease and convenience to their movements. When relieved of the presence of ladies, they dressed themselves in the light and airy costume of the country, and adapted their habits to the season of the year and the necessities of the weather. Even their meal hours and the time for paying ceremonial visits were so regulated that the heat of the day seldom interfered with the easy current of their lives. In a word, they consulted season and ease, rather than stereotyped forms of show and fastidiousness. Their amusements and recreations partook of the same simplicity,—but more of this in its legitimate place.

A. STEPHEN.

(*To be continued.*)

### ORISSA AND ITS TEMPLES.

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THERE is, perhaps, no Indian province so full of historical interest as Orissa, and there is, certainly, no Indian race that has so conspicuously degenerated as the Ooriya. Who would for a moment suppose that the forefathers of the Ooryia bearer, the Ooryia gowallah, or the Ooryia palkeewallah—for these are apparently his chief pursuits in Calcutta—were lions of strength, skilled in the art of war, and forming a mighty and formidable nation who carried their names and language over “a vast extent of territory, both on the seashore and in the hills,” and over, “besides Orissa, a part of Bengal and Telingana?”

We propose, in the following pages, to give a short account of the early history of Orissa, and to say a few words about Puri, the seat of the Temple of Juggernaut—“that familiar beacon to the navigators of the Bay of Bengal,”—a cursory description of which also, we trust, will prove interesting.

The area of Orissa, including the Tributary Mehals, is about 22,500 square miles. Its early history is so completely wrapped in obscurity that we have little or no trustworthy information to depend upon about it; this much, however, is certain, that from a very remote period it has been remarkable for temples of magnificence and beauty. Such, indeed, was once the religious grandeur of the place and the fervour of its inhabitants, that it is related that, when the famous Sivai Jai Singh, the General of Akbar, marched with an army into the country, in A.D. 1580, he was so struck with amazement at the sight of its sacred river the Mahanuddy, its crowd of Brahmins, its lofty temples of stone, and all the wonders of the ancient capital, Bhubaneswar, that he exclaimed: “This country is not

a fit subject for conquest and schemes of human ambition. It belongs wholly to the gods and is one entire Tirth," *i.e.*, a sacred place of pilgrimage; and he accordingly interfered little in its affairs and soon returned to Hindustan.

Tradition also tells us that, three or four centuries before the Christian Era, several fruitless attempts were made by a people termed Yavanas, or foreigners, to invade Orissa, but that the Ooryias were always equal to the occasion, and succeeded in keeping their enemies at bay. As early as A.D. 318, the invasion of Orissa was undertaken by one Rakhta Bahu, a Yavana. In connection with this event a curious story is extant, which is not, perhaps, without some grain of truth. It runs as follows:—This Rakhta Bahu, or foreigner, determined with a large fleet to approach Puri stealthily, and take the town by surprise. The news of his intention reached the ears of the Rajah Subhan Deo, a very timid personage, and he became so dreadfully alarmed, that, in his religious fervour, without considering the safety of his subjects, he immediately set about secreting the idol of Juggernaut, with its jewels, in the western part of the province. No sooner, however, had he effected his purpose than he heard that the invader had landed and plundered the town and temple, whereat such was his terror that he hurriedly buried the image in the ground, and sought refuge in the jungle, where he eventually died. But Rakhta Bahu was not satisfied with this limited success. He wished now "to chastise the ocean" for having revealed his project to Subhan Deo, and so given him time to take flight. "Having drawn out his forces he made an attack upon the sea, and it retreated two miles; whereupon the invaders rushed on, and the tide poured in and swallowed up a great portion of the army and inundated a considerable tract of country." And "the beautiful and picturesque Chilka Lake, which at the present day charms the Indian traveller" and attracts the sportsman, is said to have been formed "by the irruption of the waters of the ocean on the occasion of the above eventful inundation." However that may be, the remnants of Rakhta Bahu's forces remained masters of the soil.



At the beginning of the fourth century, the Buddhists and Brahmins were at variance with each other, and their differences terminated in the expulsion of many Buddhists from India. It is not improbable, therefore, that the above legend derives its origin from these facts. As to who these Yavanas, or early invaders of Orissa, were, there appears to be a great diversity of opinion. Some say that they were Persians or Afghans, or Tartars, but Captain Congreve's explanation is the most generally accepted one, *viz.*, that they must have been Bactrian Greeks—"remnants of the Asiatic glory of Alexander."

Such, in brief, is the fabulous portion of the history of Orissa. Its real history is supposed to date from A.D. 473, that is to say, from the time of the accession of the Kesari family. The first king of this family, Yayati Kesari, finding the country in the hands of the Yavanas, determined to extirpate them, and having succeeded, the next thing he did was to go in search of the idol of Juggernaut, which he very soon found. In order to restore its worship "in all its ancient splendour," he rebuilt the temple, which was in ruins and almost wholly sunk in sand, and had placed therein three idols, duly manufactured, *viz.*, Juggernaut, Bulbudhur, his brother, and Subhadra, his sister, with much pomp and ceremony, in the thirteenth year of his reign. This act of devotion procured him great public favour, and his praises were universally sung; while the priests, out of gratitude, conferred on him the title of Indradumyna, after the title of the original founder, Rajah Unung Bhim Deb. It is, therefore, to Yayati Kesari, supposed to have been Maharajah of Malwa, or Ujein, that the "worship of Juggernaut is indebted for its lasting celebrity," dating from a period not earlier than half a century before the Christian Era. The family became extinct in the twelfth century, but the temple of Juggernaut, as we now see it, was completed some time in A.D. 1198, and was constructed at a cost of about fifty lakhs of rupees. The Kesaris are also credited with the formation of a city on the site of the present capital, Cuttack. The ancient capital

of Orissa was Bhobaneswar, the seat of Government of the Kesari family.

The Kesari dynasty was succeeded by the Gangabansa princes, who ruled for four centuries, a period fertile in great names and events of importance, and forming, unquestionably, the most brilliant and interesting portion of Orissan history.

These princes were distinguished for their liberality in the erection of public works. The Black Pagoda was erected by Rajah Langora Nursingh Deo of this line, another of whom is reputed to have built the bridge at the entrance of Puri. The accession of this line of princes is ascribed to a man who rebelled against the former Government, and invited one Chor Ganga, a native of the Carnatic, to invade Orissa. Delighted at the invitation, this Chor Ganga immediately entered the country, and took up his position at Cuttack, as best suited for all purposes. He met with little or no opposition, and succeeded in making himself master of the entire country. Bhobaneswar was accordingly deserted, to make place for Cuttack, as the capital of Orissa,—its position offering great advantages from both a commercial and a military point of view. For 150 years after this, Orissa enjoyed uninterrupted peace and tranquillity. Meanwhile, the Mohammedans had become a strong power in India, and were acquiring territory in all parts of the Peninsula by force of arms. In the year 1451, Orissa came within the scope of their attention ; but it was not till the end of the sixteenth century that the country fell altogether under their control, though the overthrow of the independent sovereignty of Orissa may be fairly considered to date from A.D. 1558. With the invasion of Orissa by the Generals of Akbar, dates also the decline of Brahminical science in the province. But the Mohammedans were not altogether blind to circumstances. They clearly foresaw that a great deal more was to be gained by leniency and encouragement of Hindu superstition and idolatry, than by a policy of destruction, and, however much they may have been tempted to adopt the latter, as the most effective

means of crushing a religion so directly opposed to their own, the idea that it could be made the source of a large income to themselves was eagerly grasped at. The device they hit upon for the purpose was the pilgrim tax, in explanation of which we take the following interesting extract from the work of Mr. Peggs, a Cuttack Missionary :—

“This religious warfare was at last set at rest by the institution of the tax on pilgrims; which, if we may credit the author of the work translated by Gladwin under the title of ‘History of Bengal,’ yielded the Mogul Government a revenue of nine lakhs of rupees. The Mahrattas, who succeeded the Mussulmans in the Government of Orissa, levied the tax, and the British followed the example of their predecessors. Before this place (Juggernaut) fell into the hands of the English, the king, a Mahratta chief, exacted tolls from the pilgrims passing through his territories to Juggernaut. At one place the toll was not less than £1-9 for each foot passenger, if he had so much property with him. When a Bengali Rajah used to go, he was accompanied by one or two thousand people, for every one of whom he was obliged to pay toll. The Hon’ble Company’s Government levied a tax of from one to six rupees on each passenger.”

This tax, as well as the one imposed on pilgrims visiting the holy city of Gya, was, it is said, abolished by Akbar in the seventh year of his reign.

We now come to the period of Mahratta rule in Orissa. It was not without difficulty and hard fighting that this people succeeded in wresting the province from the hands of the Mohammedans. After having repelled them for nearly ten years, the famous Ali Verdi Khan, Viceroy of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, finally resigned the province to the invaders in the year A.D. 1755. At the beginning of their occupation they surpassed their predecessors in rapacity. What cared they for the people, or the magnificence and beauty of the town and temple! Their sole object was to gain wealth, no matter at what cost. Fierce, barbarous, and cruel by nature, they shrunk from nothing, were restrained by no considera-

tions of humanity or prudence. Plunder, oppression, and massacre, were the order of the day. But, notwithstanding, they commanded the respect and even the confidence of their victims to a much greater extent than their predecessors. And why? Because they were followers of the religion of Brahma, which, in the eyes of the Ooryias, alone "covereth a multitude of sins." Later on, like the Mussulmans, they, too, discovered the folly of a policy of violence, and abandoned it for the more reasonable and less troublesome plan of securing themselves an ampler income by a pilgrim tax. Like their power, their name, as zealous and earnest promoters of the worship of "the Lord of the World," soon spread far and wide, from the "Himalayas to nearly the extremity of the Peninsula." Their income, from the source in question, must have far exceeded that realised by the Mogul Government.

So much for the early history of Orissa. In our next Number we hope to say a few words about Puri and the Temple of Juggernaut.

## ISABELLA VANCE.

### PART I.

IN the favoured and fashionable sanitarium of the blue and breezy Himalayas called Nul-Nul, there was no estate so lovely—no residence so charming—as Vance Hall. It had not been so thirty years before, when it first came into the possession of its present owner, Colonel Vance, who, on purchasing the place, had changed its name and called it after himself, though, for many years after, he made no alteration in the wilderness of wood and jungle surrounding the bare white-washed walls of the ungainly mansion which was henceforth to be known by his family name. George Lewis Vance had begun life in Her Majesty's Service as an ensign, but he very soon quitted it for a more lucrative one, and, while still a youngster, sold his commission and entered the employment of a native Prince. Here he stayed many years, and left, at last, the owner of a considerable fortune. Coming up to Nul-Nul on a visit, he finally made up his mind to settle there for life, and bought a fine estate some distance away from the livelier parts of the station. To live there in contented retirement was, he declared, the sole desire of his heart ; but man cannot live alone, and before long he found for himself a companion in the person of a Pahariah girl—very brown, very dirty, very ugly,—who sold to him, first her basket of charcoal, and then herself. Whatever the extraordinary attraction might have been which drew the Colonel towards this woman at first sight, it proved to be a lasting one, and he never forsook her. The result of the union was one girl, dutifully christened Isabella Vance, after her paternal and aristocratic grandmother.

When Isabella was a bouncing girl of twelve, her mother died, but Colonel Vance never proposed to supply her with a second mother. Isabella was sent to a Convent School, where she learned all that young ladies are usually taught, proving herself to be a clever girl, with a marked talent for music and painting. It was when she came home for good—a finished young lady of eighteen—that the old house and its unkept surroundings burst forth in a new character, renovated from top to bottom, thoroughly cleaned, papered, and handsomely re-furnished, bright outside and inside with flowers and birds, as became the habitation of its petted young mistress, who had the soul of an artist and the will of a despot.

But nine years have passed, and Isabella is now a woman of seven-and-twenty. During this time she has discovered that life's pathway is not all roses, and thorns have pricked her more than once; yet there are roses still—beautiful roses, blooming almost within her grasp. She is dreaming of them now, as she stands beside the handsome square piano in the brilliantly-lit drawing-room, leaning gracefully, carelessly, on the open instrument, and gazing out thoughtfully where a silver sea of moonlight is flooding the distant hills, and falling in tremulous little waves of light through the proudly-spreading branches of some fine old deodar trees, to crown with silver radiance her own rare and beautiful flowers. A tall and graceful figure is hers, splendidly proportioned, with swelling bust and proudly-poised head. It is a handsome face, too, though proud and passionate, that looks out thus dreamily upon the silver night. A broad, full brow, shaded by a wavy fringe of black hair; large, clear eyes, black as the blackest night; a straight, well-cut nose; a firm but not unpleasing mouth and a small square chin, leave little or nothing to be desired as regards regularity of feature or clearness of outline. But there is one fault which mars all—a fault to which Isabella herself is keenly alive, and to which she is passionately sensitive—and that is,—her complexion. Her skin is brown, as brown as was her mother's; but it is not the clear, soft brown which might have enhanced, instead of detracting from, her charms. It is a dark, dusky brown, coarse and hard

in texture, which no wash or preparation could improve. She might have painted, as some charitably disposed matrons sarcastically observed, but Isabella was of too proud a nature to deal in shams ; yet there were times—many times—when, gazing at her own reflection in the glass, the girl felt as if she hated her parents for this heritage which they had given her by their ill-assorted union.

There is to be a dinner-party at Vance Hall to-night, and father and daughter are both in the drawing-room, ready to receive their guests as they arrive. Isabella, dressed in a rich black lace dress, with a splendid Maréchal Neil rose in the clustering folds of lace at her throat, with amber ornaments round her neck and arms and in the waved masses of her dark hair, is looking her very best, though with that best she is not satisfied. In a deep arm-chair sits Colonel Vance. He is a hale, hearty-looking man, now seventy years of age, but looking almost twenty years younger, with a portly figure and a handsome, good-humoured face. There is a striking resemblance between father and daughter ; but he is a fair man, with blue eyes and hair that had been of a light chestnut brown before many succeeding winters had made it nearly white.

The first guest to arrive was Gerald Winsloe, Captain in a Battery of Royal Horse Artillery stationed then at Meerut. A sudden light sprang to the eyes of Miss Vance as she drew herself together and came forward to meet her guest—a fair, frank-looking young Englishman, of about thirty years or a little more, with a face that, without being strictly handsome, was yet a pleasant one to look upon—a trustworthy, genial face—the face of a man whom one might naturally expect to make many friends and few foes.

“I am delighted to come upon you in the drawing-room, Miss Vance,” he said laughing in a pleasant, bantering manner, as he shook hands with his hostess with much warmth ; “for I felt extremely exercised in mind, when I was coming along just now, as to whether I was not fully half-an-hour too early, and I feared lest I might be unduly hurrying you over the last mysteries of a young lady’s toilet.”

"No fear of being beforehand with Belle," interposed the Colonel, also greeting the new arrival in a friendly manner; "she is the soul of punctuality herself, and that is the very thing she admires in you."

"I am delighted to meet with Miss Vance's approval in any matter," answered Captain Winsloe courteously, not noticing the slight flush of vexation which her father's remark had brought to the girl's cheek; "but one can have too much of a good thing."

"We are much more likely to have too little of it," observed Isabella drily, "as our guests are almost sure to prove just now. But," she continued with a bright smile, "I hope your fears of being over-punctual did not interfere with your enjoyment of a moonlight ride. Is it not a lovely night?"

"Most lovely! But looking at it from inside here, you can have no idea of what it is outside. Do come out and see what it is like from your own verandah. I assure you it reminds one of a scene from fairy land."

Isabella hesitated a moment.

"Well," she said, "I'll come just for one minute. My guests will be arriving soon, and I must not be away too long."

It was warm May weather, and there was no need of wraps. They stepped out, through the open door, into the verandah, which faced westward and looked forth upon a scene of witching beauty. Vast chains of silent, slumbering, giant mountains, stretching away into the far, far distance, further than the eye could reach, were crowned with diadems of silver light, their bases wrapped in mantles of impenetrable darkness. From the solemn, dark ravines curled slowly upwards filmy volumes of the grey night-mist, floating away, like spirits from another world, on the winged breezes of the night. Closer, on the lovely, wooded estate of Vance Hall itself, the moonlight fell in showers, the russet leaves of the dwarf oak, which grew about there in abundance, sparkling, as if frosted with silver, and the blossoms of the wild white rose looking like new-fallen snow against banks of sombre green.



For a few moments they stood, silent themselves, gazing on the beautiful, silent scene. In that tender light Isabella's face looked fair and soft,—a sad, half-smile upon her lips, a dreamy lustre in her eloquent eyes. Often afterwards she dwelt in memory upon that brief interval, when her own too often stormy heart was at rest, and in unison with restful Nature.

But this sweet silence could not last. Shaking herself free, when it began to grow almost oppressive, Isabella roused them both with some common-place observation of the night. Her companion readily followed the lead given him, and for a while they strolled about outside, conversing in low, subdued tones, and drinking in the beauty of the night, till the advent of other guests summoned her in to play the part of hostess.

To say that Isabella Vance had reached the age of seven-and-twenty without having ever loved, would be saying too much. More than once had Cupid's fiery darts struck her with unerring aim, and each time she had, without any inordinate vanity, believed herself beloved in return, but only at the last moment to find herself passed over for some other girl—some one whom in her own secret soul, in bitter and passionate scorn, she had felt to be less worthy than herself. So many disappointments, so much of what she considered injustice, had had the natural effect of making her grow, of late years, somewhat cynical, and, perhaps, a little hard ; but there had come one who had seemed to her different from all the rest. Gerald Winsloe had a genial temper, a true and kindly nature, which made him courteous and gentle to all women, without, at the same time, gaining for him the reputation of a male flirt. He had been specially attracted to Isabella, finding in her a clever, intellectual, well-read woman ; with tastes similar to his own on many points. Their acquaintanceship had, therefore, rapidly grown into friendship ; but was it more than friendship ? On the part of one it undoubtedly had ripened into a strong, deep attachment ; but, although he sought her society above that of all other women, even to her own heart Isabella dared not say yet that he loved her.

Rules of etiquette must be observed, however much the heart may rebel against the tyranny. When dinner was announced, Isabella was compelled to take the arm of the oldest man present, who was also of highest rank, while to the share of Gerald Winsloe fell a fair, sweet-looking young girl, Ada Annesly, to whom he was introduced that night for the first time. Glancing along the table, Isabella Vance felt a wild, sickening pain tugging at her heart-strings as she saw Gerald looking down at his shy little partner with an amused, bantering, yet well-pleased smile curling his lips. Was it possible? Ah no! no! She dared not think it; she dared not think at all.

During the rest of the evening, Miss Ada Annesly saw very little of her partner at the dinner-table, for he was, as usual, almost constantly at the side of his young hostess. When the time came for departure, however, the last to take their leave, as Fate would have it, were Mrs. and Miss Annesly and Gerald Winsloe. Mrs. Annesly, a widow, still young and good-looking enough to be attractive, was just about to say good-night, when she was checked for a moment by Gerald Winsloe politely inquiring where she lived.

"We live at Woodburn, a long way from here as it seems to me. Do you know the house?" answered the widow with a winning smile.

"Know it? yes, indeed, for I pass it every time I come here. If you will allow me the pleasure, I will see you home to-night."

The widow thanked him graciously—effusively, thought Isabella Vance—Ada Annesly said nothing, but she looked up with a smile that plainly bespoke her pleasure at the arrangement, and again Isabella felt the gnawing at her heart-strings.

Looking down from her superior height—somewhat scornfully, it is to be feared,—Miss Vance saw before her the slender, delicate figure of a girl who could hardly yet have numbered twenty years, with a fair small face and gentle blue eyes, surmounted by a fringe of light hair, not many shades darker than flax. Detractors of her beauty said the face lacked expression and was sweetly insipid, but many there were who thought it a winsome countenance.

Alas, for Isabella Vance's lost dream ! Her jealous fears had not been unfounded ; her woman's instinct of danger near, had not warned her wrongly. Captain Winsloe called on the Anneslys the following day, and soon became an almost daily visitor there, looking in on his way either to or from Vance Hall, till finally he often forgot to go on to Vance Hall at all, and got no further than Woodburn, plainly captivated by Ada Annesly's gentle beauty. Isabella watched and suffered in Spartan silence, never betraying, by so much as the quivering of an eye-lash, that the iron was entering into her very soul. Once only did her strength waver, and that was when her father commented one day on Captain Winsloe's growing coldness.

"Winsloe is a nice young fellow," he remarked ; "but I must say I think he treats old friends rather badly when he gets hold of new ones."

"If he prefers the new ones, why should he not show his preference ?" answered his daughter coldly.

"Nobody is finding fault with him for that," responded her father impatiently ; "but, hang it, he need not give old friends the go-by entirely."

Isabella paused a moment to steady her voice, and then said, in clear, cold tones :—

"If what rumour says is true, Captain Winsloe can hardly be expected to spare time even for old friends. He is supposed to be engaged to Ada Annesly."

"Whew!"—and the Colonel gave a low whistle. "Well, I have almost thought as much myself lately. I say, Belle, I really thought he was sweet on you at one time."

"Then you were simply mistaken, papa ; I am too black to suit the fancy of any of our young Englishmen."

"Too black ! What, nonsense," replied her father roughly. "What put such an idea into your head ? Why, the country is full of brunettes."

"Yes, but I am more than a brunette. Papa, when I was a girl about thirteen or fourteen years of age, riding home from school one day, I met two gentlemen walking ; one of them

pointed to me with his stick in a covert sort of way, and said : ' A fine bit of ebony that ! ' I overheard the remark, but paid no heed to it then, and, in fact, did not understand it till long afterwards, but now, when I think of those few words, they sting like a cut from a lash. Yes, what does it matter if I am clever, or accomplished or anything else ? for, after all, what am I ?—only a fine bit of ebony."

Colonel Vance rose from his chair, purple with passion.

"The man who said those words in your hearing was a cur and a brute," he said angrily, "and you are a fool, my girl, to let your mind dwell so much on them. Look all round you, and you will see heaps of girls as dark as you are, and with just as much mixed blood as you have. How do they manage to get married ? "

"They are good anglers, I suppose," returned Isabella, half sadly, but with a touch of scorn in her voice. "They wait and wait till they can get a fish to bite, and then they struggle and struggle till they can land it—never mind how worthless a fish it may be ;—but I cannot do that. I could never marry a 'clod, simply because it had the semblance of a man."

The only answer the Colonel vouchsafed was an unintelligible grunt. He was an easy-going man who was seldom put out of humour, but his daughter's words had put him out very thoroughly to-day, and it was long before he could forget them, or get back to his usual easy frame of mind.

Isabella had kept a brave front even before her father ; but in the retirement of her own chamber the scene was changed. There she wept wild, passionate, bitter tears of sorrow and pain, crying out, where there were none to hear : " Ah !—Gerald !—Gerald !—I did not think you would have forsaken me.—I cannot give you up ;—I cannot ;—I cannot. Better to die ;—better to see you die,—my love !—my love ! "

*(To be continued.)*

### CHAITANYA AND HIS TIMES.

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"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."

TO enable us to appreciate the work of a great man, we need first to know something of the conditions of the time in which he lived. It will not, therefore, be out of place if we preface what we propose to say of the great apostle of Nabadipa by a few remarks regarding his age.

The authority of Islam was already firmly established in Bengal. The last rays of Hindu glory had long since been extinguished, and a period of darkness had set in. Learning was confined to a few Brahmins; education was inaccessible to the mass of the people, and the standard of general happiness had sunk far below the level of the good old Aryan days. Domestic usage, indeed, still retained something of its pristine simplicity, and luxury was unknown; but the Hindu social and religious system had suffered severely from the change. Religion lived in forms only; the dry husk survived, the essence had dried up. The pious yearnings, the spirit of renunciation, the virtuous resolutions of former days, had given place to a worship of expediency grounded on fear. The majority of the upper classes were worshippers of Sakti, and the cup of corruption was full almost to overflowing, when a saviour arose.

Dr. Hunter gives the date of Chaitanya's birth as A.D. 1485. Several anecdotes are related of his infancy which go to prove the truth of the poet's remark that: "The child is father of the man." The embryo religious reformer, it is said, while still a child, would not cease crying till those around him shouted the

name of Hari; and he is represented as having argued, at an early age, that uncleanness dwelt not in outward things, but in the mind.

His first efforts were directed towards educating the people. He travelled abroad into East Bengal, and again to Gya, with the sole view of imparting instruction to others. Thus, even before his religious fervour had fully developed itself, he was inaugurating his mission and preparing the ground for the truths which he was ordained to promulgate. The visit to Gya, however, worked a revolution in the character of Chaitanya. He went there merely as a learned student and an ordinarily religious man; he returned an enthusiastic reformer, declaring himself an open enemy of ceremonial observances, and proclaiming that man's salvation depended solely on faith in Krishna. He came back to his native place, and found the number of his followers increasing rapidly from day to day. So far he had been working without any distinct consciousness of a mission; but now there arose in his mind a glimmering that he was born for great ends and must act accordingly. Impelled by the irresistible call of duty to proclaim to the world the new light that had broken upon him, in A.D. 1509 he became a Sannyasi, and the remainder of his life was devoted to preaching the faith of Krishna. Wherever he went, multitudes were fired with religious zeal, and he established over the minds of the people an influence which a lapse of four centuries has been powerless to destroy. In the course of his travels he visited Jaipur, Kattack, and Kamalpur. From Jagannath he made a long journey southward, deluging the land with the name of Krishna, as with an inundation, wherever he went. On his return, he visited Santipur, and, after staying there a few days, he went to Brindabun. There, amid the scenes of Krishna's boyhood, his constitution, overwrought by religious fervour, gave way, and he became subject to epileptic fits. After preaching his doctrines personally over nearly the whole of India, he retired to Nilachala, where he passed the closing years of his life.

The religious opinions of Chaitanya, remarks Bhola Nath Chunder, "took a great tinge from the doctrines of his two

immediate predecessors, Ramananda, who had revived the anti-caste movement, and Kabir, who repudiated the Shastras and preached a universal religion. It was the life-long endeavour of Nimai to inculcate purity of thought and action as the medium of salvation." As a social reformer his attention was chiefly directed towards the abolition of caste, the introduction of widow marriage, the extinction of polygamy, and the suppression of ghât murders.

Babu J. C. Ghosh, in his "Chaitanya's Ethics," draws a parallel between his system of morality and that propounded by Auguste Comte. "The zero point of Chaitanya's system," he says, "finds a profound parallel in that of Comte, where the subordination of egoism is largely recommended in general and for the special culture of the altruistic virtues." The grand object of his life was the infusion of the true love of God into the minds of men, and the means he adopted for the purpose was the best suited to his end. The so-called civilization of modern times finds fault with his sentimentalism. In connection with the emotional basis of his religion, Babu J. C. Ghosh remarks: "It is the emotions which really give shape to the man's character . . . and Chaitanya endeavours to lift the average man of the world into this emotional condition . . . by the virtue of dispassion."

This emotional basis was no matter of option with Chaitanya. He could not have changed it for any other, even had he wished to do so. His sole aim being to fill the hearts of high and low alike with religious enthusiasm and the spirit of devotion, he was bound by necessity to appeal to the emotions of a people who cared little for the cultivation of the intellect.

Intelligent critics have pronounced the work of Chaitanya a failure, on the ground that his attempts at reform have proved abortive. He has been taken to task for the degradation into which his religious system has fallen in recent times. But it is unphilosophical to judge the merits of a system by its effects, without taking into consideration the conditions among which it operates. It is not fair to condemn the seed on account of its failure to germinate, without first eliminating all causes

*of failure external to the seed itself. The soil may have been barren, or the fertilizing rain may have been withheld. As we have already said, Chaitanya was debarred by the immediate conditions of his task from appealing to the intellects of his hearers. But his system depended for the element of stability on the co-operation of other men in imparting to it an intellectual basis, and it is owing to the absence of this co-operation that it has proved ephemeral. It is an invariable law in the history of human progress that a religion is stable according as it contains the elements of emotion and thought in due proportion. No religion can last which contains an undue proportion of the one over the other. It was in conformity with this law that the religion of ancient Rome passed away ; it is in conformity with this law that Christianity flourishes, and will continue to flourish ; and it is possible that, if it were brought into conformity with this law, the religion of Chaitanya might still achieve the object of its founder.*

“ TRUTH.”



## THE THREE SONS.

(Translated specially for "The Indian Empire," from the French of M. Henri Lavedan.)

[M. LAVEDAN is not so well known to the English-reading public as many recent French novelists of much less merit. Jules Lemaitre, not without reason, has extolled the extraordinary cunning of his speech. This, unfortunately, cannot be fully exhibited in a translation. But his work is distinguished by other qualities which are more easily preserved under a foreign garb—a humour which depends less on words than on incidents, and which, though racy of the soil, can hardly fail to appeal to the susceptible reader, of whatever nationality; irreproachable constructive skill, and a marvellous genius for working up to a surprise. His pictures, while perfect photographs of certain phases of existing French society, are free from the indiscriminate and contaminating realism of the school of Zola.

The story here translated has been selected partly for its brevity, and does not exhibit M. Lavedan at his best, but it is nevertheless sufficiently characteristic of his manner.—ED., *Indian Empire*.]

THE mansion, with its lofty windows, looking on to the Rue de Varennes, its marble staircases, and its pompous ceilings, was wrapt in silence. One might have concluded that it was uninhabited.

In a room on the first floor were seated three men, who looked at one another without speaking. They were Monsieur the Marquis, Monsieur the Count, and Monsieur the Viscount, and they were awaiting the result of the medical consultation,—expecting every moment, in short, to learn authoritatively from the lips of the heads of the profession whether there was any hope of the recovery of their mother, Gabrielle Anne Sophia, Dowager Marchioness of Guébrianges, and widow of the late Marquis Hercules de Guébrianges.

The Marquis, who was tall and thin, with features of the most rigid inflexibility, looked not more than thirty. His carefully combed hair, too scanty to cover his whole head at

once, exhibited the scalp at intervals. He wore an eye-glass, a mere circle of glass, stuck in his left eye, without either rim or cord ; and the story ran that on one occasion, when he had been thrown from his horse and broken his leg, the eye-glass had never moved from its place.

The Count was of a less phlegmatic temperament than his elder brother, and bore the *ennui* of his three-and-twenty summers with more equanimity. His ferocious-looking red moustache bespoke an eager and effusive disposition, and he had the credit of being the most intellectual of the three.

The youngest, the Viscount, had scarcely entered his twentieth year, but looked much older. The lines on his beardless face crossed one another with cruel precocity. With mouth awry, head thrown back, and hectic patches under his eyes, he was fearfully emaciated and racked with a cough which he tore up from the bottom of his narrow chest.

The door opened, and four gentlemen, with decorations on their breasts, appeared one after another, with immense hats in their hands. They sat down. The oldest of them, the specialist, on whose every word and movement the others hung, pronounced his opinions with the utmost gravity, weighing every word, as he spoke, like a preacher. He narrated the whole history of the case, expatiated on its minutest details, and recapitulated all his conclusions "from the purely medical point of view." His colleagues nodded their heads by way of assent. When he had finished speaking, he rose, with a look of distress in his face, and heaved a sigh. Then he turned to the young men, with tears in his voice, and said : "Sirs, painful as it may be to me . . . you are men, I am sure ? . . . it is the end . . . !"

With his eyes raised to Heaven, he added, with a pious fervour, which immediately communicated itself to his junior, colleagues, "unless a miracle . . ." Hardly had the door closed again, when they might have been heard talking loudly in the vestibule :—

"Are you coming my way ?"

"Impossible !"

"On Tuesday we are to go together to the Palais Royal."

The three sons had just entered the room, with the shutters closed and blinds drawn, and were standing motionless, in a row, in the light of the chandelier, beside the bed where lay their mother, on her back, in an agony of suspense.

"Are you in pain, mother?" said the eldest, who seemed to act as spokesman for his brothers.

By a movement of her long, skinny finger, she gave them to understand that she was not, and her arm, which she had momentarily raised, sank back into a state of corpse-like immobility.

Her skin was yellow and shrivelled; her hair white and thin. A kindly light still shone from her blue eyes which smiled in the depths of their sockets, like forget-me-nots at the bottom of a well. In those eyes the most careless observer might have read the evidence of a life of self-sacrificing devotion and resignation. With her teeth tightly set, she breathed as little as possible, as though unwilling to use up all at once the little life left her.

"Do you recognise us?" asked the Marquis.

An imperceptible murmur escaped her lips. She was speaking. The sons bent down their heads and listened. The Viscount covered his mouth with his handkerchief, to suppress a fit of coughing.

"My children," murmured the Marchioness, "I am about to die; I feel it."

"Oh, my mother!" interposed the eldest in a tone of a courtly placidity. They continued to listen with respectful attention and with dry eyes.

"Do not grieve," she went on, "but rather pray for me. I have been a bad mother; I have been guilty of a great error . . . a sin for which I pray God to forgive me. Before I appear before him, I must confess it to you."

She paused for a moment. Then, covering her eyelids, she continued: "I deceived your father . . . your good father . . . one of you is not his son . . . not his son . . . It is . . . it is . . ."

She turned slowly on her side, and died with her face to the wall.

They went out on tiptoe, and sat down in the adjoining room. The Marquis was the first to break the silence. With the emotion which the occasion demanded, he said : " We have just heard the sad confession which death has prevented our mother from completing. Far be it from me, as it is, I am sure, from you, to accuse her who is no more. The secret which she has but partially revealed, will never go beyond ourselves. The world will suspect nothing. It is clearly settled that, in the eyes of every one, I, Jean, shall always be the Marquis ; René will always be the Count, and François the Viscount of Guébrianges. But is it possible that we, knowing, as we do, that one of us has in his veins alien blood, less pure, perhaps, than that of our father, can go on living together and keeping up a situation at once false and embarrassing ? Would not our dissimulation of the truth be culpable ? Would it not be to our common interest to dispel, as far as possible, the doubt which has arisen regarding our birth, even though it should be changed, as far as one of us is concerned, into the most grievous of certainties ? "

" I think you are right," said the Count, " and the Viscount is of the same opinion. If you had said nothing, my brother, I was about to express the same view as yourself on the subject of the blow which so affects our honour. You have anticipated me, I could not have reasoned better or spoken better, and I thank you for it. That I may give you an immediate proof of my sincerity, permit me, at the cost of my own feelings, to relieve you at once of your anxiety. I am convinced that my mother intended to point to me in the painful revelation which she had not the strength to pursue to the end. I will explain myself. You, Jean, the oldest of us, came into the world within a year of the marriage of our father and mother. You can understand very well that suspicion could not reasonably fall on you. As for you, François, who are the youngest and the favourite, you were born some years after the death of our sister, Bertha, for whom our mother wept day and night. You cannot, without insulting the memory of her who rests within a few paces of us, believe him to be the offspring of an error. Whereas I . . . you understand what I mean ; spare me

and yourselves the bitterness of a more particular explanation . . . I was born abroad . . . when M. de Guébrianges was Ambassador at St. Petersburg . . . my mother was beautiful . . . in her twenty-ninth year . . . courted on all sides . . . the Ambassadors Sophia, as she was styled . . . in short, it is I, I feel sure of it, and I can but trust that my mother will forgive me for reviving, at such a moment, the memory of that error of her life. She was on the point of confessing it in all humility herself. In speaking to you thus, I have but fulfilled her last wish, and now I only await your decision as regards myself.

The Marquis and the Viscount consulted together apart. Then the Marquis rose from his seat, and, in a tone of icy courtesy, said : " Sir, my brother and I thank you sincerely for your frankness. For all, except ourselves, you will remain Count Guébrianges. But we can no longer continue to live together. When do you propose to leave ? "

" At least, not till after the funeral ! " exclaimed the Count, in surprise.

Bowing to one another, they all three returned to their mother's room, and knelt by the bedside . . . , but only to start back in horrified amazement. The Marchioness had moved. She had, in fact, only fainted. She raised herself in the bed, articulated clearly the words : " It is the Marquis . . . it is Jean," and fell back dead upon the pillow.

## *SOME TRUTHS ABOUT INDIA.*

### No. 3.

THAT there is a good deal of justice in the opinion, quoted by me in the last number, as to the unsuitability of the system of higher education to the needs of India, will be readily admitted, when we consider that among the authors selected for study are Chaucer, Spencer, and the older Dramatists. Such writings can be of little use to the native youth, whose highest ambition, from the very circumstances of the case, rises no higher than a clerkship under Government. The Philosophy and Natural Science which he is taught, are not of the slightest use to him, except for the purpose of passing an ordeal for obtaining a degree, this being in some sort a stepping-stone to a subordinate post in the public service. If such be the case, it is argued, why should the Indian Exchequer suffer to the extent of £90,000 a year for the support of 29 Colleges alone, besides minor schools and other institutions? Those who hold this opinion contend that a number of private Colleges, thoroughly independent of the State, have now come into existence, and are prospering in the teeth of Government competition. This, they argue, is a hopeful sign, and if the Government would retire by degrees from the field of higher education, private enterprise would be sure to step in and supply the void as it has hitherto done.\* There is, however, another section of the public,

\* That the Government of India entertain the same view will appear from the well-known Resolution dated the 18th June 1888, in which the following paragraph appears:—"The Government of India recognises its responsibility to provide, so far as its finances permit, facilities for the education of the people. But in education, as in all other matters, it is the policy of the Government of India to avoid entering into competition with private enterprise: it pioneers the way; but having shown the way, it recognises no responsibility to do for the people what the people can and ought to do for themselves. When, therefore, local effort or private enterprise shows itself able and willing to supply the educational wants of the people in any locality, it is the policy of the Government to retire from the field of direct instruction and to help by reasonable subventions of money the operations of independent institutions."

including, with few exceptions, the entire Native Press, who refuse to see the cogency of this argument, and, at each attempt of the Government to abolish a College or reduce its status, indignantly complain that this means nothing short of a death-blow to higher education. The country, they urge, is not so far advanced in enlightenment as to undertake the higher education of the people, and so long as they cannot help themselves, the State must come to their assistance. I apprehend that some sentiment is mixed up in the discussion of the question. Apart, however, from any such feeling, if we examine the subject in the light of the results hitherto obtained, the conclusion arrived at is that more should be done towards the advancement of primary education as a preparatory measure, so as ensure a better supply of competent young men, instead of passing indiscriminately any one and every one who presents himself for examination. More persons are anxious to enter our Colleges than are fitted for the course by the previous training they receive. It, therefore, follows that they must be taken at haphazard, and the result is that failures are innumerable, and somebody must be made a scapegoat for the defects of the system itself. There is too much reliance placed upon 'keys' and 'books of reference,' as they are called, which serve to bring grist to the mill of the compilers, but inflict lasting injury on those who are expected to benefit by them. Meanings of words are literally transcribed from a Dictionary without regard to their application. As a set-off against the disappointment in the general line, technical education has been brought in by way of supplementing the other branches. Colleges of Science have been founded here and there to prove to the world that we are not backward in preparing our young men to be independent of mere scholastic learning, but even here the success has not been so marked as to hold out encouragement for the future.

"DELTA."

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*THE CHRISTIAN'S BOAT.*

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DOST thou believe that "Death ends all?"  
If 'Yea' thou answerest, the call  
Of Death beware, lest all too late  
Thou goest hence to meet a fate  
But just begun, without an end,  
That shall for aye and aye extend.

If "Death ends all," nor pain nor grief  
Awaits thee, or the vilest thief;  
If 'tis not so, thou canst not share  
The Christian's fate—thy end despair.

'Twere best on earth to run thy race  
Prepared for worst, then bravely face  
The veil, when it before thine eyes  
On what thou knowest not, shall rise.

Two criminals are doomed to die,  
The day that seals their fate is nigh;  
The King informs them of a chance  
To gain from death deliverance.

The trial this, they each must stand  
As far to North as men have scanned  
The landscape dreary; then away  
To North must take their course, till they  
Have solved the mystery that none  
Have solved since first the world begun;



Must reach the Pole, and to the King  
Unfold the story each must bring.

One argues thus : " To reach the goal  
And pass the sea around the Pole,  
A Boat with ribs of steel I'll trust ;  
And, thus equipped, succeed I must.

But lest a doubt too late should dash  
My hopes to earth, I'll not be rash,  
But take a sledge and dogs—"twere wise  
To miss no chance to gain a prize  
Which is reprieve of sentence dread,—  
To fail is certain death instead."

The other reads and takes advice,  
Believes there's nought but land and ice ;  
His reason says " the atmosphere  
To North is cold, and water near  
The Pole would not remain a trice,  
As't would congeal and turn to ice."

The two start forth, and near the Pole,  
Where never yet a living soul  
Has looked and lived ; if then a waste  
Of dreary landscape must be faced,  
The first will leave his boat behind,  
And calmly smile to know and find,  
That, though his theory had failed,  
His boat had for his needs availed.

But should they find the Pole afloat,  
The first will calmly launch his boat,  
And reach the goal and grasp the prize  
The second fails, returns and dies.

A mystery surrounds the Pole,  
But 'tis not greater than the soul  
Will have to face. Men disagree ;  
As some will say " a Polar sea  
Surrounds the Pole on ev'ry side ;"

While other men, with knowledge wide,  
Maintain that this is not a fact :  
But they would pause, ere they would act  
On their belief ; still many say  
That all must end with earthly clay,  
And take no Boat, and all is lost  
If water must be met and crossed.

If " Death ends all," the Christian's fate  
Can be no worse than theirs who state  
That " Death ends all ;" but, if not so,  
When Death aside the veil shall throw,  
The one will have a Boat at hand,  
The other nought on which to stand.

AMERICUS.

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### THE MONTH.

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IT is much to be deplored that, where the credit, if not the honour, of England is concerned, party-feeling should be allowed to intervene and do its best to embarrass the Government in its attempts to settle satisfactorily questions of foreign or colonial policy, in the interests of the nation at large. This has been conspicuous during the past month, during which period the Radical Press at home has done all that lay in its power to discredit the action of Lord Salisbury with regard to Portugal and her doings in Nyassaland. The Decree recently issued by the Portuguese Government, practically annexing the whole interior of Southern Africa between the Portuguese belt on the Atlantic and the Portuguese belt on the Indian Ocean, called forth a prompt and vigorous challenge from Lord Salisbury, who pointed out that the districts claimed by Portugal might possibly have been 'discovered'—more or less—by uncertain Portuguese explorers two or three centuries ago, but that, for purposes of modern commerce, they have been opened up by Englishmen and English money. The Shirè highlands and the southern portion of the Nyassa region have been converted into a little centre of flourishing trade and industry by Englishmen and Scotchmen. The mission station at Blantyre keeps communication open with the outer world; a firm of Scotch merchants has placed steamers on the rivers and lakes, and it needs only settled peace and security to make of Livingstonia a colony of British planters. For some months past, however, the Portuguese appear to have been doing their best 'to promote' trouble in Nyassaland, and it is to them that the natives are indebted for the arms

which have enabled them to carry out their attacks upon the missionaries in those regions. It was left, however, to Major Serpa Pinto to bring matters to a crisis, and had the Portuguese Government but disavowed his action in the first instance, much trouble and ill-feeling might have been avoided. Portugal, in common with other nations, is liable to be placed in a false position, owing to the rash conduct of irresponsible officials. Even with regard to our own country it may safely be said that a large proportion of our conquests and annexations would never have been made, if the British nation, or even the British Government, had been fairly consulted in the matter. Again and again we have found ourselves involved in a course of action contrary alike to our notions of justice and of expediency, through the rash precipitancy, or even the deliberate disobedience, of officials whose distance from head-quarters has enabled them to defy control until irremediable errors have been committed. Instead of honestly recognizing its liability in this direction, the Portuguese Government attempted to justify the action of its officials, with the result that the little country is now posing as the victim of the blighting influence of *Might versus Right*. Of course, sooner or later, Portugal was bound to discover that a pair of tens was not good enough to bluff with, when there was a full hand on the board; and from what we can gather from recent telegrams, the Portuguese Government will attempt to secure its ends through arbitration; probably in the hope that 'something' may turn up. Whether England will agree to let the other Powers have anything to say with regard to the disposal of her own territory remains to be seen. Of course both France and Russia urge that the matter should be submitted to arbitration, but we fancy that, should England refuse to re-consider her ultimatum, she would have the support of the other great Powers, without any very strenuous opposition from either France or Russia, both of whom may be credited with very little interest—beyond the general one of making themselves disagreeable—in the matter of a dispute between England and Portugal regarding territory altogether out of their sphere of influence. In the meantime those Britishers

who have made Lisbon their temporary home, are apparently having a lively time of it—and are being strictly boycotted. Of course, very little importance is to be attached to the attitude of the mob, and, since its action has been discredited by the Government, Lord Salisbury has done wisely in ignoring the display of animosity. In times of popular excitement there are, in all countries, elements of rowdyism that are almost bound to come to the surface; and this is certain to be the case in countries like Portugal, where the existing form of Government is not popular. In fact, it is extremely probable that the recent mob-demonstrations in Lisbon were directed quite as much against the Portuguese Government as against the English residents; for not many weeks ago we were informed, on the authority of a Lisbon correspondent, that the Portuguese Republicans had decided to issue a manifesto to the country, considering that the proclamation of a Republic in Brazil and the present condition of Spain favoured their plans, and that it was time to do away with the indignity Portugal suffers under a monarchical form of Government.

The latest territory to come under British influence in Southern Central Africa is the tract immediately south of the Zambesi, generally known as Matabeleland. A charter has already been drawn up, and will probably be presented to Parliament for ratification during the forthcoming session. This new territory has an area approximate to that of the whole of France, and we are told that its agricultural parts hold out magnificent promise to the farmer of the future. As for its auriferous deposits, all those who have penetrated the country have returned to talk in glowing terms of anticipation of its mineral wealth.

We have not heard much during the month regarding the new Brazilian Republic. The latest news of any moment is dated the 19th December last, when it was stated that the revolution, by means of which Dom Pedro was dethroned so quietly, had begun to develop serious trouble, and the Republican leaders were beginning to find it not so simple a matter to overturn the Empire, and establish a settled Government in its place.

as their easy success at first seemed to indicate. The new Ministry has expressed its intention of doubling the existing army and has decreed a large scheme of naturalisation, under which all foreigners, resident in Brazil, are declared citizens of the Republic from the date of its proclamation, the right of the Government to refuse them that status being, however, reserved. All foreigners will, in future, be considered Brazilian subjects after two years' residence, and will enjoy all civil and political rights, save only the right of becoming Chief of the State, in the case of which also the Government reserves the right of refusal. Later authentic information than we were able to give last month, regarding the revolution itself, shows that the existence of the movement was well known in Court circles; but that its immediate success was entirely unexpected. The revolution appears to have been entirely and solely of the nature of a military *pronunciamiento*; and the strongest coercion short of physical force, was used in regard to the Emperor and the imperial family.

The report of the Parnell Commission is not expected to be ready before the re-assembling of Parliament, but some indication of the general lines on which it will proceed has been made public. The key-note and essential principle of the whole thing is that the Judges will confine themselves most rigidly to facts, leaving on one side every kind of political consideration. The report will deal exhaustively and exclusively with the evidence; from all inferences deducible therefrom it will expressly abstain. There is reason to believe that it will deal strongly with the forged letters part of the case; and there is not the least chance that the Judges will lean towards Lord Salisbury's verdict of non-proven. On the contrary, it is thought that they will state in the most unmistakable terms that the forgery of all the famous letters was proved, to their entire satisfaction.

Death has been very busy of late, and prominent amongst its victims may be mentioned the Empress Augusta of Germany; the ex-Empress of Brazil, Lord Napier of Magdala; Robert Browning, and Dr. Von Döllinger. For many years previous

to the death of her husband, the late Kaiser Wilhelm, the Empress Augusta had ceased to take any active share in political life, but she was identified with him in his schemes for the unification of the German Empire.—The commencement of the military career of Lord Napier of Magdala dates back to the Sutlej campaign, through which he served with distinction. After the battle of Goojerat he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and named Chief Engineer under the new Punjab administration, when he was enabled to carry out his long-cherished plans for covering that almost trackless country with arteries of military and commercial highways, after constructing magnificent canals, destined to fertilize the arid Doob. In the operations during the Mutiny he played a prominent part, as also in China, as second in command under Sir Hope Grant. As Military Member of Council and Commander of the Abyssinian Expeditionary Force, he was afforded exceptional opportunities of further distinguishing himself; and, in 1870, he was appointed to succeed Sir William Mansfield, as Commander-in-Chief in India.—Of Robert Browning it is only necessary to say that he was the most unintelligible poet that ever put pen to paper; so unintelligible indeed, that a society had to be formed, of the discerning few, for the purpose of translating his meaning to the undiscerning many.—Dr. Dollinger was chiefly known for his persistent opposition to the decrees of the Vatican Council, and especially to that one which declares the Pope to be infallible when addressing the Church *ex cathedra* on questions of faith and morals. He was the acknowledged leader of all who, within the Church, were disaffected towards the Holy See.—Among the lesser lights who have gone over to the majority we may mention Earl Cairns, whose only remarkable achievement was his entanglement with Miss Fortescue, the actress; themorganatic wife of the Duke of Cambridge; General Simpson; Admirals Sullivan and Fisquet; Major-General Moore, Bo.S.C.; General Cracroft; Dr. Mackenzie; and Colonels Martin, Sladen, and Hand.

London telegrams, dated 16th January, brought news of the termination of two libel cases that have recently excited more

than usual interest. After the telegram of the 15th, relating to the Cleveland Street infamy, the sentence of twelve months imprisonment passed on Parke, for libelling Earl Euston, came somewhat as a surprise; and, in the absence of details, it is impossible to say how far public opinion will support the decision. We may expect to hear of some awkward questions being asked when Parliament re-assembles.

The other case is that in which an Allahabad paper, on the authority of its London correspondent, stated that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was about to figure as a co-respondent in the Divorce Court. On the threat of legal proceedings reaching this country, the *Morning Post*, wise in its generation, lost no time in abasing itself, leaving the London correspondent to clear himself as best he could,—with the result that Colonel Malleon, the correspondent in question, is a poorer man by £1,000, while the banking account of Mr. Herbert Gladstone may be presumed to show a corresponding increase.

Like previous epidemics of a similar nature, the Influenza, after running its course for about six weeks, shows signs of dying out on the Continent, although in the districts about London it is alarmingly on the increase. We observe that *Nature*, in discussing the epidemic, expresses the opinion that there can be but little doubt that it is a distinct specific affection, and not a mere modification of common cold. There are many reasons for thinking that the disease is carried in the air, and that its cause is "specific," that is, having the properties of growth and multiplication which belong to a living being. Although the present epidemic has been so widely spread, it has been of a decidedly mild type.

The Fourth Meeting of the Mahomedan Educational Congress—a non-political movement started by the leaders of the Mahomedan community in Upper India—has been held at Aligarh, under the presidency of Sirdar Mahomed Hayat Khan, C.S.I. This Congress was founded in 1886 for the purpose of promoting the educational progress of Mahomedans in India, and at present has 450 members on its rolls. It has close relations with the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College



at Aligarh, founded by Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, who rendered such good service to the English in the unhappy days of the Mutiny. The object of this College is not only to supply an education more complete than that given in State institutions, but also to create feelings of friendship and mutual respect between Englishmen and Mahomedans; to remove mutual distrust and suspicion; to enable each race to understand the other; and to lay the basis of a firm and lasting friendship. The general tendency of Indian Universities is to give a great impetus to cram—to the storing up by the memory of masses of often perfectly useless information,—a process absolutely necessary for the passing of the examinations as at present constituted, but of comparatively little use in the development of the logical faculties. The system of education as followed at the College is of a more practical nature, and although certain sacrifices have to be made to the necessities of the cramming process, the education of the intellect, as well as of the memory, is chiefly aimed at. Mr. Theodore Beck, the Principal of the College, in the course of an interesting speech, dwelt at some length upon the success achieved in carrying out the object of the founder, in creating a bond between the Englishmen and Mussulmans dwelling within the College walls. The Congress was a success in every respect, and that the Mahomedans of Upper India should have been able to organize so useful a body, reflects the greatest credit upon them. Their example might fitly be followed in other parts of India, where Mahomedan education is sadly in need of some such stimulus.

Lord Lansdowne appears to have made careful enquiry into the constitution of the governing body of the Calcutta University, and the conclusion he has arrived at is that, as at present constituted, it is open to serious objections. In his opening speech at the Convocation held on the 18th January, His Excellency, in his capacity of Chancellor, proposed gradually to reduce the number of Fellowships, and to fill up, every year, only a portion of the vacancies that might arise. The statute prescribes thirty as the minimum number of

Fellowships, but there are at present, according to the University Calendar, no less than 220 names; and, although no maximum number is prescribed, it is rightly felt that the present number is far too large. The Chancellor points out that "the list contains the names of many gentlemen against whose character and position not a word can be said; but who, either from the fact that they reside at a distance from Calcutta, or from other causes, are not in the least likely to take an active part in the affairs of the University." Under these circumstances there is much to be said in favour of effecting a gradual diminution in the number of Fellowships, thus rendering the governing body of the University less unwieldy in its constitution. A start in this direction has already been made, as this year only seven out of the eleven vacancies have been filled up; but at this rate it will take very many years to remove from the Senate the reproach under which it labours, of being nothing more nor less than an Organized Torpor. In England, Fellowships are awarded upon the strictest considerations of academical merit. Fully half the Fellows of the Oxford Colleges are resident, and nearly all the resident Fellows are engaged in public or private tuition. Even of the non-resident Fellows, very few fail to attend College meetings, many perform useful work for their Colleges, and the vast majority are honourably and earnestly employed, being very often indebted to their Fellowships alone for their means of subsistence during the earlier stages of their professional career. The class of promising graduates—such as we find in India—converted into *dilettante* loungers by the enervating influence of Fellowships, has scarcely any existence at home; and College Fellowships, instead of enervating those who obtain them, have produced a large proportion of the men eminent in Church and State. But then, in England, it is recognized that a Fellowship carries obligations; a fact that is only just beginning to be appreciated in India.

The speech delivered at the Convocation by the Vice-Chancellor (the Hon'ble Dr. Guru Dass Banerjee) opens up so many questions connected with our system of education in India, that it is impossible for us to do more than glance at one or

two of the more important points, and one of these is the system of tuition by lectures. Dr. Banerjee says: "Owing to the inconveniently large size attained by classes in our schools and colleges, teaching is conducted almost exclusively by lectures, and exercise is, as a rule, neglected. Now, however lucid and impressive lectures may be in giving comprehensive views of subjects, they are wholly insufficient to enable the students to master details unless they are supplemented by regular exercises. . . . I would, therefore earnestly impress on our school and college authorities the absolute necessity of regular exercises. . . . Unless the mind is well trained, and its power strengthened, its very equipment of knowledge may prove a burden rather than a benefit." Here Dr. Banerjee strikes the key-note of the defects in the system which turns out yearly so many practical failures; but he does not go far enough. There can be no greater mistake than to require a pupil to go directly, or only with a brief rest, from one lecture to another. Yet this is the system generally in vogue in India, and the sooner it is remedied, the better; for it is calculated to undermine that valuable mental faculty which makes the learner also an originator—one who can not only receive, but repay with interest what has been given. One of the chief requirements in a sound system of education is that the mental seed should have full time for development, and, as Dr. Banerjee rightly remarks: "You can no more improve the mind by merely stuffing it with information, without giving it exercise, than you can improve the body by mere feeding without physical training."

Since his arrival in India Mr. Henry S. King has steadfastly devoted his time to supporting the claims and furthering the interests of the Uncovenanted Civil Service; and the dinner given in his honour by the Uncovenanted Civil Service Association on the 22nd January was a fitting testimony of appreciation of his services. The claims of the Uncovenanted Services have, through the instrumentality of Mr. King, been twice brought before the House of Commons, with a view to securing an enquiry into their grievances; and it is now proposed to move Parliament again in the matter, unless, in the meantime,

the promises made by Sir John Gorst are carried out, and the legitimate grievances of the service remedied. The doctrine that Mr. King is engaged in preaching is the well-worn one, "Union is strength;" and that no one can help a person who will not help himself. At the same time he recognizes the disadvantages under which the service labours in securing fair discussion in Parliament. The difficulty lies in the absence of Parliamentary support on behalf of the service, which exercises no influence on the election of Members of Parliament; Mr. King is by no means irreconcilable, and professes his willingness to agree to any suitable compromise, on behalf of the service, that may be proposed by the Government of India. But it takes two parties to effect a compromise, and we must say that the Government has hitherto shown but little inclination to meet Mr. King half-way; on the contrary, it has displayed all the instincts of a petty trader in dealing with the claims of an extremely useful and hardworking body of its servants. Mr. King will leave India about the 7th February, and we trust that his efforts to bring about a settlement will meet with more success during the coming Parliamentary session than they have done on previous occasions.

The connexion which exists in racing matters between Lord William Beresford and the Maharajah of Durbhanga has been made the subject of unfavourable comment by two of our contemporaries. That the *Indian Mirror* should attack Lord William, is quite in accordance with its traditions, but that a sporting journal such as *Hayes' Sporting News* should be the first to condemn a connexion that has been productive of nothing but good to the Indian sporting world, is, to say the least, surprising. For our own part, we cannot see the slightest objection to the Maharajah placing his horses in the stables of such a thorough sportsman as Lord William, more especially as we understand there is no racing partnership between that native nobleman and the Military Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy. There are very few native noblemen who would care to undertake the worry of attention to the minute details which the supervision of a stud of valuable

factors entails, and any arrangement by which gentlemen who are possessed of the means to indulge in this noble sport, but are unwilling or unable to give it that personal attention by which alone a racing stable can be successfully managed, should be encouraged rather than found fault with.

The principal objections raised seem to be that Lord William is a Government official, and that his racing business must necessarily interfere with his public duties. But the fact of his being an official and holding his present important post, does not incapacitate him from being a sportsman, or preclude him from looking after the race horses of any one his equal in rank, whether European or Native; while the argument that the responsibility of managing such a large stable interferes with the performance of his public duties, not only sounds very much like an impertinence, both to Lord William and to the Viceroy, to whom alone he is responsible for the performance of those duties, but is unwarranted by facts. There cannot be the slightest doubt that Lord William has done as much as—if not more than—any man in India for the Indian Turf, and we trust that he may long continue to take the same interest in sport, and to remain at the head of as powerful a stable as he controls at the present day.

“APEX.”

CALCUTTA, 25th January 1890.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 5.—MARCH 1890.

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*ISABELLA VANCE.*

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## PART II.

IN one of the wildest parts of the Himalayas, where the foot of man but rarely trod, there dwelt a recluse, regarded by the people of the country as a very wise and holy man indeed. How long he had lived there no one could say; but the simple-minded Paharis believed he had been there for ever, or, at any rate, for thousands of years, and he was credited by them with boundless power over mind and matter. His only dwelling-place was an open cave, or rather an immense fissure in the rock, formed, as it would seem, by a terrific shock of earthquake, which had cloven the side of the mountain in two. This natural cave was roofed in by an immense boulder, that looked as if it had been carelessly thrown there by some giant hand. The mouth of the cave faced the setting sun, and immediately in front was a plateau, where grew some noble *chir* trees, with a few others of more stunted stature. On two sides were piled boulder upon boulder in wild disorder, but on the right there descended, from the very side of the cave, a sheer precipice where, a thousand feet below, a raging torrent swelled and roared like distant thunder, the white foam flying upwards through

the dark foliage of over-hanging shrubs and trees, as the waters swept madly on their course. It was a bold and picturesque spot, where the lordly eagle might have brought his mate, or the Himalayan bear have made his home, and yet this strange atom of humanity had chosen it for his dwelling-place, braving the keenest cold of winter in his open cave, and leaving it but on very rare occasions, to visit, for a day, Srinaggur, the capital of Teri.

It was the month of October, one of the loveliest months in the hills, when, the rains having ceased, and the clouds rolled away, the heavens shine down—a brilliant sapphire blue, and the verdure-clad hills rejoice in the radiant sunshine from which they have for three long months been debarred. It was afternoon, and the sun had already receded from the plateau before the cave of the wise man, and was playing at hide-and-seek among the loftier branches of the *chir* trees. Beneath a rhododendron, at the very mouth of the cave, was seated the wise man of the hills, his gaze fixed on vacancy, his form as motionless as if it had been carved in stone. The sound, however, of a loose stone rolling away, as if under the tread of somebody or something, drew his attention to the point where a steep, perilous, and narrow pathway led to the spot where he was seated. There, on the very edge of the plateau, having apparently just accomplished the toilsome ascent to it, stood the figure of a woman—a figure as motionless as his own.

There was nothing very surprising in this fact, taken alone; for the wise man was well accustomed to the sight of visitors who came to him with offerings and to consult his super-human wisdom on all imaginable points. Generally speaking, those who came to him were men; but occasionally women came also, though none like this one, or robed like her. The sage was, however, too much of an adept to show surprise, and his countenance remained immoveable while the figure advanced towards him with proud and haughty, but reluctant, steps, till at last it stood before him—a European woman, dressed in a close-fitting riding-habit, wearing a broad Terai hat, and holding in her hand a small riding whip, which she grasped

as if it were a weapon of offence. Over her shoulder was slung a gentleman's courier bag. It was Isabella Vance who looked down upon the shrivelled-up mummy before her, with scorn in her eyes and shame on her brow; proud, high-principled Isabella, who, driven to desperation by the madness of her love, had come to this wild and desolate region to consult, if need be, with unholy spirits. Her mother, a *Paharini* and teeming with *Pahari* superstitions, had been here more than once, and Isabella, as a little child, had come with her. She recognised the spot instantly, and the man before her, though remaining herself unrecognised. Almost insurmountable difficulties had stood in the way of her coming thus to consult the famous oracle, but her indomitable will had carried her victoriously through all. Three miles away, her father was encamped, with an attendant host of shikaries and coolies, and, at the foot of the steep, stood her pony in the charge of an old and faithful servant, who had formerly been her mother's confidential attendant, and was, in point of fact, a distant blood relation. This man had received from his master impressive orders that he was not to lose sight of his young mistress for a moment; but, arrived at the foot of the steep, Isabella had threatened him with untold horrors if he came one step further, and, through fear of the wise man's curse, he had succumbed. So these two were quite alone. Isabella looked steadily down on the mysterious creature squatted before her, and he looked away at the snow-laden mountains in the far blue distance, with a vacant, apathetic gaze, as if there were no living thing there besides himself, for it was not in keeping with his dignity to open the conversation. At last Isabella spoke :—

"You are the wise man of these hills," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly in the *Pahari* language, which she knew perfectly; "I have heard of you, and so I have come to see you."

The man gave a perfectly unintelligible grunt, which might have indicated pleasure or dissatisfaction, interpreted at will.

"The people say you can do everything," she continued; "I want you to do *two* things for me. If you can do the



*first*, I will give you one hundred rupees. If you can do the *second*, I will give you a great deal more,—as much money as you ask for."

She had touched a responsive chord at last. Of what use could gold and silver be to this strange being, who lived alone and seemed to care for none of the things which money might purchase? And yet he was a miser; for, at the very mention of the word, he looked up with a gleam of delight in two small eyes that burnt like coals of fire in his shrunken, shrivelled, yellow face.

"What do you require?" he asked, speaking for the first time.

Isabella hesitated, as if at a loss for words.

"They say—the people say—that you can do everything," she repeated slowly, as though trying to collect her thoughts. "They say that you can call up the spirits of the absent. This is the *first* thing I want you to do for me. I want you to call the spirit of some one here to-day—now."

"I can summon it," answered the man calmly. "What is the next thing you require?"

Isabella's eyes flashed with excitement.

"Do this first, and I will speak of the next thing afterwards. Here is the hundred rupees I promised you, and here is a bag of rice which I was told I must give you."

While speaking, Isabella opened her courier bag and drew from it two linen bags, tied at the mouth.

"That is the money," she said, indicating the larger and heavier bag of the two. "Count it, and see."

He did so, fingering each piece of silver as if he loved it.

"It is right," he said, returning the money to the bag, and tying up the mouth of the bag again. "In an hour-and-a-half it will be dark, and then I will do what you wish."

Isabella looked dismayed, for she had not reckoned upon being detained so late.

"I cannot stay so long," she said, adding imperiously, "you must do it now?"

"I can do nothing till the sun has gone down."

There flashed across the mind of Isabella the thought of her father's anguish if she were out after dark in that terrible place, and the distress of her servant *Santhoo*, alone at the foot of the steep, in charge of her pony. If she had not been so madly infatuated with her scheme, there was yet another reason why she should have hurried homeward without loss of time. On the snowy mountain range, plainly visible from there, a heavy storm was gathering. It might very possibly expend itself on the one range, but Isabella knew her mother's native hills well enough to be aware that it might also sweep down upon them in awful fury; yet she would permit no consideration to weigh with her—she would not postpone the attainment of her object—no, not for an hour.

"I will wait," she said briefly.

"I must also have something belonging to the person," said the wise man; "a lock of hair, or, if not that, some part of the dress—something that has been worn next the skin."

Isabella's eyes sparkled with anger, and a hot flush of shame mounted her brow and cheek, though none was there to witness her embarrassment, as, with slow and reluctant motion, she drew from the bosom of her dress a man's white kid glove.

"I have no lock of hair," she said shortly; "but you can have this."

The other looked at it curiously; never before in his experience had a similar article been presented to him; and Isabella had to explain how it was worn, exemplifying it on her own hand.

"It will do," he said, keeping possession of the glove; and Isabella seated herself on a stone, to pass as best she could the time of waiting.

No other words passed between them till the sun had set, and dusky shadows began to steal across the mountain sides. Then the solitary entered his cave and appeared to be absorbed in some occupation within, while Isabella felt her heart throb so fast and loud that she could almost hear it beat. The darkness grew deeper, and the trees could be seen standing out like spectres against the sky. No light where she was—no light

any where, except on the distant snowy peaks, where the threatening storm had burst in all its fury, and vivid flashes of lightning rent the blackness of the night.

At last, when it seemed as if a century of years had passed to the waiting girl, the wizard appeared, carrying in his hand a flaming pine-torch. Isabella watched him with bated breath as he proceeded to stick the torch in the ground, and then, take his stand at a good distance from where she was seated. She noticed that he held in his hands two slender wands of different lengths. With the point of the longer one, he made a circle round the spot where he stood, turning slowly round as he did so, and then, with the smaller wand, he made a very small circle within the larger one. Then, putting aside the wands, as if his business with them were finished, he took up the two bags of money and rice which Isabella had brought with her, and proceeded to go over the lines of the circles he had already marked out, by putting a rupee, then a pinch of rice, a rupee, and another pinch of rice, at certain distances from one another, till the whole of the circles had been gone over. This process being finished, he took up the bags and the two wands, and once more disappeared into the interior of the cave.

After a few moments had elapsed, the wizard returned, carrying in his hand this time a small shallow pan, containing a few coals of fire, from which there leaped up constantly little tongues of pale bluish flame. This pan he carefully placed in the very centre of the smaller circle, and Isabella felt as if an electric shock had run through her frame when she noticed that the white glove was placed alongside of it.

Having done this, the mysterious organizer of the scene stepped forward and once more took up the pine-torch, which all this while had been flaring redly in the evening breeze. Torch in hand, he again stepped within the outer circle, and, carrying the flaming brand aloft, began to dance to a slow and solemn measure, muttering the while, in a strange, wild manner, to himself.

As the dance continued, so the performer grew more excited. He tossed his arms aloft, torch and all, and took wild leaps.

in the air, never, however, touching the charmed inner circle, where the coals of fire still burned with their peculiar bluish flame. Up to this Isabella's interest had been so absorbed by what was going on, that she had not noticed that the holy man had divested himself of nearly all his clothing ; but she noticed it now, and the sight of his almost nude figure, cutting wild gyrations in the air, filled her with loathing and indignation—so much did it resemble an ordinary devil dance, of which she had seen more than one, and which she held in utter abhorrence. She wished to rise and call to the impostor to stop his vile performance, but it seemed to her that she was chained to the spot and could not move. Watching still, it seemed to her horrified imagination that she saw other forms besides one in that magic circle—shadowy, spectral forms, that also tossed their arms and leaped aloft. For about half-an-hour the dance went on, and then the wizard fell on the ground, as if utterly exhausted. For about a minute he lay perfectly still, and then, rising slowly, he seated himself near the central circle. Taking up the glove, he held it to the live coals that were still burning in the pan. Isabella watched it shrink and quiver as if it were a living thing ; then it began to smoulder ; and slowly there arose a thin white vapour, that gradually swelled in volume till it looked like a luminous pillar of cloud, shining with a tremulous, bluish light, like the fire from which it sprang. It swayed slowly in the air, parted in the centre like a riven curtain, and rapidly melted into airy vapour, while, where it had been, was visible to Isabella's straining eyes the form of Gerald Winsloe. There he stood, exactly as she had seen and known him, but with a sad, wistful, questioning look in his eyes, as if he were asking wherefore he had been summoned to this unholy ceremony. Isabella had over-rated her own strength and endurance, and she could bear no more. With a wild cry she put out her hands, as if to push off an approaching foe, and fell senseless to the ground.

When she awoke, everything had disappeared—circle, light, vapour-form had all vanished—and nought was there but the wise man, holding in his hand the pine-torch and gazing down at her.

"Does the lady believe in my power now?" he asked, gravely, but not unkindly.

Isabella only shuddered in reply.

"If you will come back to-morrow, I will do what more you wish to have done," he went on; "but how will you get home now? It is very dark and a storm is coming."

"I must go," said Isabella, desperately. "My father is sure to have sent out servants with lights, to look for me, and my pony is close by. I must go."

Her only desire now was to get away from that frightful place. With desperate haste she began to descend the steep hill side, slipping, falling, at every step; bruising her hands and face, and tearing her clothes, but feeling no fear; only a numbed horror pervading her whole system.

Standing above, and holding aloft the pine-torch, the Hermit watched her a part of the way down the descent.

"The storm will overtake her," he muttered. "The woman is a sinner and the gods are angry; their vengeance will overtake her."

Even as he spoke, the storm burst—a flash of lightning, which seemed to rend the heavens in two followed by another and another; crashes of thunder, that never ceased to reverberate round the echoing mountains; and large drops began to fall like heavy tears.

Isabella reached the bottom of the steep. She knew the exact spot where her pony should be—a small thicket of shrubs, with a low-growing tree, to which the animal had been tied. A vivid flash of lightning lit up the whole scene; but neither pony nor man was there.

"Santhoo! Santhoo!" she cried in agonized tones; but no voice replied. Santhoo had deserted his post.

Then a sense of being wholly forsaken at last swept over the miserable girl. She threw up her arms to heaven: "Ah, God, have mercy!" she cried; but the sound of her voice was lost on the furious gale.

Another flash of lightning—fiercer, brighter than any that had preceded it,—a crash of thunder that shook the mountains

to their very base. The little tree to which the pony had been tied was riven in two, and near it lay the lifeless body of a woman.

So it was found, after the storm had passed away,—wet with the rain of heaven. So it was taken up—tenderly, reverently—to be laid to sleep—poor, erring clay!—in the consecrated ground of the oak-shaded cemetery of Nul-Nul.

Miss Vance had been thrown from her pony, while riding along the edge of a precipice, and killed ;—this was the story circulated in the station and believed by all. Only the unhappy father, knowing something of the real facts, and guessing the rest, kept his painful secret locked within his breast, and, selling his property, left the country for ever—a broken-hearted, broken-down man.

## CALCUTTA IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

No. 5.

### AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE THROUGH CALCUTTA.

HAVING given a short account of Calcutta, its original site and history, and referred to some old writers on the subject, we will now ask our readers to accompany us over such of its chief localities as revive historic associations and endeavour to summon up the ghosts of departed days, dim visions of the years gone by that re-call the thoughts and deeds of the buried generations of Englishmen who figured on the stage of events in Calcutta during the last century. We will commence with Kidderpur in the south, and, after taking Chouringee and Tank Square on our way, conclude with Chitpur, the northern limit of the Town.

*Kidderpur* is situated to the south of that portion of Tolly's Nullah which is crossed by Hastings Bridge. At a little distance from this bridge, there was another, of brick, a much older structure, called Surman's, after Mr. Surman, a Member of Council, and one of those who composed the Embassy to Delhi in 1716. To the south of it, again, lay Surman's Garden, where he probably resided. It will be ever memorable as the spot where Governor Drake and his cowardly associates, after having treacherously given up the Fort to the enemy, in 1756, took rest, on their way to the shipping. To the south of this garden and adjoining its wall, was a pyramid which marked the boundary of the village of Gobindpur, the limit of the Company's Colony of Calcutta. Kidderpur was named after General Robert

Supplement to Western "Wit and Wisdom."

## APPLEBY'S LESSONS IN NATURAL MEMORY,

A Memory-Aiding Method,

INVALUABLE TO STUDENTS, TEACHERS, LINGUISTS,  
MATHEMATICIANS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS,  
MEN OF BUSINESS, etc.

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"He who shortens the road to knowledge lengthens life."

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Having during the past few years received so many complaints from persons who have been pupils of so-called "Professors," without receiving any benefit, Mr. F. Appleby (author of the *Phonetical Memory Book* of which 12,000 copies have been sold), has engaged the services of several gentlemen who for many years have made Memory and Memory-helps their special study, to prepare a series of LESSONS ON MEMORY AND THE NATURAL WAY OF IMPROVING IT.—These Lessons are intended to be thoroughly practical, the aim throughout being to improve the memory of the pupil.

*They are not published for profit.*—The fee charged being only sufficient to cover the cost of printing, and advertising, and to allow a fair remuneration to the teacher.

The lessons are seven in number, and their most conspicuous feature is the great importance given to TWO SUBJECTS which, as a rule, require a great straining of the memory, viz. :—

1st.—The easy learning of LANGUAGES, with their difficult words, declensions, conjugations, rules of Grammar, etc. One lesson is entirely devoted to the quick acquirement of FRENCH, and copious illustrations of the method are given to facilitate the study of GERMAN, LATIN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GREEK, HEBREW, ARABIC, HINDUSTANI, and RUSSIAN.



2.—THE EASY RETENTION OF FIGURES.—“An incontestable fact, says a great French Mnemonist, the Abbe Moigno, is that in our century, more than in any other, the numerical data to be retained are getting every day more and more numerous.” Unfortunately many individuals have worse memories for figures than for any other objects, and a good Mnemonical Method to retain them has become a necessity. The lessons contain numerous applications to Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, History, Geography, Statistics, etc:—

They will also include the following special subjects:—

MNEMONICS APPLIED TO SHORTHAND.—Simplifies many of the apparent difficulties and gives many hints to those learning Pitman's System.

OUR M. P.'s AND THE CONSTITUENCIES THEY REPRESENT.—A most useful and yet easy and simple exercise.

MENTAL RECKONING.—Including many new and quick mental arithmetical calculations, most useful to clerks and men of business.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—An entirely New Method for committing to memory long and difficult words. The long Welsh and Greek words given below may be learned in a few minutes by this Method:—

*Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgertrobwllgerchwyrnbyllgogerbwlllyantysiliogogoch* (the name of a village in Wales)

*Lepidotemachoselachogaleoskraniroleipsanodrimupotrimmatossilphiokarabomelitokatakeehumenokichlepikeoosuphophattoperisteralektruonoptegkephalokinchlopeleiolagoosiraioabaphetraganopterugon* (comic word used by Aristophanes)

A WHIST OR CARD MEMORY.—The merit of this method is that it is practicable. Whist memories as a rule are merely theoretical, and in practice are generally found useless.

THE MORSE, TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET thoroughly learned in half an hour—a great saving of time and labour to telegraph learners.

LECTURING AND REPORTING WITHOUT NOTES are shown to be an easy feat, on the importance of which it would be useless to dwell.

MIND WANDERING AND DEFECTIVE MEMORY—the cause and cure plainly indicated.

These are only *special* subjects included in the Lessons, which, however, apart from them, embrace a thorough Course of exercises for training the natural memory, and can be truly said to be by far *the most complete Course of Mnemonics ever taught*.

Those who have *Appleby's Memory Book* will find these Lessons particularly useful, as not only will they learn a vast number of subjects not included in the book, but as so many students are quite incapable of self-coaching, they will be taught how to master the contents of the Memory Book. It is too often the case with people who buy a book, that they hurriedly skim through it without taking the time to assimilate even the simplest principles, and then declare the book to be worthless. The object of these Lessons and the constant care of the teacher is to take the pupil by the hand, to lead him step by step, and make him overcome all difficulties.

The Lessons have been carefully written by men thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and Mr. Appleby can recommend them as very practicable and sensible, and as being honest value for the fee charged.

### TERMS:

*Without Correspondence, by F. Appleby's				} Rs. 7/8 for the whole Course	
Teacher	...	...	...		
"	"	Two Pupils	...	"	6/8 each
"	"	Four Pupils	...	"	5/8
For a class of	"	Twelve pupils		"	55 the classes

N. B.—As "Professors" of Mnemonics as a rule do not hesitate to steal the brains of others, subscribers are required to promise not to divulge the contents of these Lessons.

\*The lessons are very comprehensive and correspondence is unnecessary.

### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to numerous inquiries, Mr. Appleby begs to intimate that:

1st.—He has *not* made any discoveries in the Art of Memory, because *whatever* is being taught at present by any "Professors" or others has been discovered for a long time.

2nd.—He does *not* advertise any lecture containing *wonderful feats* of memory, because either *THOSE LECTURES ARE—FOR OBVIOUS REASONS—NEVER DELIVERED*, or, like Lord Bacon, he thinks that the feats of young boys prove nothing—picked young boys, with vivid imaginations and strong verbal memories, being able to do such feats with any System of Memory.—But his aim is to secure in the pupils the *retention* of knowledge, a result not likely to be obtained by a purely imaginative process.

3rd.—He does *not* promise the pupil that he will learn by his System *from 50 to 200 foreign words per hour, of any language*, because this is entirely impossible, unless the pupil be a phenomenon, or the words happen to be the same as in English—in which case evidently Mnemonics is *not* necessary. But he will put the pupil in possession of the *most powerful Memory-aiding Methods* for learning languages and thus save plenty of time and labour.

4th.—He does not claim, as some "Professors" do, to have discovered the *Laws of the Natural Memory*, for, though his System is entirely based on them, these laws were discovered *over two thousand years ago*.

5th.—He does *not* promise to teach how to learn any book in one reading, because, of whatever *hidden sense* these words may be susceptible, such a feat is totally impossible and such an advertisement can only cause disappointment. But he gives the pupil all the best rules for committing to memory the matter of a book and reading it with profit.

6th.—In one word, he does *not* issue a *bombastic Prospectus* because he intends to fulfil his promises.

# TESTIMONIALS.

182, CANNENWELL NEW ROAD, LONDON, S. W.  
January 5th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

"It was a relief to me to find at last a System of Memory that was not advertised like Holloway's pills or an American medicine. This alone gave me confidence, and the taste of a Prospectus deprived of any bombast decided me. I thought that the man who spoke with such unwonted modesty would probably keep his word. I have not been disappointed, you have indeed taught me all you promised to teach, and this is not a small merit in these days of unblushing charlatanism.

I therefore consider it my duty to recommend your Course of Lessons to all who wish to improve their memory, and thereby save in their studies or business a great deal of that time which is becoming every day more and more valuable.

I must add that the unprecedentedly low price of the System places it within the range of even the poor, and henceforth nobody will have the excuse of the want of money to neglect the training of his memory.

I must conclude by thanking you for the assiduous care with which you corrected all my exercises, and explained all difficulties.

Yours faithfully,  
F. BERNARD.

594, QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, CANADA.  
December 15th, 1886.

DEAR SIR,

Permit me to congratulate you on the success of your Lessons in Natural Memory. Your System fully deserves this title, as too many Mnemonical methods are very artificial indeed, but you have placed Mnemonics on a truly philosophical basis and made it a development of Psychology. I hope that through you Mnemonics will at last be introduced in our schools, both high and low class, and thus reduce the labour of teachers and pupils.

I shall always be very happy to recommend your Course of Lessons as the simplest, easiest, the most complete, and also the cheapest System of Memory ever taught.

Yours very truly,  
H. B. BEACON.

9, HAMPUR STREET, RED LION SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,  
January 17th, 1887

DEAR MR. FIVERNAU,

I have the greatest pleasure in testifying to the utility and simplicity of the System of Mnemonics taught by you. Like many others, I have always been inclined to regard the systems so largely advertised by their exponents as unreal, exaggerated and impracticable, and the insight I have had into them has gone far to confirm this impression. But it would be an injustice not to at once exclude the System you teach from this category. I have found it simple, attractive, and effective, and I wish you every success in its propagation.

Believe me, very truly yours,  
R. A. TAYLOR LOBAN.

Apply to Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Jalapahee,  
Darjeeling

ON TO

THE EDITOR,

MOHAMMADAN OBSERVER

101 Ripon Street  
CALCUTTA.

Kyd,\* Chief Engineer in the Company's Military Establishment; whose sons, James† and Robert Kyd, were foremost among the ship-builders of their time, and in 1818 launched, from the dock there, the *Hastings*, a vessel carrying seventy-four guns, the only line of battle ship ever built in Calcutta, a ship built by private subscription among the merchants, and afterwards sold to Government. With the experience of American Independence before them, the English viewed with great alarm the growth of the East Indians as a separate community, the prevailing impression being that, in process of time, they would join the natives and drive the English from the country, and various plans were devised to counteract their influence. They did not mix freely with Europeans, but lived in an atmosphere of native associations, hence this antagonism of feeling. There was a single boarding school in Calcutta, in 1780, exclusively for the benefit of East Indian children. Their females, however, would not shake off the habits contracted from their mothers, and preferred smoking the *hooka* to the pursuit of learning. The glorious deeds of such men as Kyd, Barley, Skinner, and others, however, proved conclusively what genius, combined with iron will and strength of character, could achieve, notwithstanding "the depressing influence of European caste."

To Colonel Watson, of the Engineers, doubtless, belongs the honour of being the first Englishman to establish dry and wet docks in Bengal.‡ His keen perception showed at a glance the favourable position of the Bay of Bengal in regard to the countries lying to the east and west of

\* He was distinguished for Botanical researches, and at Sibpur, across the river, he laid the foundation of the Government Botanic Garden, in the centre of which a marble urn was erected to his memory. He gave his name to Kyd Street in the city, where a portion of the premises occupied by the United Services Club is now located.

† James Kyd died in Calcutta, on the 26th October 1836, and lies buried in the Scotch cemetery at Karaya in the suburbs. He wrote a tract, exhorting East Indians to imitate his example, and either follow an honourable profession or take to handicraft as a source of livelihood, instead of depending on Government support and favour. He was held in high estimation by his class, who deplored his death as a public loss.

‡ Another account says that a Mr. Waddell, the Company's master-builder, first erected docks in Calcutta in 1795, and that he had then the Government Yard at Kidderpur, which afterwards became the property of the two brothers, James, James and Robert Kyd.

it, and he saw that, if his countrymen aspired to being masters of the Eastern seas, their marine must be placed on an efficient footing. In 1769 and 1770 two vessels only had been launched, and Calcutta had hitherto mainly depended for its ships on Pegu on the eastern, and Surat and Bombay on the western, coast; Bombay having had docks as early as 1735. Watson saw the advantages and facilities which Kidderpur possessed for constructing, repairing, and equipping men-of-war and merchantmen, and he applied to Government for a grant of land, which was forthwith conceded. The devastation caused by Haidar Ali in the Carnatic in 1780 roused the Government to exertion, there not being a sufficient number of vessels to carry grain to the people of the South, then visited by famine. Roused to a sense of the immediate necessity of shipping, Watson commenced his works forthwith; and, the next year, he launched the *Nonsuch*, a frigate of 36 guns, which was constructed entirely by native artisans under his personal supervision. For the next eight years he devoted his time and fortune to the undertaking, and in 1788 he launched another frigate, the *Surprise*, of 32 guns. By this time, however, his resources failed him, and, after having sunk ten lakhs of rupees in the works, he was obliged to give them up.\* Commerce made rapid strides, credit revived: within twenty years, thirty-five vessels, measuring 17,020 tons, were built; and from 1781 to 1821, the total number was 237, costing upwards of two millions sterling. At Fort St. Gloucester, between 1811 and 1828, twenty-seven vessels, measuring 9,322 tons, were built; and, in 1801, a ship of 1,445 tons, the *Countess of Sutherland*, was built at Tittagarh, on the outskirts of Barrackpur.

To the north of Hastings Bridge lies Cooly Bazaar. At one time, it boasted of a handsome Mahomedan burial ground; but this was removed to make room for the present buildings. It was here that Nand Kumar, chief of the Brahmanical

\* An incident is related in connection with Watson's Docks. It appears he had erected a windmill in their vicinity; but, as it overlooked the Zenana of a native, the latter sought the protection of the law and obtained a decree to have the windmill pulled down. A writer quaintly remarks that it was suit of a *Windmill v. Nuisance*.

priesthood in Bengal, was executed, on the 5th August 1775. The Hindus regarded the execution as a *Mahapatak* (a deadly sin), ranked only with theft of gold from a priest, adultery with the wife of a *Guru*, the drinking of spirits, and associating with those who committed any of these sins. Anonymous letters were forwarded to the Chief Justice, Sir Elija Impey, who passed the sentence of death, and to the other Judges, threatening them with violent death, at the hands of an infuriated mob, on their way to the Court. Nothing daunted by such imbecile menaces, the Judges marched in solemn procession to the Supreme Court, attended with all the pomp and paraphernalia of Justice, and, as might be expected, nothing came of these threats. Cooly Bazaar is now occupied chiefly by non-commissioned officers attached to Fort William in the Ordnance and Commissariat Departments, and the munitions of war are also stored there.

The road leading to Diamond Harbour begins at Kidderpur. From the latter place to Barisa, an intermediate village, it presented a picturesque appearance in the last century, being shaded on both sides with trees, which served as resting-places for travellers—a humane provision of the Mogul Government. As the distance from Diamond Harbour to the City was 39 miles by land and 56 by the river, the former route was preferred; and, in addition to the advantage of a shorter journey, it avoided the risks of communication by water. During the period of strong tides, that is, in the hot and rainy seasons, cargo-boats occupied from five to seven days in conveying goods from Calcutta to Diamond Harbour, and ships were known to take three weeks tacking up the river from Diamond Harbour to the City. Stavorinus gave the name of Dover to Diamond Harbour, “where the English have built some warehouses and a factory much visited by ships. Close to it is a channel called the Shrimp Channel.”

Two miles south of Kidderpur is *Manick Chand's Bagan*, of which Holwell writes:—“The family of the Raja of Burdwan farmed to the amount of four lakhs, contiguous to the bounds of Calcutta, and had a palace at Byala (Behala); the Fort of Budge Budge, on the Ganges, was also their property.” The garden

mentioned above was the residence of a Hindu named Manick Chand, who was appointed Governor of Calcutta after its capture by Seraj-ud-Daula in 1756. He was so notorious for his rapacity that, although 50,000 natives returned to the town subsequently, no one possessed of property would venture within his reach. He was as cowardly as he was treacherous, and seems to have had no appetite for cold steel or warm bullet, for, in the storming of the Fort of Budge-Budge by Clive and Watson, a spent missile, which hit his turban, so acted on his nerves that he took to his heels immediately, and did not stop till he reached Murshedabad. His ill-gotten wealth always found an outlet into the Viceregal coffers; he was a capital sponge for Ali Verdi to squeeze when his finances were at a low ebb.

To the east of Kidderpur were situated the Calcutta *Militia Lines*. The soldiers were all natives, certainly not recruited after the original method of the Militia; for, in earlier times, every European was expected to be a Militiaman, in the same way that every passenger on board an Indiaman was trained to take part in the defence of the vessel as any ordinary seaman. Two years after the Battle of Plassey, the Europeans of Calcutta were all enrolled in the Militia for the defence of the town. This relieved the strain on the regular troops, and enabled the Company to send them on active service against the Dutch, who came up the Hooghly in large numbers. Again, four years later, all the regulars were absent from Calcutta on duty, and the Militia were placed in charge of it. The latter, however, who were a body of free merchants and free mariners, being tired of a life of inactivity, grew eager for employment in the field, and marched to Patna, leaving an impression behind them that 'Englishmen love fighting for fighting's sake.' In the beginning of the present century the Militia included the Portuguese and Armenians among its members.

The *Kidderpur Military Orphan School* was established in 1783 by Major Kilpatrick. It was located at first at Howrah, and was removed to its present premises about 1790. "Kyderpur House" is a splendid building, and possesses one of

the finest ball-rooms in Calcutta. It was originally the property of Mr. Richard Barwell, a Member of Council during the administration of Warren Hastings, and, in 1788, was purchased for Rs. 75,000, since which it has proved of inestimable benefit to the daughters of a large number of deserving officers of the late Bengal Army. In former days European ladies had a horror of the Indian climate, even Lady Teignmouth refusing to come out to India with her husband; Kidderpur was consequently the resort of weary bachelors, young and old, and men in want of wives, who made their selection of partners for life at balls given expressly for the purpose, often travelling long distances to attain that object. *Aprpos* of these balls, the following advertisement, taken from the *Calcutta Gazette* of 1810, will be found interesting:—

"The General Management of the Military Orphan Society having found occasion to form some arrangements for the better regulation of the monthly dance given by the Society to the daughters of officers at the Kidderpur School, notice is hereby given that no person whosoever will, in future, be admitted to this entertainment without producing a printed Card of Invitation.

"The gentlemen in His Majesty's Military and Naval Service, the gentlemen in the Civil and Military Service of the Hon'ble Company, and the gentlemen resident in Calcutta not in the Service of His Majesty or the Company, and all other persons of respectability will invariably, upon application to Mr. John Howard, the Head Master of Kidderpur School, be furnished with tickets of admission to the dance for themselves and families, agreeably to such list of names of persons to be invited as may accompany the application for the tickets. The application should be made to the Head Master two or three days before the dance takes place.

By order of the General Management.

GEORGE BRIETZCKE,

*Secretary.*

ORPHAN SOCIETY'S OFFICE,

KIDDERPUR,

1st November 1810.

A. STEPHEN.

(To be continued.)



### *SAMOA.*

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THE recent disputes between Germany and America have brought this beautiful group of islands into such general notice, and the interest excited in them has been so much enhanced by the accounts of the disastrous hurricane which visited them some months ago, that we are sure the following account of them—from the letters of a gentleman who, from his long residence and his occupation as a land and marine surveyor, was better acquainted with their interior, a considerable portion of which he personally surveyed, than most persons who have visited them—will be generally acceptable:—

Though the Samoan, or Navigator Group, extends over 4° of longitude, the three largest islands—Savaii, Upala and Tutuila—are visible from one another, the distance between Savaii and Upala being only eight miles from reef to reef. The latter island, although the second in altitude and area, is the finest of the group, owing both to its superior fertility and its large and secure harbours. Savaii, on the other hand, is immensely productive, while Upala, in comparison, is as a garden to a wilderness. All the islands are lofty and volcanic, being a chain of extinct craters, whose fires, having been extinguished for centuries, have been replaced by lakes of great depth; while the ridges and wide elevated plateaux, which rise, one behind the other, up to the watershed of the central range, display vast areas of rich tableland, covered with the most luxuriant forests. In the silent depths of these are to be seen the ruins of ancient villages and buildings of strange forms, composed of massive stone-work; while the remains of boundary walls, causeways, reservoirs and irrigation

ditches, afford unmistakeable proof that, at some early unknown time, the country was thickly populated and industriously cultivated. Who the people were who formerly inhabited the islands and have left behind such incontestable evidences of prosperous settlement and high civilisation—of what race, or what religion, there is nothing whatever to show.

Amongst other remains, there is, upon the Island of Upala, what resembles a Druidical circle, of a form corresponding to those found in Britain and Scandinavia. It is a circle of about 40 feet diameter, composed of basaltic pillars about 12 feet in length, connected by others laid horizontally along their tops, with two taller ones in the centre. This curious monument stands some 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, about eight miles inland from Upala, at the head of the great waterfall of the Singano River, and is known to the Samoans as "*fale-o-lefe*" (the house of the spirit). In the present day Upala is inhabited upon the sea coast only, although the soil of the mountain tablelands is of the most fertile description, being deep, loose and porous, of a chocolate colour, and capable of cultivation with little labour, as the lighter portions of the forest can, from the looseness of the soil, be easily eradicated.

The heavy timber with which the mountain slopes are covered, from its valuable character, the facilities of transport to the sea coast, and the abundance of water power for the purpose of sawing it up on the spot, would more than repay the cost of its removal.

Of the fertility and beauty of the islands, no adequate conception can be formed by those who have not seen them. There can be no more glorious prospect than that which is presented to one sailing along the coast of Upala and viewing the great expanse of cocoa-nut groves extending far inland, over the surface of gentle slopes, intersected by bridle-paths, along which one may ride for a dozen miles and meet with hardly any vegetation beyond the apparently interminable forest of palms, bread-fruit, and bananas; while, rising up behind them, are the forest-covered plateaux, crowned by mountain peaks which tower three thousand feet above the sea.

Savaii, like Upala, is inhabited only along the coast line, and for a few miles inland. The island itself is about 250 miles in circumference, and the highest peak rises about 4,000 feet above the sea level, or about the height, and with something of the form, of Parisnath. The interior is a wilderness of the most gorgeous tropical vegetation—groves, dense even to darkness, of palms, plantains, citrons, mango, and bread-fruit, and wild yams trailing themselves into a matted jungle.

On the flanks of the great mountain are tracts of forest, in which a man might wander for weeks without finding a way out, of most valuable timber trees, such as, *Asi*, *Mamala*, *Maridi*, *To*, *Taina*, *Tomano*, and *Vii*; while, amongst the undergrowth, are to be found ginger, the true nutmeg of commerce (not the bastard kind so commonly found in *Fiji*), cotton and rattan.

Of the population of the entire group, about 40,000 souls, more than one-third live upon Savaii. The centre of commercial operations is situated at Apia on the north coast of Upala. Here is a large harbour, affording accommodation for a great number of ships, and regarded as perfectly secure, except in December, January, and February, when the north wind at times drives in a heavy sea, and hurricanes are not uncommon. The harbour entrance is due north, and is bounded on both sides, east and west, by coral reefs, awash at high water, with a very heavy surf constantly breaking over them. The harbour shallows gradually from twenty fathoms at the entrance to three-and-a-half fathoms close to the beach.

The settlement has the appearance of a long straggling village, extending along the water's edge, and consists of about 250 houses, the property of Europeans, including the English, American, and German Consulates, the establishment of Messrs. Johan Cæsar Godeffroy and Sons, of Hamburg, a fraternity of French Roman Catholic Priests, a School conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, an English Mission, six or seven public-houses and grog-shops, a billiard saloon, a bakery, two steam cotton gins, and a dozen large stores and retail shops. The streets of Apia, which contain about 1,500 inhabitants, have a curiously Home village appearance, with their various-sized cottages, built, some

of coral blocks, and others of California redwood, and their palisaded gardens and enclosures, gay with flowers and flowering shrubs and creepers.

The German firm of Godeffroy, some years ago, purchased a very extensive tract of land in the islands, containing from 25,000 to 30,000 acres, very much of it being so elevated as to possess a mild temperature, well suited to the constitution of Europeans, and consisting of the fertile plateaux, which, as mentioned above, were anciently inhabited and cultivated, and the greater portion of which are not to be surpassed in fertility by any region of the tropical world. It was bought at a low rate, not, upon the average, exceeding 75 cents per acre, and was chiefly paid for in arms and ammunition, or such articles of barter as are most appreciated by semi-barbarous people. During the progress of the civil strife which has prevailed for several years upon the middle island, and which lately broke out again between King Malietoa and the Vice-King Tamasese in Savaii, the firm of Godeffroy enjoyed exceptional advantages in dealing with the natives, as they owned a manufactory of arms at Liege, in Belgium, from which they were able to supply the belligerents with war material at a very low rate.

As an instance of the ridiculously low price at which land was procurable some few years ago, a merchant of Sydney purchased, in 1870, a block of land,—consisting of 320 acres of the richest soil, covered with cocoanut and bread-fruit trees, and having a stream of fresh water so flowing into the sea that a ship of any size might be moored to the rock alongside, and fill her water tanks with a hose,—for a Snider rifle and a thousand rounds of Boxer cartridge. Purchase value about £3-10.

Messrs. Godeffroy, in purchasing these lands, had in view their sub-division, in small lots, among German immigrants, on leases with option of purchase, they providing the means of transport and all necessities, to begin with. It was contemplated that the settlers should form a Military colony, and should cultivate corn, coffee, tobacco, cinchona, and other produce, while the low lands in the vicinity of the sea beach were to be devoted

to the growth of cocoa palms, sugar-cane, rice, jute, &c., by Chinese labour. The results, there can be little doubt, would have been very great, but the realization of the scheme was interrupted by the Franco-German war, and afterwards had to be abandoned in consequence of the Imperial German policy, of discouragement to emigration in any form: and since then the great house of Johan Cæsar Godeffroy has failed.

Some time between 1870 and 1874, a merchant and ship-owner of San Francisco, Mr. William Webb, obtained from the Chief certain grants of land at Pago-Pago, upon the island of Tutuila, which possesses what is undoubtedly the finest harbour in these seas. There it was proposed to establish a naval and coaling station, and to acquire some 10,000 acres of land contiguous to the seaport, part on Tutuila and the remainder on Upala. Long ago the advantage of this magnificent harbour was pointed out to the British Government by intelligent Englishmen, but, with the usual dilatoriness of our Foreign and Colonial Offices, the opportunity of acquiring it was allowed to slip by, though it had been carefully surveyed, and the soundings and land-marks laid down by George Johnson, Master, R.N., under the directions of Captain C. R. D. Bethune, R.N., so far back as 1838.

There is good anchorage for a fleet, protected from every wind that blows, and the keener-sighted Americans have now acquired control over it, while the American Congress has recently voted considerable sums for the improvement of the harbour and the establishment of a naval station.

In fact, British interests are altogether in the shade in Samoa; the Germans and Americans dividing the control over the islands and their semi-independent rulers, between them.

It remains to be seen how far this condition of things will be modified by the convention recently adopted between Great Britain, Germany and the United States, according to which it is provided that the islands shall be neutral territory, and the subjects and citizens of the Signatory Powers enjoy equal rights.

*SOME GOSSIP ABOUT DREAMS.**(Concluded.)*

I REMARKED that, while sensation was largely concerned in determining the course of our ideas in dreams, there was reason for believing that the course of the ideas, in its turn, not unfrequently determined whether a particular sense impression should declare itself in the dream consciousness, or not.

A recent dream of my own furnishes, I think, a convincing proof of this determinative action of the idea.

I had, at the time, a small American clock, of the ordinary type, in metal case, which was a very loud ticker, and which used to give periodically an extra loud click—due, I believe, to the winding-handle falling over, whenever, in the course of its revolution, it reached a certain position. From the night preceding that of the dream in question, this clock, which had previously been accommodated elsewhere, had been placed in my bed-room. On the first night its noise neither delayed nor disturbed my sleep; and, although I dreamt a good deal, there was nothing in any of my dreams capable of being connected with its ticking. The same was the case on the second night, until early morning, when I dreamt the following dream:—

I was walking, after dark, along a broad esplanade, facing the sea. Some seventy or eighty yards in advance, this esplanade stopped short, and was succeeded by a row of houses, set somewhat further back. At this juncture two men, one elderly and the other in the prime of life, came over from the road on to the esplanade and passed in front

of me towards the sea face, the elderly man following his companion. Each of them carried a rapier in his hand, and, from their conversation as they passed, I gathered that they were about to fight a duel. Horrified at the prospect, I quickened my pace, partly from disinclination to witness a tragedy, partly from anxiety to reach such a distance from the scene of action that I might reasonably be supposed to be unaware of what was going on. A multitude of thoughts succeeded one another in my mind as I hurried on,—the publicity of the place, though no one happened to be then about; the fact that there were no seconds; and, what struck me as particularly embarrassing, that, if anything serious happened, I might be called upon to render assistance, besides much else that I could not distinctly recall when I awoke.

I was particularly anxious to place the row of houses between myself and the combatants before the duel commenced. As yet, all was silent, but I knew that the critical moment was approaching. I reached the roadway, and, at last, passed in front of the houses, congratulating myself that now at least I could see nothing of the fray, even if I turned round. All this time I had been straining my ears to catch the first sound of steel, and I now began to hope that this would not reach me. But between some of the houses there ran side-ways, opening on the sea, and, as I passed one of these openings, the clash of their weapons suddenly rang out sharp and clear on the night air. I was fascinated, and stood still to listen. Click, click—clank, clank; click, click—clank, clank,—in measured succession, came the sounds. I marvelled at the absolute regularity with which the strokes were timed; at their excessive rapidity, and, as minute followed minute, at the skill and endurance of the swordsmen. At last, there came a clash much louder than the rest, which finally resolved itself into a scraping sound, and then all was silence again. I knew that one of the men was hit, and wondered which it was. Presently I heard the voice of the elder man, in tones which convinced me that he was unhurt, and that his antagonist was, at least, still alive.

I waited to see them return to the road ; but, before they appeared, I awoke, to see that it was half-past eight, and to recognise in the ticking of the clock the strangely measured impact of the duellists' swords.

Now, this dream, it will be observed, consisted of a series of events, leading up to a catastrophe distinctly anticipated by me, and of a kind in which the noise of swords would naturally play a prominent part ; and what is specially noteworthy about it, is that, though throughout the earlier stages of the action, as throughout my previous dreams of the same night, as well as those of the preceding night, the clock was ticking as loudly and continuously as during the duel, yet its sound was powerless to affect my consciousness till the proper psychological moment arrived. Only when the noise of meeting swords became essential to the consummation of my dream, and when I had been for some time listening attentively for it, then, and not before, did the ticking become audible to me.

It was, no doubt, the upsetting of the winding-handle of the clock that was transformed into the final lunge, and when this suggested that the duel was at an end, the ticking became inaudible again, as it had been before.

It was the attitude of mental expectancy created by the first stage of the dream action, the listening for the sound of swords, which, acting as a stimulus to my torpid auditory nerves, or nerve-centres, made them sensitive, for the time being, to sounds to which, until that moment, they had been absolutely surd ; and when this attitude of expectancy ceased, and the course of the dream action demanded silence, they fell back again into their previous state of insensibility.

As, in our waking moments, an attitude of expectancy renders us sensitive to impressions that would otherwise pass unheeded, so, in our dreams, it is but reasonable to suppose, a similar attitude opens the gates of consciousness to some or other of the numerous slight external stimuli, or of the multitude of vague internal stimuli, that are constantly knocking at them. As, in our waking moments, imagination impels us to invest with all manner of definite shapes the vague masses



of light and shade presented to us in clouds, on damp walls and floors, or in the fire, so, in dreams, our ideas transform into appropriate shapes the impressions thus dimly apprehended.

The great mass of slight external stimuli probably have no effect on our dreams, and enter into them only when some special appropriateness to the dominant idea of the moment brings them within the range of our expectation. Of the comparatively insignificant part ordinarily played by external impressions in the production of our dreams, indeed, we have a proof which, as far as I am aware, has not hitherto been noticed, in the fact that, though such stimuli are infinitely more frequent and potent in the day-time than in the night, our sleep is not apt to be more disturbed by dreams during the one period than during the other.

The extraordinary rapidity with which ideas often succeed one another in sleep, and the exaggerated estimate we are thus led to form of the actual duration of dreams, are matters of common observation. A remarkable instance of this acceleration of the ordinary rate of thought in the dream state is related by M. Maury, in his well-known work on "*Sleep and Dreams*":—

"I was somewhat unwell," he says, "and was sleeping in my chamber, with my mother by my bed-side. I dreamt of the 'Terror;' I was present at scenes of slaughter; I appeared before the revolutionary tribunal; I beheld Robespierre, Marat, Fouquier, Tinville, all the most infamous characters of that terrible period; I argued with them. At last, after many events which I can only imperfectly recall, I was tried, condemned to death, and borne in a cart to the place of execution, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. I ascended the scaffold; the executioner bound me to the fatal plank; he released the catch, and the knife fell. I felt my head severed from my body, and waking in the most intense agony, I felt on my neck the head of my bedstead, which had suddenly given way and descended on the back of my neck, like the knife of a guillotine. All this happened in a moment, as my mother assured me;

and yet it was that external sensation that I had taken . . . as the starting point of a dream in which so many things had happened."

Is it so certain, however, that the external sensation which determines the catastrophe of the dream in such cases, is really its starting point?

The appositeness of the catastrophe to the preceding train of events might seem, at first sight, to place this beyond doubt; but there are obvious considerations which point to a different conclusion. How, to begin with, are we to get over the fact that the order in which the events are dreamt of, is the reverse of that which the theory requires?

If, for instance, in M. Maury's dream, the spectacle of scenes of slaughter, the sight of Robespierre, Marat and the rest, the formalities of the trial, the journey through the streets, and so on, were suggested by the fall of the bed-pole, they could evidently have been so suggested only through the blow on the sleeper's neck, and through that blow only in virtue of its suggesting the knife of the guillotine. Yet, in the dream, the blow on the neck is the event in which all the rest culminate; the guillotine is *seen* before the blow is felt, and all the rest of the long train of incidents precede the sight of the guillotine.

The difficulty is in no way removed by supposing that the passage of the entire train of ideas through the brain occupied only a few seconds, or even only an instant of time. For the ideas must, none the less, have been successive in time, and that of the blow must have preceded the rest.

To take another case, which has occurred to myself. I dream that I see people running; that I hear shouts of "mad dog!" that I see a dog approaching me; that I endeavour unsuccessfully to avoid it; that I struggle with it, and, ultimately, that it bites me in the hand. I awake, to find one of my fingers pressed painfully against a ring on the next finger.

Now, it is evident that the pressure of the ring could have suggested the idea of a dog only through its *first* suggesting

the idea of a bite; that it could have suggested the shouts of "mad dog" only through its *first* suggesting the idea of a dog, and so on. Yet in the dream the bite is the last of the train of events.

Or, to take another example: I dream of the signs and portents commonly supposed to precede an earthquake; of the consternation created by them among assembled multitudes; of endeavours to reach a place of safety; of one or more harmless shocks; and, finally, of a more violent shock, accompanied by the crash of falling buildings: and I awake, to find that a heavy body has fallen to the floor, or a door has slammed.

The natural impulse is to conclude that the external noise not only determined the catastrophe of the dream, but started the long train of events which led up to it. But here, again, we encounter the same difficulty, of an inversion of the order of ideas. How could the fall of a heavy body, or the slamming of a door, immediately suggest a sultry day, or forebodings of an earthquake? And, if we suppose it to have suggested these ideas indirectly, how is it that the suggested ideas arose in consciousness before those which suggested them?

I can imagine no satisfactory answer to the question; and I am disposed to think that the theory under consideration has its origin in a confusion of cause and effect.

If the external event which is the physical condition of the final catastrophe, were susceptible of no other interpretation than that placed upon it by the dreamer, the conclusion that it was the starting point of the dream would, indeed, be irresistible, since it is beyond the control of the sleeper, and it is out of the question to suppose that the previous train of ideas was imagined beforehand to fit an unforeseen catastrophe. But the latitude of interpretation which the dream state permits us to attach to a sensation is practically infinite. Apart from the previous train of ideas, there is no special reason why the falling of a bar of wood on the neck of the dreamer should be interpreted as the stroke of a guillotine, rather than in any one of a hundred other different ways. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the special appositiveness of the catastro-

phe to the previous train of ideas is due to the fact that the particular interpretation of what comes to the dreamer as a vague shock is determined by that train of ideas, than that it is the cause of what precedes it in consciousness?

Mere coincidence, it may be objected, could hardly account for the external event happening precisely at the right moment; and, in the case of so unusual an occurrence as the falling of a portion of a bedstead on the neck of the dreamer, there might seem to be some force in the objection. Various considerations, however, tend to detract from the value of this argument. In the first place, it is impossible to estimate the degree of importance to be attached to coincidence, without comparing a large number of instances. Then, again, is there not a fallacy involved in the very expression "right moment?" If the interpretation of the external event is determined by the idea uppermost at the time of its occurrence, would not almost any moment seem the "right moment," provided only that the sleeper were dreaming of any connected series of events whatever?

In the great majority of cases, however, the external events which incorporate themselves in dreams, are of a much more ordinary character than that just referred to. They bear, moreover, but an insignificant proportion to the number of similar events which pass unheeded by the sleeper; and it is highly probable, as I have already pointed out, that the character of the ideas passing through the sleeper's mind at the moment is not inoperative in determining whether the external events shall be heeded, or not.

Most of us are, probably, more or less familiar with the dream within a dream; but among my dream experiences are two well-developed instances of a phenomenon which is much rarer, if not quite exceptional—a serial dream; not merely a dream which repeats itself with variations, which is common enough, but a recurring dream, with its own special imaginary characters and surroundings, in which the action is progressive, the thread of events being taken up, on each succeeding occasion of its occurrence, at the precise point where it was dropped on the last previous occasion.

The main features of one of these dreams, which commenced, I think, between twenty and thirty years ago, and, after being continued from time to time, at intervals, for two or three years, abruptly ceased, are still fresh in my memory.

The scene was a pastry-cook's shop, which had no counterpart in my waking life, though it appeared to be situated in a locality with which I had been familiar some years before. The shop was kept by an elderly woman; but it was her daughter, a young lady "of considerable personal attractions," as the reporters say, who usually attended to customers. Going to the place, in the first instance, to make some trifling purchases, I was led by the charms of the lady behind the counter to repeat my visit again and again without any particular necessity. There was a room at the back of the shop, to which I would retire to discuss my chop or steak, and, as our relations grew more familiar, the girl would follow and sit with me during the meal, the mother facilitating the flirtation by betaking herself to the shop to mind the counter.

The dream, as I have said, was continued, at intervals—generally of a few weeks—for three or four years; but towards the latter part of that period some sort of confusion and disappointment crept into the course of events. I would find my attraction frequently absent, from some unexplained cause; or, if she were in the shop, she would be distant and cool, and would avoid the room at the back. Ultimately the shop and its inmates perished entirely from my dreams.

As an illustration of the orderly and consecutive manner in which affairs progressed through the successive instalments of this dream, I remember that I came, before long, to keep a running account for my refreshments, paying something to credit from time to time, according to my convenience, and seeing a balance struck before leaving; and this balance I generally remembered accurately from one visit to another.

Not only, as I have already said, had the particular shop in question no counterpart in my real life, but there was nothing among my waking memories calculated to suggest, however remotely, any of the persons or incidents of the dream.

To what extent the tendency of particular scenes and events to repeat themselves, in a more or less modified form, may be characteristic of dream consciousness in general, I am unable to say; but in my own case it has always been particularly strong, so strong indeed, that I am disposed to think that, for the last fifteen or twenty years at least, more than half my dreams have been of the recurrent type.

Of these recurrent dreams, a large proportion are visions of tribulation—tribulation of flood and tempest; tribulation of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; tribulation of travel by sea and land, and so on.

Most tremendous, perhaps, of all these is the flood dream which invariably takes one of two forms.

In one, I am on the banks of some mighty river. Behind me rise, terrace upon terrace, rows of stately mansions, interspersed with gardens. Great flights of steps, with balustrades of stone or marble, descend in places to the water's edge. Crowds, especially of women and children, are assembled here and there, and there is much going to and fro. It is the season when the river is in flood. Already the waters have nearly reached their greatest recorded height; but still they continue to rise, and the velocity of the torrent increases every moment. I stand and watch the scene with inward satisfaction, retreating from one coign of vantage to another, as step after step becomes untenable, and longing that the flood may reach higher and yet higher. So far there is no alarm; but presently ground which the water had never been known to reach before, is covered, and still there is no sign of the flood abating. The heavens lower; torrential rains descend; and terrace after terrace vanishes beneath the deluge. A cry goes forth that the fountains of the great deep are broken up; with the panic-stricken multitude, I turn and flee for safety to the hills above the town; but hardly are they gained, than they begin to crumble and melt away into the waste of surging waters. The flood, however, does not overwhelm me; does not even touch me; for, at this juncture, I either wake, or pass into unconscious sleep.

In the other flood dream, I am in the interior of a bleak and mountainous island, of no great dimensions. The season is one of unaccustomed rigour, and the snow lies deep upon the hills. Standing on some moor, at a distance from any habitation, I am discussing with one or two companions the prospects of the weather, when suddenly, far away at sea, we behold a mighty wall of water, advancing with fearful velocity towards the shore. There is no time for us to better our position, for, to reach higher ground, we should have to cross an intervening valley. As the wave comes on, we draw closer together, and calculate, with palpitating hearts, the probable limits of its sweep. It darkens the sky; it breaks with a voice of thunder; it sweeps over the lower hills and covers everything to within a stone's throw of where we stand. Then, after a pause, it recedes and leaves the valleys dry. Now is our time to make for higher ground, for we know that it will be followed by another and a mightier wave. Summoning all our courage, we precipitate ourselves into the valley below, and climb, with trembling feet, the opposite hill. The point we have reached is, perhaps, fifty or sixty feet higher than that we had just left, when the horizon is again lifted, and, this time, it seems that the whole island must be submerged beneath the mountain of sea that is borne towards us. Yet, no; we are once more spared; the flood has missed us by a bare foot or two; but close upon it comes another giant wave, which, to the last, is as Alp to Apennine. This time, the whole heavens are obscured; as well attempt to flee the Judgment. Hope of salvation there is one, and only one, and that is mercifully granted—to wake.

In my earthquake dream, which is, perhaps, even more frequent than the last, I am sometimes in a house of doubtful stability when the first tremors arouse me to the danger of my situation. The oscillation increases till the instant collapse of the building seems inevitable, and I seek refuge in the garden, to find that between it and the houses at the back there is no middle point of safety. At other times I am in a crowded city, endeavouring to reach some open space through a labyrinth of lofty walls and buildings, that seems interminable. Sometimes the

disturbance subsides before any harm is done ; sometimes I see havoc and desolation spread around me ; but in no case has even the smallest fragment of the ruins struck me.

The invariable immunity from all sense of actual physical harm characteristic of both these dreams, and, as far as my experience goes, of the immense majority of dreams in which the catastrophe might naturally be expected to culminate in such a sense of harm, seems to furnish a strong argument in favour of the view that, in the absence of some real sensory stimulus, external or internal, vivid sensations of touch rarely, if ever, form part of dream consciousness.

In all these, and a host of other recurrent dreams, particular scenes and incidents repeat themselves, in all essential features, with remarkable persistency.

In connection with the subject of repetition in dreams, there is one point which should be noted. Though, in the great multitude of cases of apparent repetition, I have been able to verify the fact of recurrence beyond all possibility of doubt, there is a residue of cases in respect of which I have come to the conclusion that the sense of repetition was probably illusory, and that the dreams, by a process similar, perhaps, to the well-known "sentiment of pre-existence" of waking consciousness, had created their own antetypes.

Analogous to this is the fact that it is by no means an infrequent occurrence for a dream to create for itself a past which not only has no existence in the real life of the sleeper, but apparently has none in his previous dream experience. I say apparently, for it is possible that dreams may be thus re-called in sleep, which had either passed out of the waking consciousness of the sleeper, or never obtained a place in it.

J. W. F.



*BURMA: BEFORE AND AFTER  
ANNEXATION.*

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No. 4.

IN October 1885 the *tocsin* of war was being sounded in Upper Burma. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I volunteered for the Front, and joined the head-quarters at Thayetmyo. Leaving what was then the frontier station at an early hour on the morning of the 14th November 1885, I reached Mandalay on Saturday, the 28th November, after an almost bloodless campaign, and, what has been not inappropriately called the softest war Great Britain was ever engaged in. My experiences between Thayetmyo and Mandalay are fully set forth in the "*Fall of Mandalay*," and do not form part of my present papers on "*Burma: Before and after Annexation*."

The last Burmese war did so much to arouse ill-feeling, resulting in wilful or ignorant misrepresentation of the Burman, that any writer who had the courage to contradict the misguiding official statements made at the time, was at once tabooed as a champion of wrong-doers. My residence in Burma for some years before the last campaign, and in Upper Burma, till June 1887, afforded me opportunities of collecting materials from which I am able to speak and write without prejudice. The real character of the Burmese has been grossly misrepresented, from interested motives, and is still, to a great extent, imperfectly understood. Many of the Indian journals branded them as a nation of dacoits, rebels, and blood-thirsty murderers. The cause of this is not far to seek; they resisted the invasion of their country and shot such of their own race as aided

in its subjugation. But are the Burmese the only nation who in a struggle to resist invasion, have taken vengeance on their own countrymen for making common cause with the invaders? A reference to history is conclusive on this point. Do the Spanish, who resisted Napoleon, live in history as dacoits, rebels, and bloodthirsty murderers? Are they not called patriots? And why should not the Burmese be similarly described? The fact of our living in Asia does not alter the case. How many Englishmen are there who, in case of an invasion of Great Britain, would hesitate to shoot down a countryman who assisted the invaders? This is what the Burmese have done, and if the Spanish were right, whom we helped with both men and money, so were the Burmese right, in resisting our invasion of their country.

It was in October 1884 that the people of India were being first enlightened and educated on the subject of annexing Upper Burma. It was then I saw the end which was inevitable, unless some influence were brought to bear upon the ministers then in power at Mandalay to avert the catastrophe. From 1878 we had permitted Upper Burma to drift into a complete state of confusion, abetting, by our policy of inactivity, the general spread of anarchy and terror. Theebaw was pictured as a monster of wickedness and cruelty, his pastimes being the massacring of his relatives and subjects, and indulgence in drink, debauchery and every conceivable description of vice. The information which I have gathered from independent and trustworthy sources, regarding Theebaw's private habits, shows this to be a gross calumny. Theebaw was neither a drunkard nor a monster of cruelty. The only authors I am aware of who were in Burma immediately on the annexation being proclaimed, and have ventured to give their experiences to the world on this point, are Mr. Grattan Geary, Editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, who, after 14 days' residence in the country, returned to Bombay and wrote his "*Burma: After the Conquest*," which was published in 1886, and Mr. I. George Scott (Shway Yoe), who published his "*Burma: As it is, As it was, and As it will be*," also in 1886. Mr. Grattan Geary, I met frequently at Mandalay. He had an excellent opportunity of interviewing many who bore

testimony to Theebaw's private character. After interviewing, on one occasion, a number of the Royal Ladies, then residing with Mrs. Antram, *née* Mrs. Noyce, he says they did not speak vindictively of Theebaw, or ascribe to him personally the slaughter of their relatives and the suffering and dangers which they had undergone. He was a man, they say, of a good heart, and, had those around him left him to carry out his own intentions, there would have been no massacres.

Mr. Scott is an old resident in Burma, and is now Superintendent of the Shan States. I made his acquaintance on board the steamer, after the battle of Minhla, during our advance on Mandalay. In the work which I have alluded to, he introduces the Palace massacres which made the King's name notorious, but he does not ascribe them to Theebaw. He could not well do so. Few had better opportunities than Mr. Scott himself of knowing that the responsibility for the slaughter of the relatives of Theebaw lay at the door of Queen Supaya Lat and her mother. Of writers who have never been in Burma, but have expressed an opinion on the private character of Theebaw, I may mention Captain Beauclerk of Hyderabad, Deccan, and Mr. James H. Linton, of Calcutta. The former, in February 1888, in an article on "*Lord Dufferin*" in the *National Magazine*, Calcutta, said Theebaw was a bloody, treacherous, tyrant. Nothing could be wider of the mark. Surely the evidence of Theebaw's relatives who survived the massacres, will weigh against a writer who, up to the time he wrote, had never seen Burma, and whose assertions are made from prejudiced hearsay. The best evidence I have been able to obtain on the spot, shows it to be untrue that Theebaw was either a bloody or a treacherous tyrant.

Mr. James H. Linton, who has written a very excellent and truthful brochure of 45 closely-printed pages, entitled the "*Burman: As he is*," as well as a number of articles entitled "*Theebaw, ex-King of Burma*," in the *National Magazine*, in 1888, was never in Burma, and wrote only from notes supplied him. He says: Theebaw was neither of a cruel nature nor a callous monster. I am not at all solicitous to proclaim Theebaw a

martyr; he had, like every other monarch, his faults, but he was certainly not a bad man. He was weak to excess, and was completely under the influence of Queen Supaya Lat and her mother. But he was more 'sinned against than sinning.' Theebaw was the victim of circumstances and appearances. Directly, he was not guilty of the massacres attaching to his name. To establish and consolidate his throne, the Dowager Queen and her daughter, assisted by certain ministers whose names will appear later on, procured the massacres.

Other pastimes of Theebaw, his enemies say, were drunkenness and debauchery. I will not venture to say that Theebaw did not drink, but it is untrue that he led a life of debauchery. All the ministers of Theebaw whom I have questioned on the subject, aver vehemently that it is false that he ever indulged to excess in strong liquor. On the other hand, it is true that his great friend, Prince Yanoung, indulged to excess at times, and it is not too much to assume this is the true explanation of the accusation of drinking made against Theebaw.

If further evidence that my assumption is right be necessary, let my readers remember that Theebaw has been over four years in exile at Ratnagherry and not a single report has ever been made of his craving for wine of any kind. That he has been maligned, goes without saying, and that the reports to which publicity was given by the Rangoon Press, of his being a drunken debauchee, were untrue and made without any regard to the effect likely to be produced; in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that reports were put in circulation to serve unscrupulous private ends and to compass the destruction of Theebaw's power.

ZITO,

*Author of the "Fall of Mandalay."*

*(To be continued.)*

*ORISSA AND ITS TEMPLES:—PURI.*

## II.

PURI, on the western coast of the Bay of Bengal, is situated in the southern division of Cuttack, and 49 miles from that town. The district in which it stands has an area of some 2,700 square miles. The country is for miles together perfectly barren and sandy, flat and dry, and utterly devoid of anything approaching the picturesque. Its climate, however, especially during the hot weather, is considered very healthy, owing to its proximity to the sea. Stirling says that the town of Puri (Juggernaut) contains 5,741 houses. Every span of it is holy ground, and the whole of the land is held free of rent, the condition of the tenure being the performance of certain services in and about the temple. The principal street is composed almost entirely of the religious establishments called Maths, built of masonry, with low pillared verandahs in front, and plantations of trees interspersed. Being very wide, with the temple rising majestically at the southern end, it presents by no means an unpicturesque appearance; but the filth and stench, the swarms of religious mendicants and other nauseous objects, which offend the senses in every part of the town, quite dispel any sentimental illusion which the scene might otherwise create. Fine luxuriant gardens and groves enclose the town on the land side, and produce the best fruit in the province. The stately and beautiful *Callophyllum Inophyllum*, called by Dr. Ainslie the Alexandrian Laurel, grows here in great abundance, and the cashew-nut thrives with peculiar luxuriance. The environs exhibit some fine tanks, as the Indra Daman Chandan and Markandeswar Talao.

which are supposed to be very ancient, and the inquisitive stranger, who may be disposed to explore amidst the sand-hills, situated between the sea and the south-west face of the town, will find many ancient and curious-looking religious edifices, nearly overwhelmed with sand, to attract and reward his attention.

The natural products of Puri are rice and various kinds of vegetables; its imports are piece-goods mostly cotton fabrics from Bengal, and wheat, which comes from Ganjam and Sumbulpore.

The population includes some 5,000 "priests or attendants" on Ram Chandra, the name by which Juggernaut, "the lord of the world," is known in Orissa. On entering the town, "you may behold groups of religious mendicants going to be cheated or to cheat; or you may see a solitary figure making a livelihood by roasting himself, and calling on his gods: the passers-by throwing him pice out of admiration at his mad fanaticism."

Surgdwar is the name of a place situated at a distance of about half-a-mile from the town, where the bodies of deceased Hindus are burnt, as it is supposed that the process of cremation at the Gate of Heaven (Surgdwar) ensures immediate transportation to the regions of Indra, the Paradise of the Hindus. Two miles south-west of Puri is the Temple of Lokenath, "dedicated to Siva;" and Belessur—another temple of importance, assigned to the worship of the same god under the name of Beleswara, which he assumed in accordance with the desire of his wife, Parvati; after having passed through a state of regeneration, is towards the north-east.

Going westward, we approach, collectively speaking, the Temple of Juggernaut, that "mighty Pagoda or Pagod," as it has been described, "the Mirror of all Wickedness and Idolatry."

The wall that bounds the Bar Dewal—the most important and conspicuous edifice, rising to a height of 210 feet from the ground, and other minor temples, ranging from 70 to 80 feet in height, very nearly 100 in number, and "dedicated to the principal deities of the Hindu Pantheon"—is about 30 feet high, and covers an area, rectangularly, of 660 by 650 feet. The

Sinh Durwaza, or gate leading into this area—wherein caste distinction is entirely laid aside, and the Brahmin will be found accepting food and drink from the lowest caste Hindu—and to the Pagoda, is “flanked by huge griffins;” and very nearly opposite to it stands a handsome “polygonal column” of black marble, supposed to have been brought, according to a reliable version of the affair, from the “Temple of the Sun at Karnak.”

The top of this column formerly supported, in bold relief, the figure of General Hanuman, the monkey god, spoken of in the *Ramayana* in connection with the carrying off, by the giant Ravana, of Sita, the wife of Rama, and sister of Juggernaut, who, as such, however, is better known by the name of Subhadra. Her deliverer, through the instrumentality of Hanuman, was Juggernaut’s brother, Bali Rama, or Bulbudhur. These three—Juggernaut, Bulbudhur, and Subhadra—occupy that part of the Bar Dewal, or great tower, known as the *Ruttunsinghasun*, or Throne, “a large platform of marble.” This portion, allotted to the above deities, forms the ground-plan of the temple, and is reached through an apartment, which opens into it, named Unsurpinda, a sort of infirmary, we should say, where the idols are worshipped during their illness after the *Snanjatra* or Bathing-festival. This room is adjacent to another, called *Jugmohun*, where Garu, the bird god, is kept. “In a line and connected with it is the *Bhogmandup*” or Refectory, “where food is served out for the idols and other purposes.” Access to this enormous enclosure (the Refectory), 445 square feet, and built upon a terrace 20 feet high, is obtained by a flight of very broad steps that lead to it from the gate, or Sinh Durwaza.

Innumerable specimens of monsters adorn the roofs of all the buildings, especially that of the Bar Dewal, and the walls are covered with figures of devils and giants, cut into them, while “in niches on the outer walls are various well-executed illustrations of Hindu obscenity.”

The following is a description of the idols from the pen of an authority:—

“They are bulky, hideous, wooden busts. The elder brother, Bulbudhur, is six feet in height; the younger, Juggernaut, Ave

feet ; and their sister, Subhadra, four feet. They are fashioned into a curious resemblance of the human head, resting on a sort of pedestal. The eyes of Juggernaut are round, and those of Bulbudhur and Subhadra, oval." The images "are painted black, white, and yellow respectively ; their faces are exceedingly large, and their bodies are decorated with a dress of different coloured cloths. The two brothers have arms projecting horizontally forward from the ears. The sister is devoid of even that approximation to the human form."

New idols are prepared after the lapse of every sixteen years, "when two moons occur in *Assar* (part of June and July) ;" and this is how it is done :—

"A nim tree is sought for in the forests, on which no crow or carrion bird has ever perched ; it is known to the initiated by certain signs ! This is prepared into a proper form by common carpenters, and is then entrusted to certain priests, who are protected from all intrusion : the process is a great mystery. One man is selected to take out of the idol a small box, containing the spirit, which is conveyed inside the new : the man who does this is always removed from the world before the end of the year."

The *Ruth Jatra* is the greatest and grandest festival at Puri. It occurs some time about the middle of the year, and the object of it is to give the gods a drive in the open air. Three huge cars of sizes are built, upon which the three idols are placed, in accordance with their relative rank, the largest *ruth* being allotted to Juggernaut, and the smallest to Subhadra. They are drawn by thousands of the lower class of natives to a place, one-and-a-half miles distant, known as "the Gondicha Nour," or "gods' country-house." There is a large concourse of Hindus from almost all parts of India present on the festive occasion, to either succumb under the fleecing propensities of the Pundahs, or to return to their homes mere ghosts and shadows of their former selves, owing to starvation, sickness, and the great privations they are made to suffer at the hands of the extortioners of Juggernaut.

W. S. D.



## OUR ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

### NO. I.

DIVESTED of the complimentary passages inseparable from after-dinner oratory, the speeches delivered by Colonel Townsend, R.A., Major J. N. Stuart, Commanding Cossipore Volunteer Artillery, and Captain Cleeve, R.A., at the Cossipore Artillery Volunteers' Dinner on the 8th February, are deserving of more than passing notice, as they may be taken to indicate, to some extent, the important part to be assigned to our Artillery Volunteers, in the near future, in the scheme for coast and river defence in this country. That the Government attaches more than ordinary importance to this branch of the service is apparent from the special facilities now afforded to both the Cossipore and the Naval Artillery Volunteers. With regard to the former, Colonel Townsend, who had that day inspected the Corps, commented upon the fact that, although, at the commencement of the present season, the 64-pr. m. l. gun was an arm with which the men were practically unacquainted, no less than seven detachments, from different sub-divisions had gone through their drill with that gun, in Fort William, not only in a most creditable manner so far as time and 'form' were concerned, but "without the omission of a single detail;" and he complimented both officers and men upon the assiduity that had brought about such results.

But it is not sufficient that our Volunteer Artillery should attain a fair amount of proficiency in the arms with which they are at present provided. Indeed, these may be considered almost obsolete. The 9-pr. field guns will, we believe, shortly be replaced by weapons of a far more modern and deadly

type; while the current year will probably see the last of the 64-pr. m. l. guns with which Fort William and some of the other forts have, until recently, been provided, and which are rapidly being replaced by the more modern breech-loader. If, therefore, the Volunteer Artillery in India are to keep abreast of the times, they must not only devote a greater amount of attention to the constantly varying conditions exacted of a piece of ordnance, but must also be afforded by Government still greater facilities than they at present possess for actual firing practice. Judging from the general tenour of Colonel Townsend's speech, the military authorities have already recognized the latter necessity, and in the new—or modified—scheme for the defence of Calcutta, which will, in all probability, be the outcome of the recent manœuvres, we may expect to see assigned to the Artillery Volunteers, a far more important rôle than that they at present fill.

In the course of his speech Colonel Townsend dwelt upon the fact that the Royal Artillery in India are unequal to the task, so far as numbers are concerned, that would devolve upon them in time of pressure, and the Government, therefore, look to the Volunteers to take their part in manning the forts and batteries in conjunction with the Regulars. This, by the way, is a portion of the work that falls upon the Volunteer Artillery at home, where many of the forts and batteries on the Medway and the Thames are manned by Volunteers. So far, the system has worked well; for not only have the men had every opportunity of practice under conditions as closely approximating to those of actual warfare as is possible, but they have been enabled to study the changes that have taken place in our heavy ordnance from time to time during recent years. It is, we believe, proposed to adopt this system—modified, of course, in its conditions, to meet local requirements—in Calcutta next drill season, when frequent occasion will be taken for drilling the men at the guns of the forts on the river, and of imparting instruction in the theoretical, as well as in the practical, branches of gunnery.

It is not within the scope of this article to trace the various changes that have taken place in our ordnance since the time

when the smooth-bore gun, firing a cast-iron cannon ball, gave place to the rifled gun firing an elongated projectile—and when, as a necessary adjunct, breech-loading was introduced. For so fast have we progressed, that any attempt to describe recent improvements would occupy a volume. There are two instances, however, which we may quote as tending to show how quickly even what are considered perfect weapons are superseded by others still more perfect, and how the art of war is becoming more highly developed, and is embodying, more and more, mechanical and general science in its tactics. Only a few days ago, a London telegram announced that the British Government had acquired the right of making for the Army and Navy the Zalinski Pneumatic Dynamite Gun, and that the work in connexion therewith had already commenced at Woolwich. This Zalinski gun has now, we believe, become an established success, although, on its first appearance, some few years ago, its certain failure was predicted. This, it will be remembered, was also the case with the steel gun, which was for some years declared to be chimerical, and it was said that it would never be able to satisfy the three conditions that must be exacted of a piece of ordnance, *i.e.*, solidity, range, and accuracy. Trials with the Zalinski gun have demonstrated the fact that the shells fired from it are capable of destroying a vessel without actually striking her, and it should prove a most destructive weapon for coast defences. The projectile used is shaped like a large rocket, and is charged with nitrogelatine in a brass shell—and, as the name of the weapon implies, is propelled by compressed air. The other instance to which we allude, is the great stride made in machine guns by the introduction of the Hiram Maxim rapid-firing gun, with automatic repeating device. This gun belongs to the same family as the Nordenfelt and the Hotchkiss; but, whereas the Nordenfelt has its barrels placed horizontally, in a row, which enables the 'feed' to reach the whole of the barrels simultaneously, and its movement is effected by a lever projecting to the right side of the breech end of the piece, the Maxim enlarges upon the ideas of Plonnieux and Thiel by the addition of

re-action springs, by means of which the entire operation of firing—that is the introduction of the cartridges, and the shooting and removal of the charge—is performed automatically as long as the weapon is in use. By preparing and introducing new belts—each of which carries 334 cartridges,—600 shots can be fired from a Maxim gun of the smallest calibre per minute. We are not aware what number of shots can be fired from the Nordenfelts in possession of the Calcutta Naval Volunteers; but at recent trials at home, 200 per minute was considered a good average

“No. 300.”

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### THE MONTH.

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PARLIAMENT recommenced its labours on the 11th February, when the Queen's Speech from the Throne was read. It commences with the stock assurance of the continued friendliness of our relations with all foreign Powers, and then goes on to rehearse the outlines of our dispute with Portugal. The Anti-Slavery Conference, the Anglo-American Extradition Treaty, the condition of Swaziland, are touched upon, and the announcement that Her Majesty awaits with lively interest the result of the Conference at Melbourne, to which she is, generally speaking, favourably inclined, completes the foreign part of the Speech. The legislative promises are important, and include the introduction of a Land Purchase Bill (Ireland); the extension of the Ashbourne Act; a Bill to establish an elective system of Local Government in Ireland, on the same lines as in England and Scotland; also Bills dealing with the liability of employers in case of accidents, the amendment of sanitary laws, and the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. The attention of Parliament will further be directed to a scheme for the improvement of the barrack accommodation for our troops.

In the House of Lords the motion to adopt the Address was agreed to, apparently without any difficulties being raised, although Lord Granville regretted what he termed the "hasty and harsh policy" adopted in regard to Portugal. The Premier, in moving the Address, said that the question of assisted education would depend upon the financial resources at the disposal of the Government. In the Commons the proceedings appear to have been of a more lively nature. Sir Vernon Harcourt opened the ball by moving an amendment to the effect that *The Times* had been guilty of a breach of privilege in publishing the

Pigott letters, and urged that the editor should be summoned to the Bar of the House, and this amendment was rejected, after an exciting debate, by a majority of 48 only ; the numbers being 212 for the amendment, and 260 in favour of the original motion. Mr. Parnell also moved, as an amendment, that "unjust and coercive laws in Ireland are invading the liberties of the people, and impeding amicable relations with England, and that the House regrets that the Queen's Speech omits to make mention of any proposals for remedying the discontent in Ireland." This amendment was rejected, on a division, by a majority of 67 votes, the numbers being—for the amendment 240 ; against, 307. Mr. Bradlaugh had also threatened to move an amendment to the Address regretting that no mention therein was made of Indian affairs, but, on learning that the Secretary of State for India was about to introduce a Bill to reform the Indian Councils, the "Member for India" consented to be merciful. Mr. Gladstone also took part in the debate, and, while approving generally of the action of the Government in the Nyassaland dispute, said that the "niggardly measures for Local Government in Ireland would create fresh agitation."

India will have no reason to complain of neglect in the current Session ; for even thus early, a considerable amount of attention has been devoted to Indian affairs. Although Mr. J. M. Maclean has been successful in blocking Mr. Bradlaugh's Bill—which would certainly never have had a chance of being passed, the Bill introduced by Lord Cross should be a sufficiently comprehensive measure to disarm even the irreconcilables. This Bill has been prepared in accordance with the recommendation of Lord Lansdowne's Government, and, although it does not recognize the partial elective basis recommended by Lord Dufferin for the reform of the Indian Councils, it provides for the enlargement of the Provincial Councils on the basis of nomination. It also gives the right of interpellation in the Imperial and Provincial Councils, and provides for the submission of Imperial and Provincial Budgets for discussion. In addition to this, Mr. Smith has announced

that, early in the Session, a Bill will be introduced for the purpose of giving an opportunity for the discussion of the grievances set forth in the memorial of the Indian Congress; while the alleged grievances of the deposed Maharajah of Cashmere will receive every consideration consistent with the rights of his people.

The long-anticipated Report of the Parnell Commission has been published, and has given rise to considerable discussion as to the meaning to be attached to it. The discussion affords a curious instance of the facility with which each section of the press can adapt the Queen's English to suit its own particular view of the case; for while the Irish Nationalist press regards the report as a glorious triumph for the Parnellites, the Orange press is equally jubilant in pronouncing the case presented by it a tremendous indictment against the Parnellites and their allies; and *The Times* maintains that, with the exception of the forgeries, the report fully confirms the charges of "Parnellism and Crime." Judging from the brief telegraphic summary that has reached India, we are inclined to think that *The Times* is nearly right; for, although the Judges have decided that the respondents were not jointly members of a conspiracy to establish the absolute independence of Ireland, they find that some of them, including Michael Davitt, started the Land League for that purpose; and also that the respondents conspired, by coercion and terrorism, to impoverish and expel the landlords from the country. Further than this, they found that although some of the respondents had denounced crime, *bonâ fide*, they had not denounced the system of terrorism, but persisted in it, knowing that it produced crime. On some of the other charges, again, the Judges have not acquitted the respondents entirely, but have given a verdict of *non proven*—thus leaving it an open question whether the charges were, or were not, true; while they have found that the respondents circulated newspapers inciting to crime, provided funds to defend criminals, and accepted the assistance of the advocates of crime and dynamitards. Sufficiently serious indictments these! In the

matter of the publication of the forged Pigott letters, Mr. Parnell has been successful in his action against *The Times*, and has been awarded £5,000 damages, on which the case was withdrawn. He has now announced his intention of moving for a Select Committee to enquire into the publication of the letters.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will, it is certain, have a very considerable surplus to play upon at the end of the current financial year, and the question—"What will he do with it?"—is one that is exciting public attention at home. In a recent speech at Nottingham, Lord Salisbury declared that he accepted the principle of free education, as embodied in the Scotch Local Government Act; and he intimated then, as also in his speech on the Address, that its application to England and Wales, in the abolition of school fees, was mainly dependent on the resources at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. According to the latest returns, the total annual amount of school fees is upwards of £1,800,000, of which £610,000 are received by Board Schools, £846,000 by Church Schools, and the remainder by other voluntary schools. The existing Government grant is already over £3,000,000, and the extra £2,000,000 or thereabouts—equivalent to the present school fees,—which would be bestowed exclusively upon the working classes, would at once raise a demand on the part of the middle classes for equivalent relief. It has been suggested that a reduction in the Income Tax, of a penny in the pound, would meet the case, as it would afford relief to the classes on which the burden of taxation chiefly falls. But then these two measures of relief would at once swallow up the whole of the surplus, which, on the basis of the receipts for the first three quarters of the year, is estimated at between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000, and there are many interests waiting to share in the benefits of this surplus, which neither free education nor a reduction in the Income Tax will satisfy. It is not at all probable, moreover, that free education would find much favour with the Ministerialist majority. It may be remembered that when Lord Sandon introduced his Education Bill, as a Government measure, in 1876, it was received very coldly on



the Ministerial Benches, and the reactionary proposals all came from the Conservatives, while the Opposition only offered progressive and enlarging suggestions. The hostile suggestions for retreat all came from his own side, to whom school rates were insupportable burdens, enforced school attendance unwarrantable interference, and School Boards an anathema. We should not be at all surprised to find history repeat itself, and the measure, if introduced at all, saved from defeat only by concessions being made by the Government to its reactionary supporters.

"Now, then, where's the first boy?" So said Mr. Squeers when the first class in English Spelling and Philosophy was ranged before him in the classic regions of Dotheboy's Hall. "Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlour window," replied the temporary head of the Philosophic class. "So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching: the regular education system. *C-l-e-a-n*, clean, verb-active, to make bright, to scour. *W-i-n*, win, *d-e-r*, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes." It seems to us to be on somewhat the same principle that a good many other things, besides cleaning windows, are carried out. For instance, Sir Lepel Griffin of Central India fame, has been sent to Burmah as the representative of the Board and principal Shareholders of the Burmah Ruby Mines Company, with the object of inspecting the property of the Company. The connexion between Sir Lepel and Burmese rubies is not, at first sight, very clear; but, as his chief duty will apparently be to "make the concern a profitable one, as speedily as possible," and "to put down smuggling," we may be certain that, unless his old energy has deserted him, he will try, as he did on previous occasions during the last Afghan War, once again to falsify Sir Boyle Roche's theorem that "no man can be in two places at once unless he is a bird." But Sir Lepel Griffin's work will also include the supervision of the organisation of the staff already engaged, and at work; the arrangement of any matters under discussion with the Government; and a few other minor details, such as the modification of the rules already in existence, and

framed by practical men on the spot. We can only hope, in the interest of the Griffin himself, that he will not discover, when too late, that he has undertaken more than he can perform.

It is gratifying to learn that the trade outlook at home for the current year is hopeful, and that there is a general belief that 1890 will prove even a better year than 1889 in this respect. We are told that the men who have their fingers on the pulse of the iron, steel, coal, and allied industries, anticipate a good year; and, although prices have risen more markedly in these than in any other staple industries, there is a consensus of opinion that the rise is fully warranted by the demand. The development of India, South America, and other countries, by the extension of their railway systems, has opened up new markets for commodities, and there has been no devastating war to diminish the purchasing power of any nation. The increase in business is a solid one, based on the general prosperity of mankind, and may therefore be counted on with more certainty than any abnormal demand created by a period of wholesale destruction. Labour, too, is having a good time, as well as capital, and so far as available statistics go, very few artisans are out of employment, while wages have risen, without any corresponding increase in the price of food. Altogether, unforeseen contingencies apart, the outlook is promising.

The obituary for the month has been heavy. The Duc de Montpensier was chiefly remarkable for having nearly brought about a rupture between England and France, through his marriage with the Infanta Marie Louise Ferdinande de Bourbon, which, although it was regarded as a master stroke of policy by Louis-Philippe, caused much excitement and irritation at the time. The Duc was also, at one time, a candidate for the Throne of Spain, but his chance of election was destroyed by his fatal duel with his cousin, the Infante Don Enrique de Bourbon. As Secretary to the President of the Board of Trade, Member of the Indian Council and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India, Sir Louis Mallet did much useful work, and was an acknowledged authority on all matters connected with finance and commerce. After a brief reign of barely two years

the Sultan of Zanzibar has passed away, and has been succeeded in the Sultanate by his brother.

The death of Count Andrassy removes from the field of European politics one of its most distinguished statesmen. On the reorganization of the Austrian Empire, and the constitution of a Hungarian Ministry, 1867, he was appointed Prime Minister of Hungary, and charged with the Department of the Defence of the Country. Among the principal events of his administration were the civil and political emancipation of the Jews, and the extension and completion of the railway system in Hungary. In 1878 he was the first Plenipotentiary of Austria at the Berlin Congress; and, as the author of what is known as the *Andrassy Note*, in 1876, he played a conspicuous part in the preliminary negotiations the disgraceful sequel to which was the Bulgarian atrocities. The death is also announced of Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, M.P., the notorious Irish Obstructionist, and defendant in the well-known breach of promise case which caused so much amusement some few years ago. Among other notable names we may mention those of Lord Sydney, Lord Lamington, Lord Thynne, General Lord Tylour, Generals Wingfield, Baring, Ward and Longden, Mr. Justice Manisty, Cardinal Pecci, brother of the Pope, Colonel Wise, Commissioner of Police, Bombay, who died at Aden, and Father Ignatius.

Although the first tug-of-war of the present Session between the Republicans and the Democrats in the United States House of Representatives—which came off last month, upon a point of procedure—was of very little political significance, it marks the active resumption of those political hostilities which will become more accentuated as the year progresses, and will attain their greatest intensity towards the end of the present year, when the elections for the next House of Representatives and for the State Legislatures will take place. A Republican motion was made, probably with a view to prevent an unnecessary frittering away of valuable time—to consider a Supply Bill in Committee, under the rules of the last House; whereupon the Democrats objected, alleging that the rules of the last House should not be adopted.

in this manner. The Speaker overruled this objection, and his decision was upheld by a strict party vote, 135 Republicans voting in the majority, and 124 Democrats in the minority; and this division shows that the superiority obtained by the Republicans over the Democrats fourteen months ago has remained unaffected during the usual period of political quietude. It is considered probable that the main issue in the autumn elections will be the Tariff question, regarding which President Harrison's recent message was somewhat ambiguous. There will, it would seem, be some difficulty in reconciling his propositions; for, while he declared against the maintenance of a surplus derived from unnecessary taxation, he protested that in any changes proposed the protective principle should be kept in force. Meanwhile we are informed that an enquiry has been opened, embracing all the interests affected, favourably or adversely, by the existing tariff, and depositions have been heard on both sides, some demanding the abatement or abolition of the duties in particular trades, and other insisting upon their continuance, or even increase. At any rate the battle, when it comes off, promises to be a tough one. But the Americans are just now more fully engaged in discussing the question which of the rival cities has the best claims to forming the site of the great "World's Fair," to be held in 1892. St. Louis, New York, Chicago, and Washington are all competing keenly, for the honour; the contest between New York and Chicago being particularly bitter. This important question must shortly be settled, for already certain members of Congress are wishing to postpone the Exhibition, on the ground that there is not sufficient time to prepare for 1892.

The abortive attempts of Portugal to 'squat' upon an immense territory in South Africa have been promptly frustrated, and, in the absence of any definite information from the seat of trouble, we may presume that the Portuguese officials are complying with the orders from Lisbon. It is evident, however, that some of them possess ideas of their own as to the extent to which they are obliged to carry out orders received from the home authorities, and the duty now before Lord Salisbury is to see to the complete re-assertion

of the authority of Great Britain in the districts that have been placed under her protection. The fact is that the late Portuguese Government altogether misconceived the conditions with which it had to deal. It played for popularity, thinking England sufficiently supine to accept accomplished facts. The consequence was that Senhor Barros Gomes and his colleagues were—if not actually sent packing—forced to resign, and their resignations were received without protest. As for the disturbances in Lisbon and elsewhere, they are of but small account—except to those immediately concerned. It is but natural that the Portuguese mob should entertain a spiteful feeling, on account of the sorry figure their country has been made to cut. Lord Salisbury's ultimatum insisted that the previous British demands should be complied with immediately, and that every Portuguese—military or civilian—should be withdrawn from the African territories under British influence or protection, *i.e.*, from the Shire River, beyond the confluence of the Ruo, from Mashonaland, and from the disputed district south of the Zambesi. Meanwhile the literature on the subject grows, but it has passed from the region of threats to that of argument. Perhaps the most important contribution is the letter which Mr. F. C. Selous, the well-known traveller and hunter, contributes to *The Times*, which deals with Portuguese pretensions both historically and actually. The portion of the letter which deals with Mashonaland is particularly valuable. Mr. Selous is of opinion that Portugal might, possibly, be able to make out some sort of a title to Manica and Umzilaland, based upon her activity in those regions during the past few years. These countries lie to the east of Mashonaland, and nearer to the Portuguese possessions proper. But the claim that Mashonaland itself is a Portuguese possession, the writer characterises as an "impudent assertion," and, while enumerating the principal Englishmen and Scotchmen who have explored every nook and corner of Mashonaland, he asserts positively that the country has never been visited by any white man of Portuguese blood until last year, when a Portuguese officer was carried through it in a palanquin; and he further states that officer must have

travelled the whole way on the wagon road which an Englishman chopped through the *Mahobohobo* Groves bordering the Manyame River. Further than this, he maintains that the associations of England with this portion of South Africa are most intimate, and that through the work done by her sons England, in the general partition of Africa that is now taking place, has a better claim to administer that portion of the country than any other European nation. If, however, Portugal could establish her claim to Mashonaland, Mr. Selous goes on to point out that, judging the future by the past, which one is justified in doing, it is not too much to say that under Portuguese administration, in two hundred years' time, the natural resources of the Mashona country would remain in the same undeveloped condition as the whole of South-Eastern Africa between the Lower Zambesi and the River Sabi—the country to which, in the words of Senhor Serpa Pimental, Portugal “possesses rights based upon discovery, conquest, effective occupation, permanent commercial enterprise, and political influence, during centuries past.” More than this in condemnation of Portuguese rule cannot be said. The South Africa Company claims the right to govern Mashonaland, to protect its people and develop its natural resources under the Charter recently granted by Queen Victoria. But before that Charter was granted the promoters of that great enterprise had gained an intimate knowledge of Mashonaland and its people, and that not from old Portuguese people, but from the writings, maps, and conversation of modern Englishmen; and they knew that the native Mashonas would welcome the advent of British settlers in their country, not only as a protection against the blood-thirsty Matabele, but also against the cruel and blood-thirsty slave dealers from the Zambesi.

To turn to other events that have attracted public attention, fresh disturbances have broken out in the Island of Crete, and, according to a telegram published early in the month, serious trouble was anticipated. There is no doubt that a party in Greece is very anxious to drive the Government into active support of the insurgents, and it would appear that they have, to a certain extent, been successful; for we are told that Greece

has decided not to accept the situation in Crete, as created by the late firman of the Sultan of Turkey, and is secretly preparing for independent action in favour of the Cretans. The Central Powers, however, have warned Greece, that, in pursuing this course, she will stand alone and must abide the results. In Bulgaria a plot has been discovered, having as its object the murder of Prince Ferdinand and his Ministers. A number of arrests were made, and, according to a telegram from Bucharest, Major Panitza, the ringleader, and four officers, have been secretly executed. Russian intrigue is supposed to have been at the bottom of the business. Prince Ferdinand offered to abdicate, but the Cabinet declined to listen to the proposition. In France some excitement has been caused by the arrest and deportation across the frontier, under the Pretenders' Law, of the Duc d'Orleans. The sentence originally passed by the Tribunal of the Seine was that of two years' imprisonment, but President Carnot cancelled the sentence, pardoning the Duc and ordering him to be escorted to the frontier. Russian and French Agents are actively engaged in urging the British to evacuate Egypt,—of course, without any success. We have abolished forced labour in Egypt, and restored the finances of the country to something like order; but evacuation, at least until her work is completed, is what Great Britain will not listen to. The reinforcement of the Russian Army in Siberia has alarmed the Chinese, who are concentrating large bodies of troops in Manchuria, which is separated from Asiatic Russia only by the Rivers Amoor and Usuri. From Canada comes news of increased ill-feeling between the Protestants and the French Catholics in the Dominion, and the tumultuous debate that took place in the Dominion Parliament on the 13th February would seem to point to the probability of a disturbance of the peace, unless both parties moderate their transports. Detailed accounts have been received of the stamping out of a counter-revolutionary attempts in Brazil, accompanied by great loss of life, both during and after the fighting to the insurgents.

The inter-federation of the Australian Colonies promises soon to become an accomplished fact. The Federation Conference

that has been sitting in Melbourne has unanimously adopted the motion of Sir Henry Parkes for the union of all the Australian Colonies under one Government, and thus the first really important step towards the formation of that perfect commonwealth—half real, half ideal—dreamed of by Sir James Harrington two-and-a-half centuries ago, has been made. The initiative has been taken by the Colonists themselves, without any vexatious interference or suggestion from the Colonial Office; which, for once, has shown wisdom in its dealings with our kindred over the sea. The proper policy to pursue with regard to our Australian Colonies is, as Mr. James A. Froude has pointed out in *Oceana*, to let them alone. They have shown that in a supposed time of danger they are eager to share our burdens; they are doing all that we have a right to expect of them; each year their resources increase, and, as they become more and more conscious of their importance, they will seek, and perhaps will claim, a more intimate connexion with the Imperial Administration; but all advances towards a closer political connexion must come from themselves, and anything which they consider would be for their good, unless it be itself unreasonable, ought to be done. But the Colonies will never again submit to be ruled from England, and it says very much for their loyalty and good feeling that, after the indifference with which they have been treated—dealt with in the interests of the mother-country only as long as they would submit, and then called valueless, and advised to take themselves away—they should still remain our staunch friends, asking only for acknowledged equality to still further tighten the invisible bonds of relationship and affection for our common country.

The news from the Chin-Lushai Field Force is satisfactory on the whole, although the notorious Chieftain, Lienpunga, who was implicated in the Chengri Valley raid, has been allowed to escape, and is, according to latest accounts, still at large. Early in the month, Lienpunga gave up 59 captives—women and children—at Changsil, and, on the 11th of February, he himself surrendered to Mr. Daly, who, for some apparently inexplicable reason, allowed him to go away, on a promise that he would return, which of course he did not do. Colonel Shiner, with



an advance party of the Chittagong Column, occupied Lienpunga's village on the night of the 11th, when an attempt—luckily frustrated—was made to fire the village over their heads. Colonel Skinner was instructed to lose no time in punishing the sons of another Chief, who raided a village last year, and he was pushing on with his force for that purpose. On the 2nd February the Chiefs of the important Haka tribe, Bwetet, gave in their submission, and this is regarded as one of the most important events in history of the campaign; and a day or two previous the troublesome village of Hanta, which had so long harboured the rebel Shweijyobwa Prince, was attacked and burned to the ground. There is no further news from the Western Lushai country, but it was thought that the junction of the Chittagong Column with Mr. Daly's force would have a profound effect.

It is to be hoped that in the general scramble for a share of the surplus, some consideration will be shown to India in the matter of the abolition of the English duties on Indian silver plate, a question that has repeatedly, in the course of the last seven years, been pressed upon the attention both of the Indian Government and of the Home authorities. The only reasons assigned for deferring this measure of justice to India have been financial ones, and although Mr. Goschen, in his Piccadilly speech, was inclined to the opinion that the position of a Chancellor of the Exchequer with a surplus was almost as pitiable as that of a Chancellor of the Exchequer with taxes to impose, he would not be doing much violence to his feelings in granting the measure of relief so frequently asked for, which, small as it is in the aggregate, and little as it benefits the Home revenues, presses, with peculiar severity, upon the few subjected to the impost. The manufacture of gold and silver plate must always be an industry of a very limited extent. Many things have combined to tell heavily upon the trade locally, and its revival in other directions cannot be hoped for until the heavy import duty levied in England is removed.

"APEX."

CALCUTTA, 20th February 1890.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 6.—APRIL 1890.

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## *THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ARMENIA.*

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"I find the Armenian language, which is twin—the Literal and the Vulgar—difficult, but not invincible; at least, I hope not. . . . It is a rich language, and would amply repay any one the trouble of learning it." (*Lord Byron to Messrs. Moor and Murray, 4th and 5th December 1816.*)

THE subject of this paper has been brought prominently before Indian Educationalists, in consequence of the University of Calcutta having added Armenian to the "second languages" recognised in the First Examination in Arts. The Regulations of that body require that every second language shall be a *classic*, and it will be interesting to examine the considerations that claim that distinction for the Haikan tongue.

It is necessary to explain that these pages deal with ancient Armenian, a language so distinct from that spoken at the present day, that Klaproth and Max Müller include it in their lists of dead languages. The former writes, "the ancient or literary Armenian is so different in its grammar from the present Armenian, that it may be considered a dead language" [*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, A. II., p. 298].

The most conflicting theories as to the origin of Armenian are met with in the writings of the highest authorities in Philology and Comparative Grammar. For instance, Latham tells us that "the languages that have more especially encroached on the Armenian are the Turkish and Persian" [*Elements of Comparative Philology*, p. 267, Ed. 1862]; while Sir William Jones holds precisely the opposite view [*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. III., p. 12]. Sayce, touching upon this subject, confesses that "unfortunately the position of Armenian . . . is still a matter of doubt" [*Introduction to the Science of Languages*, Vol. I., p. 307]. Hubschmann makes Armenian the link between the East Aryan, or Indo-Iranian, and West Aryan, or European. Fick argues that it is altogether an Iranian tongue, and Frederick Müller makes it a Persian dialect. Other grammarians conclude that it is a distant kin of the Indo-Germanic Family, and Bopp, after a careful and elaborate examination of the case and modal inflections in Armenian and in German, points to considerable resemblance between them. "The German infinitive," he indicates, "stands in exact accordance with the Armenian, if I am right in viewing the *l* of the latter as a corruption of *an*, and, therefore, the before-mentioned *barel*, is a form exactly analogous to the Gothic *Baira-n*, Old High German *ber-a-n*," &c., &c. Klaproth goes a step further and says, "the Armenian language is over-charged with consonants. Besides many Indo-Germanic roots, it shows analogies to the Finnic dialects of Siberia, and other languages of northern Asia. The grammar is excessively complicated. Like the northern languages of Europe, it has an article attached to the end of words. It does not distinguish the genders. The declension has ten cases in the singular and plural; and in the conjugation of verbs we find a corresponding copiousness of inflection . . . In good Armenian authors, of any age or country, no diversity of dialect is observable. The construction resembles that of the Greek language" [*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, A. II., p. 298]. Reverend F. M. Bedrosian, M.M., D.D., concurs with Klaproth in some measure when he says that "the Armenian language, celebrated for its antiquity, is modelled,

in a great measure, by the Greek and Syriac, the richest idioms in the world."

In the face of so many irreconcilable inferences, "where doctors differ, who shall decide?" There are probably certain links in the chain that have not yet been discovered, and it is not, therefore, possible to say with any degree of certainty what position among the Aryan fraternity should be assigned to Armenian. There is a very strong tendency to refer it to the Germanic branch on account of its grammatical peculiarities; but on the other hand there appears to be equally weighty reason for allying it to the language of Greece because of its idioms and constructions.

It may be noticed, *en passant*, that in times beyond the ken of history there was a rude alphabet in Armenia. But it was deficient in letters, and Mesrob, in the fourth century after Christ, added certain vowels and consonants to complete it. As in Greek, there was no *f*, but *ph* ( $\phi$ ). The European *o* had an equivalent in the combination *av*. Contact with the people of the West, however, introduced the pure vowel and consonant sound of *o* and *f* respectively, and in a few generations after the day of Mesrob they were included in an alphabet of thirty-eight letters, which contained in all seven vowels. The characters bear a distant resemblance to both Greek and Old German.

The existing literature of Armenia dates from the fourth century of the Christian era. Its earliest works are translations of the Old and New Testaments. The Pentateuch, Histories and Prophets were rendered into the vernacular by Sahag Bartave, while Mesrob interpreted the Gospels, Epistles and Apocrypha with such purity of style, felicity of expression and fidelity to the original, that his is commonly termed the Queen of Versions. There are, moreover, preserved in Armenian translations of several Greek and Roman writers whose works have perished in the flames, or been otherwise lost. Among such may be mentioned the *Chronicle of Eusebius*, three *Sermons of Philo*, *Bardesanes*, *Faustus of Byzantium* and *Lerubna of Edessa*. In the fifth century, DAVID the INVINCIBLE stands

foremost. The teachings of Buros, the Greek Philosopher, called forth a volume entitled *Philosophical Definitions*. An intimate knowledge of Greek is evinced in certain *Translations from Aristotle*, and, in particular, in the rendering of that philosopher's *Letter to Alexander* concerning the world and virtue. The *Life of Aristotle* formulates accurately the doctrines of the Macedonian sage, and abounds with interesting events in his life. The science of language finds place in the *Grammar of Grammars*. MESROB occupies a prominent station in the Republic of Letters during the Century. YEGHISHE or ELISHA, a contemporary of David, wrote a *History of the Wars of Vardan* against the Persians under Shah Hazguerd; *Commentary on Joshua and Judges*; *Discourse on the Baptism, Passion, Betrayal and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ*; and other theological works. The first work is invaluable, affording, as it does, reliable historical information which is not obtainable from contemporary chronicles. Among its finest passages is the text of the Proclamation of Mahir Nerseh, Prime Minister of Shah Hazguerd, in which he calls upon the Armenians to adopt the Fire-Worship of Persia, and the reply of the Armenians thereto. The History has been translated into English by several scholars. The last was published by Newmann in London, 1838. An eminent historian bears witness to the value of Elisha's great master-piece, and to those of his successors in the following words :—

“The Armenian Historians are valuable for the information which they supply on the history of the Byzantine Empire of the Sassanidæ, the Mahomedan Arabs, the Seljuks, the Crusades, the Moguls, and, in short, on the entire history of the East since the fourth century. They show, upon the whole, more judgment than the Arabian and Persian Historians.”

Another celebrated author of the fifth century was MOSES OF KHORENE. His best works are: *Geography of Armenia*, *Biography of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, and *History of Armenia*. The last-named is accorded the highest place in the literature of the country.

## SEVENTH CENTURY.

## 1.—HOVHANNES THE MAMIGONIAN.

Work :—*History of Daron*, being a continuation of Zenob's work of the same name.

## 2.—SEBEAS.

Work :—*History of Heraclius*, in which is included a History of Armenia, of the decline of the Sassanidæ and the growth of Mahomedanism.

## 3.—ANANIAS OF SHERAG.

Works :—*Diary ; Dimensions of the Earth ; the Heavens*, an astronomical work.

## 4.—THEODORUS.

Works :—Treatise against Heresy, and other religious writings.

## 5.—SAHAK.

Works :—Several religious treatises.

## EIGHTH CENTURY.

## 1.—HOVHANNES OF OTZUN.

Works :—*Poems ; Discourses for Easter Eve ; Evidences in Favour of Miracles*, written to refute the objections of Badlich.

## 2.—STEPHANUS OF SEUNETSZI.

Works :—*Sacred Poems*, and various theological writings.

## NINTH CENTURY.

## 1.—HOVHANNES THE CATHOLIKOS.

Work :—*History of the World* from the earliest times to his own day. Contemporary men of letters regarded it as the best of its kind.

## 2.—THOMAS ARDZROONI.

Work :—*History of the Royal Family of Ardzrooni*.

## 3.—MIESROB OF HAYOTZDOR.

Work :—*Miscellanies*.

## TENTH CENTURY.

## 1.—KHOSROV THE GREAT.

## 2.—GHEYVOND OF LEONTIUS.

Works :—*History of the Invasion of Armenia by the Arabs*, and of the Sacred War which Aboukir, Omar and Osman waged against Unbelievers, and an account of events in Armenia from A.D. 661 to 788.

## 3.—GREGORY OF NAREK.

Works :—*Dissertations on the Songs of Solomon*, a volume considered altogether unique by contemporary writers in England and France ; *The Twelve Apostles ; Essays*.

## 4.—MOSES OF KALHANA.

## 5.—STAPHANUS ASOLIK.

Works :—*History of the World from the Creation to 1004 A.D. ; Origin of the Israelites, History of the Egyptians under the Ptolemies ; History of the Syrian, Mogul and Persian Emperors*.

## ELEVENTH CENTURY.

## 1.—ARISTAKES OF LASTIVERD.

Works :—*Commentary on the Prophets*, and a prose work in which he recounts

the cruel aversion of the Greeks against the Armenians, and the "murderous barbarity" which the Persians displayed towards the Armenians.

2.—MATTHEW YERETZ OF EDESSA.

Work :—*A Biography of St. Chrysostom.*

TWELFTH CENTURY.

1.—GREGORY MAGISTROS.

Works :—*Essays* on religious, social and philosophical questions ; *Poems* ; and an *Epic* of over one thousand stanzas, covering the Old and New Testaments.

2.—NARSEES THE GRACIOUS.

Works :—*Explanation of the Mass, Commentary* on the Psalms of David, on the Book of Ecclesiastes, and on the minor prophets ; *Discourse* on the Ascension of Christ, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost ; *Reflections* on the Parables of the Prodigal Son, and the Unjust Steward ; *Poems* ; and *Speech* to the Assembly of Romglah.

3.—MEKHITAR KOSH.

Works :—*Code of Laws, Proverbs, Explanation of the Prophecies of Jeremiah.*

4.—HOVHAN VANAKAN.

5.—VARDON THE GREAT.

Works :—*Translation of the Diary of Michael ; History of the World* (comprising a period of 6,000 years) ; *Commentary on Daniel and the Pentateuch* (translated into French by St. Martin) ; *Grammar* of the Armenian tongue.

6.—VAHRAM.

7.—SAMPAD.

Work :—*History of Timour.*

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

1.—KAVORK VARTABED.

Work :—*Exposition of the Prophet Isaiah.*

2.—CIRAKOS VARTABED.

Works :—*The Eight Sacraments ; History of the Thirteenth Century* and of the Invasion by the Tartars.

3.—PRINCE HATHOOM.

Works :—*History of the Tartars* of his times ; *Scriptural Poems ; Dictionary.*

4.—VAHRAM VARTABED.

Work :—*Poetical History of the Rupan Dynasty.*

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

1.—VARDAN.

Work :—*History of the Holy Places of Jerusalem.*

2.—GARABED VARTABED.

Work :—*Advice to Youths* in verse.

3.—BASIL VARTABED.

Work :—*Exposition of the Gospel of St. Mark the Apostle.*

## FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

1.—DR. AMIRDAULAT.

Work :—*Hygiene*.

2.—CATCHADOOR VARTABED.

Work :—*History of Alexander the Great*.

3.—THOMAS VARTABED.

Work :—*History of Tamurlane*.

4.—MACHITAR.

Work :—*A Discourse on Fate*.

## SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

1.—STEPHANOS VARTABED.

Works :—*Eusebius* ; *Jewish War* ; *Dictionary*—Armenian into Latin.

2.—ARAKIEL VARTABED.

Work :—*Contemporary History*, including an account of the Wars of Shah Abbas, of the Persians and of the Turks.

3.—FATHER GOMIDAS.

Works :—*Contemporary History* ; *Discourse on the Acts of the Holy Apostles*.

## SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1.—STAPHANOS.

Work :—*Hygiene*.

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

1.—MICHAEL SCHAMICH.

Work :—*History of Armenia* from the earliest times.

In the preceding chronological summary of writers and their works, (in the preparation of which I have received invaluable assistance from C. P. Moorat, Esq., Professor of Armenian at the Armenian College, Calcutta,) it will be observed that histories contribute the bulk of the literature. These works are distinguished by a spirit of ardent patriotism and fervent love for the mother-country. The brave deeds of their great men are related with strict adherence to fact, and in language that gains force and beauty as the writer's national pride and personal admiration are roused by the recital. Here is pointed a moral, and there is cited an example worthy of imitation. National calamities are viewed in the light of dispensations, and are lamented with a touching combination of resignation as to the present, and hope for better things to come. The study of such works by the young has ever imbued them with an eager yearning to retrieve the fortunes of their once flourishing kingdom, and to live once more in their Armenian homesteads, governed by their own laws and royalty. The Turkish Government, with a pitiable apprehension of the possible result



of the study of these national histories, placed them, last year, under a ban, and excluded them from the curriculum of Armenian schools in the domains of the Sultan. This act of oppression is an unconscious testimony to the sterling worth and literary merit of the Armenian histories.

The religious works are numerically inferior only to the histories. Most of the authors before mentioned held ecclesiastical offices in the Armenian Church, and hence it is that their productions are coloured by their avocations. We have in this branch of letters penetrating researches into Biblical mysteries, erudite commentaries and philosophical expositions. Beneath all there lies a basis of childlike faith in the revealed Word of God, and fidelity to the early traditions of the Church. Intimate acquaintance with Scripture appears in each period, and piety the most genuine shines forth in every prayer. Followers of a persuasion wherein the utmost prominence is given to rites and ceremonies, wherein types and mysticism are the natural garb of devotion, they were readily allured into abstruse reasonings and strained analogies. There thus occur in their writings laboured expositions, bold speculations and psychological discriminations. The language, too, glows into fervour, and prose that is true poetry is no uncommon vehicle of passionate climax. It is in such passages that the national pulse is felt, and the wealth of the language in vocabulary, in imagery and in capacity is brought out to the best advantage.

Poetical compositions are not abundant; indeed, they may well be considered as particularly few. The most ambitious poem is perhaps Gregory Magistros' *Epic*: but even in this case the theme is not original. Unlike *Paradise Lost*, it is a rhythmical edition of the Old and New Testaments, with but few deviations from the accepted text. Viewed, however, comprehensively, Armenian poetry possesses more than one merit. The metre and rhymes are peculiarly smooth and musical. The words are arranged and selected with nicety, and the sentiments are often sublime. There is a total absence of the lighter forms of versification. Religious aspirations, patriotic enthusiasm, topographical cameos, and historical narrative occur most fre-

quently. There are a few stirring lyrics, but the metaphysical poem is beyond question the favourite style. There is something manly in the thoughts and figures, attributable no doubt to the mountainous country in which the poets were nursed. Women are accorded due respect and affection; but no halo of romance or mediæval chivalry surrounds them. They are beloved members of the domestic circle, performing dutifully and well their functions as faithful wives and tender mothers.

What lends additional value to the literature of Armenia is its antiquity and continuity. Most of the works have never been published, but their authentic and genuine manuscripts have been preserved with astonishing solicitude. There are fragments of songs that were composed before the introduction of Christianity. The celebrated Library of the Mekhitarist Monks of Venice owns thousands of ancient manuscripts, written from century to century. Collections equally numerous and valuable are deposited in the Armenian Monasteries at Etchmiatzin, Jerusalem and elsewhere, and in the Armenian National Library at Constantinople. There have been Armenian Printing Offices at Amsterdam, Leipzig, Leghorn, Leopold in Poland, Constantinople, Smyrna, Astrakhan, Julfa, Madras, and the Armenian College at Calcutta. Large numbers of volumes are at the present time annually published by the Armenian Academy of St. Lazarus in Venice. There was a decline in literature after the twelfth century; but this was due to the foreign wars, in which the nation was involved with the Arabs, the Tartars, the Egyptians, the Turks, and the Persians. The Armenians were dispersed over Asia Minor, Persia and Turkey, and the country was thereafter partitioned between the Russians, the Persians and the Turks. During these troublous centuries literature could not flourish, and the wonder is that so much of what had gone before has been preserved. In spite of adverse circumstances—such as might have, indeed, crushed out the very national existence of Armenians—a number of works of eminent merit were composed, between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries. They are golden links which bring us down to modern times, and present us with an unbroken chain of Armenian letters, extend-

ing over a period of sixteen hundred years. Few, if any, nations can boast of such a literature—a literature that spans the wide chasm between the Dark Ages of Mediæval Europe and the Victorian Illumination of the Nineteenth Century—a literature that began with Mesrob and Moses of Khorene, and that is still adorned with the scholarship of Per Levon Alishan, and with the erudition of the Academy of St. Lazaro in Venice.

HERBERT A. STARK, B.A.

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*HIS INTENTIONS.*

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CHAPTER I.

IDA CHESTER was a by no means unattractive spinster of thirty. She was the eldest of a large family, had been very pretty and a flirt, and had refused more offers before she was six-and-twenty than often fall to the lot of a penniless girl in this matter-of-fact age. In time, however, her old admirers had dwindled away—some had married and some had ceased to admire, while new-comers had seemed to find in her younger sisters “metal more attractive.” So it had been deemed expedient by her parents that she should be shipped off to Calcutta, ostensibly, to cheer the solitude of a widowed aunt, but really, in the hope that her waning charms might still be sufficiently powerful to captivate some of the numberless young men who are supposed to be waiting in eager crowds on India’s shores for anything presentable in the form of a wife that the old country chooses to send them.

She had now been in India two years, and though she had received a great deal of attention, no one eligible had presented himself as a suitor for her hand. This state of things filled the heart of her aunt with the greatest dismay ; not that she wished to get rid of her niece—on the contrary, she was much attached to her and would have liked to have her with her always,—but because, like a good many other worthy women, she was an inveterate match-maker, holding to the opinion that matrimony was woman’s proper destiny, and perpetual spinsterhood the worst misfortune that could overtake her.

“Worse even than a bad husband !” she had been heard to declare, and it is, therefore, no wonder that she regarded the

backwardness of her niece's admirers with feelings akin to despair. It was not only sad in itself, but a slur on her own generalship, in which she had hitherto had the greatest confidence, and, as she had successfully angled for two husbands herself, this was perhaps quite justifiable. She was already debating in her mind, whether it would not be wise for her to take Ida to fresh fields and pastures new, when something occurred which caused her to take heart again, and she decided to stay where she was.

One morning she received a call from a tea-planter from Assam, who brought with him a letter of introduction from an old and dear friend whom she had not seen for years. Mr. Maynard—for such was the name of the visitor—was good-looking, well-bred, and possessed of an air of frankness and simplicity, which went straight to the hearts of his new acquaintances. He had been sent down to Calcutta for six weeks by his doctor, to get rid of a nasty and persistent attack of fever, and nothing seemed more natural, or more proper, than that he should take up his abode with Mrs. Birch, in order that she might herself nurse him back to health.

"I would not for the world allow you to remain in the hotel," she said; "it is the very worst place for a sick man to get well attended to in, and you with no servant of your own, too." So a man was immediately despatched to the Great Eastern Hotel for his baggage, and he was duly installed as an inmate in Mrs. Birch's house.

To the credit of his nurses it must be said that he was not long in throwing off all signs of illness, but was after a few days quite ready to join in whatever fun and enjoyment was going on at the time; and, as it chanced to be the cold season, there was no lack of entertainment.

The least observant of Ida's friends could not fail to see that Mr. Maynard paid her marked attention, following her about as though he had been her shadow, and appearing quite lost when she was not by his side. When Mrs. Birch was too tired, or too much indisposed, to go out, he, at her request, became Ida's escort to places of amusement and to the Eden

Gardens, and many were the pleasant evenings they spent thus in a box at the opera or the theatre, or sitting in the phaeton outside the band-stand. So often were they seen in public together unattended that the ill-natured at length began to make unpleasant remarks, whilst those who wished Ida well, congratulated her in their hearts that she had engaged the affections of so nice a fellow as Mr. Maynard was considered to be.

But Ida herself knew, to her cost, that, although they were the best friends imaginable, in perfect sympathy on all points, yet he had never spoken to her one sentence which she could by any effort of imagination twist into a hint that he had other feelings towards her than those of friendship. That he was not engaged, or even in love, with anyone else, she had discovered very early in their acquaintance, and this afforded her some slight degree of consolation. He had, from time to time, made her little presents—gloves, a fan, and such-like trifles, which might mean anything or nothing, but which she regarded simply as graceful attentions to his hostess from a man who had received many and great kindnesses at her hands.

His period of leave was now fast drawing to an end, and as she had become seriously attached to him, she began to feel very unhappy. As for Mrs. Birch, when she had elicited from Ida that no formal declaration had been made, she was exceeding wroth. She had so made up her mind to the match that she had even mentioned it in her letters to Ida's mother, with a degree of confidence hardly warranted by the circumstances, and she felt that, were her schemes to fall through now, she would not only look extremely foolish, but lose her reputation as a successful *chaperon* for ever.

"I will give him one more chance," she said to herself, "and, then, if he does not come to the point, of his own free will, I must make him!" But she wisely refrained from communicating this decision to her niece, who would probably have objected to the young man being in any way coerced.

There was a moonlight fête at the Zoological Gardens, on the evening of the day on which she came to this decision—a private affair, to which Mrs. Birch and her party were

invited. A part of the gardens was illuminated with Chinese lanterns and *chirags*; a huge *shamianna* was erected for refreshments; and the proceedings were enlivened by the Band of the regiment then stationed in the Fort. Very pretty and romantic was the whole effect, and no more suitable scene could be chosen, thought the widow, when she saw it, for a declaration of love.

She lost no time in finding a suitable companion for herself, and dexterously contrived to lose Ida and her cavalier for the rest of the evening.

When, however, the last waltz had been played and the band were preparing to strike up 'God save the Queen,' she managed to espy them at some little distance from where she was sitting, and immediately despatched a friend to bring them to her. "My dear Ida," she exclaimed, as they came up, "where have you been? We have been looking for you everywhere, and have been ready to move for the last half hour. Let us go at once, or we shall never find our carriage."

Not a word passed between the two ladies on the subject nearest their hearts till they had seen their guest safely shut in his room for the night. Then Mrs. Birch stole softly into her niece's verandah, where she found her lying in a long cane chair, gazing dreamily at the moon.

"Well, Ida, have you nothing to tell me?" she asked.

"Nothing, Auntie," the girl replied, without looking up.

"Hasn't he spoken yet?"

"He has not proposed to me, if that is what you mean."

"Of course, that is what I mean," was the querulous answer. "Well, my dear, all I can say is, that it is very strange behaviour, and I have decided to give him a hint."

"O Auntie, don't do that—please say nothing to him. I would not for worlds you should say anything."

"Nonsense, child! you know nothing of these things—you leave it all to me. I think I know how to manage such matters by this time. I am not a fool!"

"I know you are very clever—and everything that is sweet and kind," said poor Ida coaxingly, "but I would rather

nothing were said to him—it might spoil everything, and there's plenty of time yet.

"Plenty of time!" Why, there is only a week left, and as to spoiling everything—I don't know quite what you mean. A man requires to be met half-way, you know, and I believe you snub him.

"O Aunt!"

"Yes, I do—that is, you do not give him necessary encouragement. However, you may rest quite easy, for whatever I say or do, you shall not be compromised, and, of course, I shall do it in a manner that cannot possibly do harm. Do you think, you silly girl," she went on, as she kissed her niece, "that I should say anything very pointed? No, no, you leave these things to me; perhaps, I shall not say anything after all," and with these words she sailed out of the verandah again, bitterly reproaching herself in her heart that she had not kept to her original intention of maintaining silence as to her plans.

The next evening, when Gerard presented himself in the verandah at five o'clock, dressed for his usual drive with Ida, he found Mrs. Birch alone, and, on his enquiring for her niece, she informed him that she had sent her out by herself. "The fact is, Gerard" (she always called him by his Christian name, it was more 'motherly'), "I have not said anything to Ida, but I think it is better that you and she should not be seen together quite so much as you have been!"

"Good gracious!—why?" inquired the surprised and simple young man.

"Well, you see, Calcutta is a censorious place, and when a good-looking young woman like Ida is seen too often alone with one young man—it gives rise to ill-natured gossip, from which I am bound to protect her."

"Has anyone been saying anything about us, then?" he asked.

"Yes, things have been said—people say—however, it is not for me to tell you what they say," and she stopped.

"Oh, yes, you must tell me—I like to know the worst people say of me—and besides I have a right to know."



"Yes, perhaps, you have a right to know, so I will tell you. People say—well, they say, in fact, that you and Ida are engaged."

"Well, there is nothing so very dreadful in that, is there?"

"There would be nothing in it if it were true, but you are not engaged."

"No; we are not engaged," he answered slowly, and then relapsed into silence.

A terrible and chilling thought suddenly flashed through Mrs. Birch's mind—perhaps he was already married to some woman in Scotland, his native place, and all her efforts on Ida's behalf had been in vain!

Presently he seemed to wake out of a reverie.

"What a shame it is that people cannot mind their own business. I'm awfully vexed if Miss Chester has suffered any annoyance on my account—I like her better than anyone I know!"

This sounded hopeful.

"Then you had better tell her so," said Mrs. Birch. She was getting desperate having just caught a glimpse of the carriage, as it turned the corner of the Maidan, and feeling that it was a case of now or never.

"Why, do you think she would have me?" he enquired simply.

"Oh, that I cannot say—you must ask that question of her—it is one I couldn't undertake to answer. Here she comes—you can ask her now, but mind not a word to her of our conversation," and, with her finger on her lips, she hurried away, just as Ida's carriage drove up to the door.

As Ida went up the stairs, she found Gerard waiting for her half-way, at the door of a little verandah room built out over the porch, full of greenery and of comfortable lounging chairs.

"Why did you go out without me?" he asked, as she came up to him.

"I don't know—a whim of Auntie's, that is all. Have you not been out too?"

"No; I do not care to wander about Calcutta by myself."

"Why did you not take Auntie for a walk?" she asked mischievously, and she made a movement to pass him on her way to her room, but he stopped her.

"Stay a minute. I want to speak to you—I want to ask you something," and, seizing her by the hand, he drew her in and down on to one of the couches by his side.

"What is it?" she asked, as she felt her colour rising and her heart beating almost loud enough to be heard.

"Don't you know?"

"No, indeed, I haven't the faintest idea."

"It is something I have been wanting to ask you for ever so long—but I have been afraid." He paused, but Ida did not speak.

"I want to know whether you will marry me," he went on: "I am a very bad hand at making grand speeches," he added, with that boyish awkwardness that Ida liked in him so much; "but I can only tell you that I love you better than any woman living, and throw myself on your mercy—will you have me?"

The answer, whatever it was, was almost inaudible; but as it was followed by his taking her in his arms and kissing her, it may be inferred that it was a favourable one, and they both emerged from the room, at the sound of the dinner bell, with faces radiant with happiness.

Mrs. Birch was triumphant, and Ida herself felt that the only flaw in her almost perfect happiness was the doubt in her mind as to whether her aunt had said anything to Gerard before he made his declaration. That lady had not mentioned the subject, and Ida had not the courage to ask her. She preferred to believe that her lover had spoken of his own accord, and that his delay in doing so had been, as he had said, the result of timidity.

On the following day he gave her a single stone diamond ring, and she ordered for him a plain gold one, with their joint initials woven together as a monogram finely engraved thereon, which was never to leave his finger while he lived.

The next few days were full of happiness to Ida and flew by all too quickly, and at the end of the week Gerard had started again for his home.

His letters were frequent and loving, and there was talk of an early marriage, and the two ladies were soon busily occupied in choosing and making the all-important *trousseau*.

About two months after he left, Ida received a long letter from him one morning, telling her that he was about to start for Australia, the firm to whom his tea garden belonged being anxious to introduce Indian tea into that country, and thinking it desirable to send one of their own assistants to negotiate business rather than trust to agents on the spot. He was to be absent altogether about three months, and on his return, he went on to say, he looked forward to taking Ida home with him as his wife ; he was "determined not to go to Assam again alone." He was obliged to start from Bombay or should of course have visited his *fiancée* before he left, and the fact that he could not do so was a bitter disappointment to him.

It was so to Ida, too, but, after all, she had not expected to see him again for four or five months, and she consoled herself with the thought that their next meeting was not to be followed by any more partings. She heard from him next from Bombay, and then not again till he had reached Galle, from which place he sent her a long and amusing account of the passage so far, and winding up with a regret that she was not with him to share all the fun that was going on. He then told her, for the first time, that he had had a return of his fever, which accounted for his being chosen to go on this errand, the doctor thinking that a sea voyage would do him good.

How eagerly Ida looked forward to the first Australian Mail after his arrival, may be guessed by all who know what it is to give almost for the letters of one person, and her disappointment was indeed keen, when she found that it brought nothing for her.

"It is most strange," she said ; "he must have arrived, and he promised he would write. I wonder whether it will come by the later post."

"Oh, it is all right. I daresay he has only just landed, and is very busy," replied her aunt. "You mustn't be too impatient, my dear."

"I hope he is not ill," Ida answered musingly. And for some time she was quite unable to shake off her disappointment. The days went heavily till the next mail day drew near, when her spirits rose again in joyful anticipation; and when the morning came, she was up early and waylaid the postman at the door before her aunt was out of her room. There was a letter from Sydney, but it was not in her lover's hand-writing and, moreover, it had a mourning border. She seized it, and rushed with it into the little porch room, where she tore it open with trembling fingers. After reading the first few lines, she gave a piteous cry and sank down on the floor, burying her head on a couch, while the letter fluttered from her hand.

When Mrs. Birch, not finding Ida in her accustomed place at the breakfast table, enquired of the servants, she was informed by the *bearer* that the "Miss Sahib" had gone downstairs, that she had had a letter, and that he thought she was ill. She hurried down, revolving all kinds of horrible possibilities in her mind, and on looking into the room saw Ida lying a limp, white heap on the floor. She did not look up, or move, or give any sign that she was conscious of her aunt's presence.

"My dearest child, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Birch as she knelt on the floor by her side and took her hand in hers. "Speak, dear, tell me what is it?"

But Ida neither spoke nor moved, and her aunt began to get frightened.

"Tell me, darling," she repeated, stroking Ida's hair—"what is it? Don't frighten me!"

All the response she received was a squeeze of the hand, and, seeing the letter lying at her feet, and that it was not in Gerard's writing, she took it up and read it for herself:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—It is my painful duty to acquaint you with the sad news of the death of Mr. Gerard Maynard, which occurred last Thursday evening. He had for some time past been suffering from fever, and unfortunately caught a severe cold soon after reaching Sydney; unfavourable symptoms set in, and he sank on the evening of the 18th. The morning before he died he made over to me a parcel which he directed, in case of

his death, I should forward to you, and which I have despatched by same mail.

"You will be glad to know that poor Mr. Maynard received every attention during his illness and that all that could be done was done."

It was signed "William Goddard," which was the name of the friend he had intended staying with in Sydney.

The parcel arrived by a later post—it contained all Ida's letters, the ring she had given him, and a lock of his hair.

It was in vain for poor Mrs. Birch to try the next day to be before her niece in getting hold of the morning paper. When she came out, she found Ida with it in her hand, conning with streaming eyes the fatal announcement:—"At Sydney, on the 18th ultimo, Gerard Maynard, of Tilpur, Assam, only son of the late James Maynard of Glasgow, in his 31st year."

The blow was a cruel and crushing one. For days poor Ida was utterly prostrated—nothing seemed to rouse her from the lethargy into which she fell when the first passionate outburst of grief was over, and, finding that she grew daily thinner and paler, her aunt at last decided to carry her off to Darjiling, in the hope that change of air and scene would effect what seemed hopeless in Calcutta.

## *THE ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS OF CALCUTTA.*

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### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THIS noble edifice, which owes its existence to the munificence of the late Right Reverend Daniel Wilson, fifth Bishop of Calcutta, and first Metropolitan of India, occupies a commanding position at the extreme south end of the *maidan*, at a short distance from the site of the Mahratta ditch. The land on which it stands was granted by Government, and the corner stone was laid on the 8th October 1839. Major W. N. Forbes, of the Royal Engineers, drew up the design, and the plans were prepared under his immediate supervision. The style of architecture is Indo-Gothic. The building is 247 feet long and 81 feet broad, and at the transepts 114 feet. The height of the spire from the base is 200 feet. Over the western porch is a library, the gift of Bishop Wilson, which contains a very fair collection of books in general literature—the Divinity element slightly preponderating—and to which additions have been made from time to time. The public are allowed access to it under certain conditions. The vestibule is 36 feet by 23 feet. The east window was the involuntary gift of the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, inasmuch as the worthy Bishop had seen and set his heart upon it and would accept no refusal. The subject is *The Crucifixion*, after a design by West, and it cost originally about £4,000. It was severely damaged in the cyclone of 1864 and had to be renewed. The Communion Plate was the gift of the Queen. The Organ is by Gray. The Clock, which is an ornament to the building, has the words, "Its sound is gone out into all lands," inscribed on the bell. The west window contains a Memorial to the late Lord Mayo. The Cathedral

was consecrated on the 8th of October 1847. About £75,000 was raised by public subscriptions as follows:—

	£
The Right Rev. Bishop Wilson ... ..	20,000
The East India Company ... ..	15,000
The Indian Public ... ..	13,000
English Public ... ..	13,000
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ... ..	5,000
„ „ Promoting Christian Knowledge ... ..	5,000
Thomas Nutt, Esq. (London) ... ..	4,000
Total ... ..	<u>75,000</u>

The expenditure on the building was about £50,000. On the 2nd of January 1858, the remains of the late Lord Bishop were consigned to their last resting-place in the body of the Cathedral.

The vestibule and the transept contain some magnificent monuments, among which are:—A marble table surmounted by a bust of Major-General Forbes, of the Mint, architect of the Cathedral.

A mural monument to the Hon'ble John Paxton Norman, Officiating Chief Justice of the local High Court, who was assassinated, on the threshold of the Town Hall by an Afghan fanatic named Abdullah, on the 20th September 1871.

*Under the Tower Arch are:*—A monument erected by Government to perpetuate the memory of the distinguished services rendered to the State by the Earl of Elgin in Jamaica, Canada, China, and India.

A marble tablet to the memory of Sir H. M. Lawrence, of the Bengal Artillery, a brother of the late Lord John Lawrence, who was killed by the bursting of a shell at the Residency in Lucknow during the stormy days of the Indian mutiny of 1857.

*In the South Transept are:*—Lady Canning's monument, a splendid marble platform, covered with mosaic work, and surmounted by a cenotaph with a most touching inscription. This noble lady died in Calcutta of a malignant fever caught

in the Terai while accompanying her husband on his tour through Northern India. With her dying breath she expressed a desire to be buried in a remote corner of the Barrackpore Park, in the grounds of Government House, which was a favourite residence of hers, as it gave scope to the exercise of her talents as an artist. The monument, which was in the first instance placed over her grave, was subsequently removed to the Cathedral.

A mural tablet to the memory of Sir William Hay Macnaughten. This eminent Oriental scholar came out to this country as a Cornet in the Madras Light Cavalry, but soon got tired of the monotony of a military life in times of peace. He next obtained a writership on the Civil establishment in Bengal, and rose rapidly to be the Registrar of the late Sadr Dewani Adalat (Court of Appeal) in Calcutta. He subsequently became Secretary to the Government of India, and was sent as envoy to the Court of the Amir of Cabul, to place the puppet Shah Sujah on the throne of the deposed Dost Mohammed Khan. Here he was betrayed and shot in open Durbar, where he was inveigled by the smooth promises of the perfidious Sirdar Akbar Khan, a son of the Dost. The last words he uttered—"For God's sake," when he saw the treacherous Sirdar draw a pistol from his bosom—have a mournful interest. Sir William was made Governor of Bombay while yet at Cabul. To this day he is acknowledged an authority on Hindu and Mahomedan Law, and his works on these subjects are text-books for Law and Civil Service examinations. His widow recovered his remains and brought them down to Calcutta, and they lie interred in the Circular Road Burial Ground, side by side with those of Major-General Casement, K.C.B.

A marble tablet to the memory of Sir H. M. Elliot. His posthumous works are by far the best histories of India during the Mahomedan period.

*In the North Transept are:—*A marble tablet to Sir Robert Barlow, of the Bengal Civil Service, and a Judge of the Sadr Dewani Adalat, died January 21st, 1859.



A white statutory monument to Bishop Heber. The Bishop is represented in a kneeling posture in full canonicals. It contains no inscription with the exception of the name "Heber."

A fine cenotaph to Colonel Baird Smith, Master of the Mint, who died December 13th, 1861.

One of the panels of the Reredos contains a tablet in mosaic work to the memory of George Lynch Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta and second Metropolitan of India, who was accidentally drowned in the river Gorai at Kooshtea while going on board a river steamer, October 6th, 1866.

## II.—ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, *Free School Street,*

Is generally known as the Free School Church, by reason of its being attached to the Free School, the governors of which are the proprietors. On the 13th April 1830, Lady William Bentinck laid the foundation-stone of the Church, to the construction of which the funds of the School contributed more than half a lakh of rupees. It was opened for public service on Sunday, 20th November 1831, and consecrated on 2nd February 1833.

## III.—ST. PETER'S CHURCH, *Fort William.*

The style of architecture is Gothic. As might be expected from the circumstances of its location in the Fort, it is intended for the accommodation of such of the European troops garrisoning it as are members of the Church of England; but there are seats for the public as well, and not a few of the residents of Chowringhee attend the Church regularly. The Church was built in 1835.

## IV.—ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, OR THE SCOTCH KIRK, *Dalhousie Square,*

Is known, among the natives, as *Lat Sahib ka Girja*, from the fact of its early connection with a British Peer, Lord Moira, which we shall notice in the sequel. It is situated on the site of the Old Court House. In keeping with its style of architecture, which

is Grecian, there are elegant porticos with large Doric pillars. The history of the building is very interesting, but, owing to the limited space at our command, we can only touch on some of the principal incidents. With the increasing influx of Europeans into India, in the beginning of the century, the Scotch began to feel the necessity for a separate place of public worship. It was solely owing to the unflagging exertions of Dr. Bryce, that a congregation was formed in the year 1815. Service was at first conducted in the Hall of the Asiatic Society, for want of better accommodation, and afterwards in the Old College of Fort William. In the same year, Government granted a donation of £10,000, and the site for a Church. The 30th of November (St. Andrew's Day) was fixed for laying the foundation-stone of the Church named after him. The Countess of Loudon and Moira attended in State, and the imposing ceremony was conducted with masonic, military and civil honours. After the corner stone had been laid in due form, Dr. Bryce addressed her Ladyship, alluding to the hereditary attachment of the family she represented, to the principles of the Church of Scotland in the dark days of its trials. "To this address the Countess made a short and appropriate reply, expressive of the pleasure she felt in being present at so interesting a ceremony, and assuring the Kirk Session that they might depend on her Ladyship's attachment to the Church of her native country." \* The Church was opened on the 8th March 1818. With such an auspicious inauguration, the Kirk Session resolved to complete the Church in a rich style, regardless of cost, and without bestowing a thought as to the sources from which it could be met. The result was that they suddenly found themselves encumbered with a debt of £10,000. Subscriptions to the extent of £3,000 came in, and an appeal was made to Government to appropriate the proceeds of a Public Lottery, on the ground that the Church might be fairly considered as "one of the Improvements of the Town, to which the Lotteries were devoted." The Government of the Marquis of Hastings, however, gave a characteristic reply to the effect "that improvements calculated to secure the

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\* Newman's Handbook of Calcutta.

cleanliness and health of the town, and to add to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants, were the objects principally considered in the appropriation of the Lottery, and that at any rate works of this kind had been sanctioned which would place Government considerably in advance to the Fund." In this dilemma, the Kirk Session were obliged to issue debentures at a high rate of interest secured on the revenues of the Church. This imprudent step only helped to swell the debt, and to add to the difficulties of the situation; but finally Government stepped in, and, in the course of the next ten years, paid off all its liabilities. "An interesting tradition hangs about the spire. Bishop Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, believed that the Church of England had a monopoly of spires, not only in England, but everywhere in the British dominions, Scotland perhaps excepted. Dr. Bryce, who had been his fellow-passenger from England, and whom, according to Mr. Kaye, he found to be even worse than his other main enemy, the 'prickly-heat,' was naturally of a different opinion, and, on hearing that the Bishop had used his influence to prevent him from getting the sanction of Government to erect a spire, he declared that he would not only have a steeple higher than that of the Cathedral Church of St. John, but that he would place on the top of it a cock to crow over the Bishop, which came to pass accordingly. Government, it is alleged, as a salve to the Bishop's wound, directed that, though the rest of the building might be repaired, this audacious bird should not have the benefit of the Public Works Department. In spite of this—or, as cynical people might say, *because of this*—the cock still continues to stand, and seems as capable as ever it was of crowing over any adversary." \*

The clock was placed in the tower in 1835, at a cost of £500, of which Government paid about £280 and the public the balance.

In 1858 the old "con-harmonic organ" was replaced by a new one, built by Messrs. Gray and Davison, of London, at a cost of Rs. 10,000. There are several paintings and marble

\* Newman's Handbook of Calcutta, pp. 130-131.

monuments in the Church and the Vestry, conspicuous among them being the painting of Dr. Bryce; and that of the eminent Dr. Charles, the father of our late popular Brigade-Surgeon Thomas Edmonstone Charles, since raised to the post of Honorary Surgeon to the Queen; and the monuments of Dr. Meiklejohn; and of Mr. James Allan, of the firm of Messrs. Dykes & Co., coach builders of this city, and founder of a Vernacular School in Rawdon Street.

The Kirk Session, composed of a body of elders and presided over by the Chaplain, manage the business of the Church. This body enjoys the privilege conferred on it by the Imperial Parliament, in conjunction with those of Bombay and Madras, of sending representatives to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland which meets annually in Edinburgh.

A. STEPHEN.

*(To be continued.)*

### SOME NEGLECTED BOOKS.

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THE books which, though deserving to be widely read, have, for some reason or other, either failed from the first to make their mark, or, after enjoying a certain vogue, passed prematurely out of the ken of the general public, probably far exceed in number those which can, in any true sense, be called famous.

One of the most gracious functions of the Magazine is to lend its aid towards rescuing such half-forgotten literary treasures from the oblivion that threatens them. We accordingly propose, without further apology, to make an occasional excursion into the literature of the past, and invite our readers to cast a passing glance at some of these neglected pages.

To the class of works to which we refer belong eminently those of Thomas Love Peacock, and among them, notwithstanding that it has lately been reprinted in one of the cheap series that form so pleasing a feature in modern publishing enterprise, notably "Crotchet Castle."

There are very excellent reasons, it may be confessed, why "Crotchet Castle" should be *caviare* to the general. To begin with, it is without a plot, and such story as it embodies is entirely subordinate to the dialogue, which, in its turn, is mainly concerned with abstract questions, chiefly of an ethical or political character. Then it bristles with classical quotations, and allusions above the head of the average reader, who would probably be disposed, very erroneously, to set Peacock down as a pedant, the real fact being that he chose deliberately to write for the cultured few, and for his own gratification, without any regard to popularity, or much thought of fame of any kind.

To the reader of to-day his manner will be apt to seem old-fashioned; indeed, it was, in a certain sense, old-fashioned when

he wrote. Yet one of the most remarkable things about "Crotchet Castle" is the pertinence of most of the reflections contained in it to the circumstances of our own day. There is hardly a subject discussed in its pages which does not still possess a living interest; hardly one of the burning questions of the hour on which it does not, directly or indirectly, touch. Indeed, it is with something like a sense of surprise that one realises, in reading it, how little there is that is new in the controversies raging around us.

Let us take, for instance, the question so amusingly discussed in the following dialogue between the Reverend Dr. Folliott and his host, the proprietor of the Castle. Has it not been hotly debated within the last year or two in the columns of the daily Press, with quite as little approach to finality, and with infinitely less wit and incisiveness?

There was an Italian painter, who obtained the name of *Il Bragatore*, by the superinduction of inexpressibles on the naked Apollos and Bacchuses of his betters. The fame of this worthy remained one and indivisible, till a set of heads, which had been, by a too common mistake of Nature's journeymen, stuck upon magisterial shoulders, as the Corinthian capitals of "fair round bellies with fat capon lined," but which Nature herself had intended for the noddles of porcelain mandarins, promulgated simultaneously from the east and the west of London, an order that no plaster-of-Paris Venus should appear in the streets without petticoats. Mr. Crotchet, on reading this order in the evening paper, which by the postman's early arrival, was always laid on his breakfast-table, determined to fill his house with Venuses of all sizes and kinds. In pursuance of this resolution, came packages by water-carriage, containing an infinite variety of Venuses. There were the Medicean Venus and the Bathing Venus; the Uranian Venus and the Pandemian Venus; the Crouching Venus and the Sleeping Venus; the Venus rising from the sea, the Venus with the apple of Paris, and the Venus with the armour of Mars.

The Reverend Doctor Folliott had been very much astonished at this unexpected display. Disposed, as he was, to hold, that whatever had been in Greece was right, he was more than doubtful of the propriety of throwing open the classical *adytum* to the illiterate profane.

After having duly deliberated on two full-size casts of the Uranian and Pandemian Venus, in niches on each side of the chimney, and on three alabaster figures, in glass cases, on the mantelpiece, he proceeded, peirastically, to open his fire.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr. Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent?

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Venus, sir; nothing more, sir; just Venus.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—May I ask you, sir, why they are there?

*Mr. Crotchet.*—To be looked at, sir; just to be looked at: the reasons for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all; from the paper on the walls, and the drapery of the curtains, even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Very true, sir.

Nevertheless, sir, there are some things more fit to be looked at than others; for instance, there is nothing more fit to be looked at than the outside of a book. It is, as I may say, from repeated experience, a pure and unmixed pleasure to have a goodly volume lying before you, and to know that you may open it if you please, and need not open it unless you please.

Touching this matter, there cannot, I think, be two opinions. But with respect to your Venuses there can be, and indeed there are, two very distinct opinions. Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece as a grave *paterfamilias*, Mr. Crotchet, with a fair nubile daughter, whose eyes are like the fish-pools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate?

*Mr. Crotchet.*—The sleeping Venus, sir? Nothing can be more delicate than the entire contour of the figure, the flow of the hair on the shoulders and neck, the form of the feet and fingers. It is altogether a most delicate morsel.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Why, in that sense, perhaps, it is as delicate as white bait in July. But the attitude, sir, the attitude.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Nothing can be more natural, sir.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—That is the very thing, sir. It is too natural: too natural, sir: it lies for all the world like—I make no doubt, the pious cheesemonger, who recently broke its plaster facsimile over the head of the itinerant vendor, was struck by a certain similitude to the position of his own sleeping beauty, and felt his noble wrath thereby justly aroused.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Very likely, sir. In my opinion, the cheesemonger was a fool, and the justice who sided with him was a greater.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Fool, sir, is a harsh term: call not thy brother a fool.

But to return to the point. Now these two large figures, one with drapery on the lower half of the body, and the other with no drapery at all: upon my word, sir; it matters not what godfathers and godmothers may have promised and vowed for the children of this world, touching the devil and other things to be renounced, if such figures as those are to be put before their eyes.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Sir, the naked figure is the Pandemian Venus, and the half-draped figure is the Uranian Venus; and I say, sir, that figure realises the finest imaginings of Plato, and is the personification of the most refined and exalted feeling of which the human mind is susceptible; the love of pure, ideal, intellectual beauty.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—I am aware, sir, that Plato, in his Symposium, discourseth very eloquently touching the Uranian and Pandemian Venus: but you

must remember that, in our universities, Plato is held to be little better than a misleader of youth; and they have shown their contempt for him, not only by never reading him, a mode of contempt in which they deal very largely, but even by never printing a complete edition of him; although they have printed many ancient books, which nobody suspects to have been ever read on the spot, except by a person attached to the press, who is, therefore, emphatically called "the reader."

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Well, sir?

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Why, sir, to "the reader" aforesaid, supposing either of our universities to have printed an edition of Plato, or to any one else who can be supposed to have read Plato, or, indeed, to be ever likely to do so, I would very willingly show these figures; because to such they would, I grant you, be the outward and visible signs of poetical and philosophical ideas; but, to the multitude, the gross, carnal multitude, they are but two beautiful women: one half undressed, and the other quite so.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Then, sir, let the multitude look upon them and learn modesty.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—I must say that, if I wished my footman to learn modesty, I should not dream of sending him to school to a naked Venus.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Sir, ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant; where they had poetry, we have cant; where they had patriotism, we have cant; where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant. And, sir, to show my contempt for cant in all its shapes, I have adorned my house with the Greek Venus, in all her shapes, and am ready to fight her battle against all the societies that ever were instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—My dear sir, I am afraid you are growing warm. Pray be cool. Nothing contributes so much to good digestion as to be perfectly cool after dinner.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Sir, the Lacedæmonian virgins wrestled naked with young men; and they grew up, as the wise Lycurgus had foreseen, into the most modest of women, and the most exemplary of wives and mothers.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Very likely, sir; but the Athenian virgins did no such thing, and they grew up into wives who stayed at home—stayed at home, sir; and looked after their husband's dinner—his dinner, sir, you will please to observe.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—And what was the consequence of that, sir? that they were such very insipid persons that the husband would not go home to eat his dinner, but preferred the company of some Aspasia, or Lais.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Two very different persons, sir, give me leave to remark.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Very likely, sir; but both too good to be married in Athens.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Sir, Lais was a Corinthian.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Od's vengeance, sir, some Aspasia and any other Athenian name of the same sort of person you like—

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—I do not like the sort of person at all: the sort of person I like, as I have already implied, is a modest woman, who stays at home and looks after her husband's dinner,



*Mr. Crotchet.*—Well, sir, that was not the taste of the Athenians. They preferred the society of women who would not have made any scruple about sitting as models to Praxiteles ; as you know, sir, very modest women in Italy did to Canova ; one of whom, an Italian countess, being asked by an English Lady, "How she could bear it?" answered, "Very well ; there was a good fire in the room."

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Sir, the English lady should have asked how the Italian lady's husband could bear it. The phials of my wrath would overflow if poor dear Mrs. Folliott—Sir, in return for your story, I will tell you a story of my ancestor, Gilbert Folliott. The devil haunted him, as he did Saint Francis, in the likeness of a beautiful damsel ; but all he could get from the exemplary Gilbert was an admonition to wear a stomacher and longer petticoats.

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Sir, your story makes for my side of the question. It proves that the devil, in the likeness of a fair damsel, with short petticoats and no stomacher, was almost too much for Gilbert Folliott. The force of the spell was in the drapery.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Bless my soul, sir !

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Why do we call the Elgin marbles inestimable ? Simply because they are true to nature. And why are they so superior in that point to all modern works, with all our greater knowledge of anatomy ? Why, sir, but because the Greeks, having no cant, had better opportunities of studying models ?

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—Sir, I deny our greater knowledge of anatomy. But I shall take the liberty to employ, on this occasion, the *argumentum ad hominem*. Would you have allowed Miss Crotchet to sit for a model to Canova ?

*Mr. Crotchet.*—Yes, sir.

"God bless my soul, sir !" exclaimed the Reverend Doctor Folliott, throwing himself back into a chair, and flinging up his heels, with the premeditated design of giving emphasis to his exclamation ; but by miscalculating his *impetus*, he overbalanced his chair, and laid himself on the carpet, in a right angle of which his back was the base.

There is a certain playfulness about most of the satire in "Crotchet Castle," no matter how keen it may be. Dr. Folliott, who may be taken as speaking the author's own mind, is far too much a man of the world to consume his soul in burning indignation at the frailties of his fellows. With a single exception, the most pointed of his shafts are, perhaps, those aimed against the late Lord Brougham and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Peacock had mighty small sympathy with the "march of mind," which has since made such prodigious strides.

"God bless my soul, sir !" exclaims the Doctor at the outset, "I am out of all patience with this march of mind. Here has my house been nearly burned down by my cook taking it into her head to study hydrostatics in a sixpenny tract, published by the Steam Intellect Society, and written by a learned

friend who is for doing all the world's business as well as his own, and is equally well qualified to handle every branch of human knowledge. I have a great abomination of this learned friend; as author, lawyer, and politician, he is *triformis*, like Hecate; and in every one of his three forms he is *bifrons*, like Janus, the true Mr. Facing-both-ways of Vanity Fair. My cook must read his rubbish in bed; and, as might naturally be expected, she dropped suddenly fast asleep, overturned the candle, and set the curtains in a blaze. Luckily, the footman went into the room at the moment, in time to tear down the curtains and throw them into the chimney, and a pitcher of water on her nightcap extinguished her wick.

Again and again in the course of the book he returns to the charge. In the last chapter but one he asks Mr. MacQuedy: "How goes on the march of mind."

"Nay, Sir," says Mr. MacQuedy: "I think you may see that with your own eyes."

Upon which the Doctor replies:

Sir, I have seen it, much to my discomfiture. It has marched into my rickyard, and set my stacks on fire, with chemical materials, most scientifically compounded. It has marched up to the door of my vicarage, a hundred and fifty strong; ordered me to surrender half my tithes; consumed all the provisions I had provided for my audit feast, and drunk up my old October. It has marched in through my back-parlour shutters, and out again with my silver spoons, in the dead of the night. The policeman who has been down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principles. All this comes of education.

And in the very last chapter he describes it as the *Jacquerie* of the Dark Ages under another name.

Perhaps the only instance in which there is any trace of real bitterness in his sallies is his attack on the Edinburgh Reviewers, the injury done by whom to his friend Shelley was beyond forgiveness. They "have practised," he says,

As much Dishonesty as, in any other department than literature, would have brought the practitioner under the cognisance of the police. In politics, they have run with the hare and hunted with the hound. In criticism, they have, knowingly and unblushingly, given false characters, both for good and for evil; sticking at no art of misrepresentation, to clear out of the field of literature all who stood in the way of the interests of their own clique. They have never allowed their own profound ignorance of anything, Greek, for instance, to throw even an air of hesitation into their oracular decision on the matter. They set an example of profligate contempt for truth, of which the success was in proportion to the effrontery; and when their prosperity had filled the market with competitors, they cried out against their own reflected sin, as if they had never committed it, or were entitled to a monopoly of it.

With Peacock's estimate of Brougham we may compare that of Macaulay, as expressed in one of his letters to Napier.

"Brougham," he writes, "does one thing well, two or three things indifferently, and a hundred things detestably. His Parliamentary speaking is admirable ; his forensic speaking poor, his writings, at the very best, second rate. As to his hydrostatics, his political philosophy, his equity judgments, his translations from the Greek, they are really below contempt."

Peacock is often accused of cynicism. He was out of humour with the times in which he lived, but his temper was rather that of the Epicurean than the Cynic. Reading between the lines of what he wrote, we should be disposed, indeed, to say that he carried amiability to a fault.

He was something of a poet, too, and could turn a verse prettily, as the following song, put into the mouth of Lady Clarinda in "Crotchet Castle," shows :—

In the days of old,  
Lovers felt true passion,  
Deeming years of sorrow  
By a smile repaid.  
Now the charms of gold,  
Spells of pride and fashion,  
Bid them say good morrow  
To the best-loved maid.

Through the forests wild,  
O'er the mountains lonely,  
They were never weary  
Honour to pursue.  
If the damsel smiled  
Once in seven years only,  
All their wanderings dreary  
Ample guerdon knew.

Now one day's caprice  
Weighs down years of smiling,  
Youthful hearts are rovers,  
Love is bought and sold ;  
Fortune's gifts may cease,  
Love is less beguiling ;  
Wisest were the lovers  
In the days of old.

*BURMA: BEFORE AND AFTER  
ANNEXATION. \**

No. 5.

IN October 1884, Rangoon was startled by information telegraphed from Mandalay of fresh massacres, coupled with the burning down of the jail, and roasting alive of men, women and children, guilty and innocent alike, and the shooting down of all who attempted to escape. The news not unnaturally threw the European community of Rangoon into a state of feverish excitement. They rose equal to the occasion for which they had waited so long and anxiously; the *tocsin* was sounded, and the more precipitate of the scandal-mongers predicted the early fall of the house of Alompra.

Rangoon had for years longed for an opportunity to wreak its vengeance on King Theebaw, upset his authority, and annex his territory. Here, at last, was the opportunity. Humanity, they declared, demanded interference with the King, though he had been guilty of less cruelty to his subjects than Abdur Rahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, our ally and friend, has since been. It was the mercantile community who clamoured for annexation, backed by Messrs. Colquhoun and Holt-Hallett, in the hope that, with the overthrow of the house of Alompra, new and boundless markets would be opened up to English manufacturers. Yet, had it not been for another circumstance, which occurred a few months later, the chances stood greatly in favour of Theebaw getting over the charges of massacring and roasting alive his subjects, which were simply a sensational tissue of falsehoods.

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\* The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in this article.—Ed., "*Indian Empire*."

Within a week of the receipt of the startling intelligence just related, a mass meeting was convened in what was then called the Ripon Hall. The meeting was large— unquestionably the largest ever held in Rangoon,—and amongst those present were a goodly sprinkling of Burmese, though it should be added that few of the Burmans present, apart from Government officials, sympathised with the promoters and agitators. Being then in Rangoon, I attended the meeting, and studied not only the speeches, but those who made them. Among the speakers there were editors, ministers of the gospel, merchants, barristers and doctors. The speeches were such as might be looked for from such a heterogeneous body, denouncing, in the most fire-eating language, Theebaw, his Queen, and Ministers, though the very same thing for which the speakers were denouncing Theebaw had been done only a few months before in the Rangoon Central Jail, to quell an outbreak and attempt to escape—the sole difference being that the jail did not take fire, as at Mandalay.

That there was no truth in the reports which reached Rangoon, unquestionable authority has long since proved. The facts connected with the accident—for, in truth, it was nothing but an appalling accident—are briefly told: A great number of the prisoners, the larger portion of whom were men of the very worst character—dacoits and murderers—attempted to break out. Unfortunately Mandalay did not in those days boast of a Civil, or Debtors', Jail any more than Rangoon, and, doubtless, that which existed was supervised by much less qualified men. Being imperfectly amenable to discipline themselves, they could scarcely be expected, in a panic, to have their wits about them to the same extent as a qualified European staff would have under similar circumstances in Rangoon.

The civil prisoners were confined in the same building with the criminal, and in the confusion, which must have been very great, it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. The body of prisoners who were attempting their escape, were fired upon precisely as was done in the Rangoon Central Jail, and would be done again to-morrow, or in any other jail in

India, where a formidable outbreak was attempted. The jail at Mandalay, an ill-constructed wooden building, caught fire and many met their death in consequence. This is the true version of the jail massacre at Mandalay in 1884 attributed to Theebaw. Yet, had the Government of India yielded to the tumult then raised in Rangoon for the overthrow of the Burmese dynasty, its action would have been much more justifiable than that taken in 1885, which was virtually, in the first instance, wholly and solely in the interests of the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Limited, of Bombay, an association among whom it is said official members figure—the truth of which has never been denied.

This Company were accused by ex-King Theebaw's ministers of cheating the Burmese Government out of some 20 lakhs of rupees; proceedings were instituted in the only available Court at Mandalay, and, in strict accordance with the letter of our treaty concluded in November 1867, signed by General, then Colonel, Albert Fytche, and ratified by Sir John Lawrence on the 27th of the same month and year. The defendants chose not to enter an appearance, and the decree went against them *ex parte*. The Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, knowing full well that they were backed by Government, disregarded the decree and in due course Theebaw confiscated their timber monopoly. After a partial confiscation of the monopoly, our Government stepped in and insisted upon the suit being reheard by a mixed Court at Rangoon, as there was no Political Agent's Court at Mandalay. We had no more right to make such a demand, than to order a mixed Court to sit in Jericho, after the Company had so cavalierly allowed judgment to go by default. It will be as well to quote in full one of the preliminary rules from Aitchison's Treaties for the guidance of Political Agents and Ministers of the Burmese Government at Mandalay. Rule 3, Aitchison's Treaties, vol. I, at page 283, you read:—"Mixed Courts.—When a Burmese subject is plaintiff in any mixed suit, which may arise between Burmese and registered British subjects, he shall, in the first instance, make his complaint to the Burmese Judge appointed

to sit on the trial of mixed suits with the Political Agent. The Burmese Judge will submit the said plaint to the Political Agent, and, if both Judges are mutually agreed that a real cause of action exists, the registered British subject, as defendant, will be summoned to appear at the Political Agent's Court on a day to be appointed by the Political Agent. The suit will then be heard and finally disposed of on its merits by the Political Agent in conjunction with the Burmese Judge." It was no fault of the Burmese Government that we had no Political Agent at Mandalay; the fault lay with the Government of India; and the story, that Mr. St. Barbe, our last Political Agent at the Mandalay Court, was insulted, is utterly false.

It was rumoured at Mandalay that, as soon as things had settled down, the claim would be looked into with a view to ascertaining the truth or otherwise of the claim put forward by Theebaw. Has this been done? It has not, and never will be.

It cannot be denied that the case of the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Limited, which I have said was the cause of the rupture in 1885, between the Government of India and Theebaw, was the immediate cause of the ultimatum despatched to King Theebaw. My oft-repeated assertion, that the war was virtually made in the interest of the mercantile community, is thus fully justified.

Opinions differ as to the justice of the war. Many have ascribed it to avarice and greed for further prestige and power; others have not hesitated to pronounce it wanton and cruel. The information vouchsafed by Government in support of its necessity was startlingly unsatisfactory. It was, moreover, carried out in opposition to the unanimous voice of the Indian press, and in the teeth of the very strongest protestations of all classes of the Indian community.

Lord Ripon's abortive display in massing troops at Thayetmyo, then our frontier station, almost simultaneously with their withdrawal, coupled with his imbecility in receiving, as Ambassador, a man of inferior rank, at Simla, points, in the most emphatic manner, to his unfitness to deal with the Burmese

question in 1882. Had Lord Ripon stood firm and true to his own convictions, and had the late Mr. St. Barbe remained at his post in the Residency, instead of creating a scare and bolting from Mandalay, all differences could have been adjusted with a little diplomatic tact. As it was, Lord Ripon evinced gross weakness, and Mr. St. Barbe excessive haste. The result of their impolitic action was precisely what might have been expected from an unenlightened monarch and an ignorant ministry; they at once looked about for other sources from which to obtain help. The Burmese gained a victory through the pusillanimity of Lord Ripon and his Government, and they would have belied their true character had they hesitated to join hands with the French and Italians in holding up the British to scorn for however brief a time. It is human nature, and in this respect nations are precisely the same as individuals. I would have it understood, I am not criticising Lord Ripon's actions as Viceroy and Governor-General of India, but the unsuccessful and unhappy issue, the outcome of his pusillanimity on the Burmese question, at a moment when he might with little difficulty have pacified Burma and have solved amicably the knotty questions then before him. All that was needed was to insist upon the re-opening of negotiations, together with the re-establishment of the Residency under a just and strong-minded officer at Mandalay. Had Lord Ripon done this, he certainly would have deserved well of the Burmese.

Mr. I. G. Scott, in his work, to which I referred in my last chapter, says: "At this stage, the relations between the two Governments were at a dead-lock; fresh massacres took place at the capital; bands of robbers infested the country and raided at will into British territory; while the greater part of the Tributary Shan States stood in open rebellion, followed by the disorganisation of the whole of Upper Burma, with the inevitable result of a paralysis of trade." Add to this catalogue of political confusion, anarchy and misrule, and we can readily understand that such a condition of things would make itself painfully felt in the Lower Provinces. Mr. Scott's remarks, with the exception of the fresh massacres, are substantially correct; but no argument, however



forcible, will alter my opinion that Lord Ripon was alone to blame for the condition in which he left Burma and handed it over to his successor, Lord Dufferin. Regarding the fresh massacres, Mr. Scott most probably refers to the jail outbreak in 1884, to which I have already alluded, but I reiterate that it is not true that there were any massacres. The guards were compelled to fire upon the miscreants; the burning of the jail was an accident, and those who met their death through the fire, cannot be said to have been massacred. In the midst of this reign of terror, King Theebaw made—or, more probably, feigned to make—more than one attempt to renew treaty engagements, and while Lord Ripon was palavering in the most friendly way with Theebaw's *pseudo* Ambassador, the King fairly kicked over the traces and recalled his envoy. Many reasons are assigned for this abrupt termination to the farce Lord Ripon permitted to be played at Simla. Some writers have said the embassies were mere feelers to sound the Government of India's disposition towards Theebaw; but I am of opinion that the abortive attempts were the result of absolute ignorance of the Burmese character and a positive want of that diplomatic skill and tact so necessary in all such emergencies, in proof of which I submit that, while the so-called proposals were under consideration, Lord Ripon was prepared to go to any length to procure an adjustment of difficulties. Be that as it may, Lord Ripon, from first to last, displayed an amount of weakness unparalleled by any of his predecessors.

ZITO,

*Author of the "Fall of Mandalay,"*

*(To be continued.)*

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*Note.*—Mr. St. Barbe, whose name occurs in this chapter, was Commissioner of Bassein during the last war, and was killed in an engagement with dacoits near that town.

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*THE MONTH.*

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THE attention of Parliament has chiefly been taken up with the dreary debate on the Address, and the discussions on the Indian Councils Bill, and the Report of the Parnell Commission. With regard to the debate on the Address, a great deal of time has been wasted ; and, for all the practical good achieved, the Address might well have been adopted without any debate whatever ; for it was only noticeable for the ingenious attempt of Mr. Gladstone to insinuate something like a censure upon the Government, by way of pleasing his friends below the gangway, without committing himself to any policy by which he might feel himself bound, should he come into office. One important fact was, however, elicited, and that was the announcement that the Government had no intention of dealing with the question of free education during the current session. The Government has, we think, done wisely in dropping this measure for the present, for, as we pointed out last month, it would most certainly have incurred the opposition of Lord Salisbury's Conservative followers, and it is very doubtful whether the Unionists would have accorded their support.

Lord Cross introduced his Indian Councils Bill on the 21st February, but he at first declined to lay on the table of the House the reports of the various Viceroys of India who had recorded minutes on the proposed reforms of the Councils. Eventually, however, he yielded to pressure and consented to their production. The Bill, as originally framed, fixes the minimum number of additional members for the Supreme Council at 10, and the maximum at 16. For Madras and Bombay the numbers are, respectively, 8 and 20, and the Viceroy is empowered to increase

the maximum in the Bengal Council to 20, and that in the North-West Provinces to 15. Resolutions or divisions on Financial Statements, or on official answers to interpellations are prohibited. On the 6th March the Bill was read a second time, when Lords Ripon, Northbrook, and Kimberley, while cordially approving the Bill, regretted that no proposal was made therein for some form of the elective principle. Lord Cross, however, declined, once more, to assent to election by outside bodies. It was subsequently announced that the Liberals would attempt to alter the Bill in the Commons, by introducing a representative element. On the 13th March, the Bill passed through Committee, when Lord Cross announced that the Government had consented to reinsert the clause enabling Provincial Councils to legislate on local matters, and that negotiations were in course of progress with Lord Lansdowne, with a view to further decentralization. He also accepted the clause empowering the new Councils to deal with legislation passed before they were created.

In a telegram, dated 15th March, it was further announced that Lord Cross had accepted an amendment to the Indian Councils Bill, proposed by Lord Northbrook, "enabling the Viceroy to regulate, from time to time, the conditions under which the Viceroy, Governors and Lieutenant-Governors shall nominate members of Council." The following is the text of the amendment :—

*Addition to clause 1 :—*Provided that the Governor-General of India in Council may from time to time, with the approval of the Secretary of State for India in Council, make regulations as to the conditions under which such nominations, or any of them, shall be made by the Governor-General of India, the Governors and the Lieutenant-Governors, respectively, and prescribe the manner in which such regulations shall be carried into effect.

It is needless to say that this amendment will not commend itself to Mr. Bradlaugh and his native friends, as it fails to recognize in any degree what they are aiming at, *i.e.*, the elective principle. The report of the Committee on the Bill has been accepted, and, on the 18th March, we were informed that the Bill had passed the House of Lords. It has now to run the gauntlet of the Commons, when it may safely be concluded that Mr. Bradlaugh will make a further attempt to 'doctor' it.

In view of the proposals now before Parliament for the extension of the Ashbourne Act (Ireland), the report on the working of the Act, recently issued, possesses some interest. The Act has been described—by Lord Hartington—as the only successful experiment ever made in connexion with Irish land, and in one sense this may be true; for we are told that the total number of loans applied for under the Act, up to 31st December last, was 20,614, for a total amount of £8,204,307. The payment of instalments continued promptly. The total amount of interest accrued, from the passing of the Act until the 1st May 1889, was £225,000, of which less than £1,500 was outstanding. The Act has undoubtedly worked fairly well up to the present, and we are told that there is a general consensus of opinion that a more extensive creation of peasant proprietors is desirable in order to give occupiers a more direct interest in the maintenance of law and order, and in keeping local taxation within bounds. Purchasers under the Act appear, so far as can be judged at present, to have found the sense of ownership an incentive to harder work, feeling that everything they do is for themselves; but, on the other hand, they are found not to have sufficient public spirit to maintain improvements for the general good, which were formerly undertaken by the landlord.

With the full report of the Parnell Commission before us, it is at once apparent how out of accordance with facts is the contention of the Gladstonian and Parnellite press that the report amounts to an honourable acquittal of the Parnellite members, and, if any further doubts existed, the speeches made by the Attorney-General at Oxford and by Mr. Forwood at Liverpool should effectually dispose of them. Nothing could be clearer, fairer, or more temperate than the manner in which the three judges have expressed their views; at the same time nothing could be more emphatic than the condemnation of the methods employed by the Land League leaders to achieve their ends. Mr. Smith, in moving his resolution regarding the impartiality of the judges in their report, said that their object was to do absolute justice, while, referring to

Mr. Gladstone's amendment, he said that it suggested that all the charges were false. This brought Mr. Gladstone to his feet, and he argued that the charges proved were political or ancient. The debate on Mr. Smith's motion languished for over a week, until Lord Randolph Churchill—ever seeking after cheap notoriety—achieved unprecedented success in this line, although it was not exactly the kind of success that he anticipated. Mr. Jennings, the Conservative member for Stockport, had given notice that he would bring forward a motion to add to Mr. Smith's resolution a clause censuring the charges of complicity in murder made against certain members of the House, which were mainly based upon forgeries and disproved by the Parnell Commission, and it was understood that this amendment represented the views of Lord Randolph Churchill, who had been consulted with reference thereto. The Cabinet resolved to oppose Mr. Jennings' motion, whereupon Lord Randolph Churchill bitterly attacked the Government and condemned the Parnell Commission, "the sole result of which had been the monster Pigott." He further averred that the "mountainous labour of the *Times* had only produced a ghastly, bloody, rotten foetus in the shape of the Pigott forgeries." Owing to this foolish action on the part of Lord Randolph, Mr. Jennings withdrew his motion, and the House adopted Mr. Smith's resolution.

Attention has been called, in Parliament, to the gloomy picture, drawn by the Duke of Connaught, of the Bombay Defences—or rather, we might say, the lack of defences,—and we are of opinion that the capital of the Western Presidency stands far more in need of such defences than the River Hooghly, "The Surprise of Calcutta" notwithstanding. Bombay, owing to its position, would naturally form the objective of an enemy's fleet in preference to Calcutta, whose natural defences are fully sufficient to preclude the possibility of an attack by water; while the idea of a force, sufficiently large and equipped with heavy artillery, for the purpose of attacking Fort William, being landed on the sea front of the Sunderbunds, is so preposterous that it need not be seriously entertained. We are glad to learn,

however, that Bombay will shortly be provided with a fitting armament, and the reproach under which it labours at present removed.

The threatened miners' strike has happily ended, the masters having agreed to a compromise,—whereby they give a five per cent. increase of wages at once, and an additional five per cent. in August next. The strike had its origin in the proposal to form a National Federation of Miners, which was merely a binding together, for purposes of self-defence and social aggression, of existing miners' unions throughout England. Hitherto the unions in the different districts had suffered from want of combination, and, judging from the speedy conclusion of the strike, the men have now acted together all over the country with the precision of a machine. There still remains the eight-hours' question to be settled, but an attempt to legislate for this by Act of Parliament does not appear to have met with much favour with the miners themselves.

A sensational scene occurred in the House of Commons on the last day of February, Mr. Labouchere furnishing the entertainment. By giving Lord Salisbury the retort, very far from courteous, Mr. Labouchere drew attention, as previously threatened, to the Cleveland Street scandals, charging Lord Salisbury and others with criminal conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. The Attorney-General indignantly denied the truth of Mr. Labouchere's allegations, whereupon the latter exclaimed—"I don't believe Lord Salisbury!" On being pressed to a division, Mr. Labouchere's motion was rejected by 206 to 66 votes, and the mover was suspended.

One of the most important political events of the month has been the resignation of the German Chancellor—the "man of blood and iron," as it is customary to call him. Bismarck possessed in an eminent degree those qualities which Germany—before the unification of the Empire—most needed, on account of its internal weakness and its position between two powerful and ambitious military States. With his clear understanding, firm will, and consistency in pursuing the objects set before him, he was exactly the kind of adviser of whom the

first Emperor of the new Germany stood most in need. It was his firm, consistent, and energetic conduct in politics, aided by prudence and good sense, that gained for Prussia the consideration and the influence which she would not have been able to command through her physical means alone. Nor was the attitude he adopted towards France, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, less firm. In his historical interview with M. Jules Favre, Bismarck said that he asked for nothing but peace. Germany, for that matter, had not troubled peace. "You," he said, "declared war upon us without any motive,—entirely for the purpose of taking a portion of our territory. In doing that, you have been faithful to your past. Since Louis XIV.'s time you had never ceased to aggrandize yourselves at our expense. We know that you will never give up this policy. Whenever you get your strength back, you will make war upon us again. Germany has not sought this occasion, but has seized upon it for her security, and that security can be guaranteed only by a cession of territory. Strasbourg is a perpetual threat against us. It is the key of our house, and we want it." It was under the bold and sagacious guidance of Bismarck, too, that the Emperor William followed his very decided policy in the German question. He declined to take part in a congress of German Princes at Frankfort, since it evidently contemplated a reform of the confederation under Austrian auspices, and promised no adequate representation of the people. In alliance with Austria he began a war for the release of Schleswig-Holstein from the tyranny of the Danish democracy, and conquered the Duchies for Germany, and, afterwards, finally setting aside his legitimist theories, he entered upon the war against Austria and her allies, in order to bring about a reconstruction of German affairs, which was absolutely necessary, but could not be effected by pacific measures. Such are a few of the great measures of national policy with which Bismarck has identified himself, and not only gratitude induced the Emperor to govern with his aid, but also the conviction that his genius was absolutely indispensable.

The closed accounts of the Egyptian revenue for 1889 show a surplus of £196,000, in spite of a loss of land revenue amounting to £340,000, owing to the fall of the Nile in the previous year, and an increased military expenditure of £40,000; and the Reserve Fund now amounts to £1,258,000. According to recent information, the Egyptian Government is on the point of coming to an understanding with France on the question of the conversion of the Egyptian Debt, France having refused, some time ago, to come to terms, unless England fixed the date of evacuation by her troops. France has now reconsidered her absolute refusal, seeing that her position is no longer tenable, but she makes her adhesion to the proposal subject to two conditions: (1) The establishment of a Technical Commission, including at least two Frenchmen, to superintend and examine the proposals for the employment of £800,000 placed by the Treasury at the disposal of the Public Works Department; (2) that a Reserve Fund be formed for the requirements of the Army and Police. The Egyptian authorities, without a single exception, have rejected the first condition, which is as unacceptable as the proposal that England should evacuate Egypt, and it is thought that France will not persist in her demand. The second proposal will probably be agreed to, but, not until the Reserve Fund reaches £2,000,000, will £500,000 be placed at the disposal of the Army and Police. The French Government has, therefore, desired that the balance obtained by the conversion, after payment for the suppression of the *corvée*, should be applied to this purpose. This is, at present, the only point in dispute between France and Egypt.

The Budget statement for 1890-91—although not a very lucid document—is satisfactory on account of the improvement displayed in the financial position of the Government of India. The Revised estimates for 1889-90 show a surplus of Rs. 1,81,00,000, after setting aside Rs. 1,05,80,000 for the partially restored Famine Grant. This result is partly due to a temporary improvement under Opium and partly to the general growth of Revenue.



The estimates for 1890-91 anticipate a surplus of Rs. 30,49,000 only, accounted for by deterioration under Opium, by non-receipt of contributions from Local Governments, increased Military Expenditure on Special Defences, falling off under interest and deterioration under other heads.

The prolonged negotiations over the Sikkim-Thibet question have at last been brought to a close, and the treaty between England and China has been formally signed by the Government of India and the Amban, the authority of the former over all Himalayan States being acknowledged as supreme. It is, however, considered probable that the obstinacy and jealousy of the Llamas will, for some time to come, prevent the opening out of Thibet to trade, though they are hardly likely to trouble Sikkim again, or to repeat the experiment which ended in the disastrous rout of their army.

The absence of Lord William Beresford from Simla this year will be much felt by society in general, for no man could have been more popular or more generally in request than the genial Military Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy. For upwards of fourteen years Lord William has been upon the Viceregal Staff, and the real management of all the Government House ceremonies has been in his hands. We are sorry to learn that ill-health is the cause of his visit to England, and it is to be hoped that at the end of six months he will return with renewed health, again to take the prominent position in the Indian sporting world that he has occupied for so many years.

APEX.

CALCUTTA, 22nd March 1890.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 8.—JUNE 1890.

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## *THE AMANUENSIS.—II.*

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DAYS glided almost imperceptibly away, one so exactly like another, that there was nothing to mark the passage of each, till six weeks had gone by, and it was Christmas time. During this period, George Sterner had made himself invaluable to his employer. Mr. Barlow was a regular contributor to several papers and scientific magazines, and George was an untiring writer. But not only could he cover page after page of foolscap with neat, regular handwriting, he also seemed, as if by intuition, to understand all that his master would require, and books and papers of reference were always at hand, instead of entailing an hour's search among heaps of useless lumber; and when all other work was over, it was pleasant indeed for the old man to lie back in his easy-chair, with closed eyes, and listen to the clear, fluent voice reading quietly on whatever subject suited best his own taste at the hour.

And if his young companion found this calm, even course of life too dull and monotonous, he gave no sign of dissatisfaction, and would not even take such chances as were offered to him of seeking occasional change and amusement.

The only distraction in the quiet household was the presence of Jack Kennedy. Jack, who appeared like a wandering

meteor, at odd and often unexpected times, flashed across the others with some racy story, some lively recital of doings in the outer world, laughed and quizzed a little, and then went off to more congenial companions, as careless and light-hearted as any school-boy out on a holiday-trip. But Jack was good natured also, and he would have had no objection to introducing young Sterner to some of the delights of the world—his world, that is—had not the latter, for some inexplicable reason, steadily refused all such offers with a sharp decisiveness that rather puzzled, while, at the same time, it somewhat nettled, Jack, who justly felt that he was going out of his way to do the other a kindness, the doing of which would have been more of a bore than anything else to himself.

But Christmas was hard at hand, and George was to have a holiday—a very brief one though, for he refused to stay away for more than two days, saying, what was only true, that, if he stayed too long, Christmas week would be a week of punishment to his kind old employer, instead of a week of pleasure; and so it was settled that he should leave on Christmas-eve, which would be Saturday, a run of a few hours by train being all that was needed to take him home, and should return to his duties on Tuesday morning.

It was six o'clock on the morning of the 27th of December, and it was, moreover, bitterly cold—a searching cold, which seemed to penetrate to one's bones and freeze the very marrow within them. It was hard to believe that any one would be out for pleasure merely on a morning like this and at such an hour, and yet on the railway platform at Ghaziabad stood Jack Kennedy, with apparently no weightier business on hand than listening to the lively prattle of a young lady of about twenty, or thereabouts, who stood beside him. The only other persons on the platform, besides the usual batch of railway employés, were an elderly lady and gentleman—silent, gloomy and cold—seated on a bench; and, away at the other end of the platform, another young couple, deeply interested in one another, who seemed to be soaring on the wings of Romance far above the discomforts and petty troubles of a

modern railway journey. These two were the eldest Miss Hodkins and young Smithers, of the —th Hussars, deeply, hopelessly in love with another. Jack's companion was the younger Miss Hodkins, and these two were not *yet* in love, but what *might* be in a short time little Miss Hodkins was not prepared to say; and on the bench were papa and mama Hodkins, both looking grumpy, as one might say.

But how came this interesting family group, with Jack Kennedy in tow, to be here and at this hour? The explanation is very simple. A large ball had been held at Meerut on the night of the 26th, and Colonel Hodkins, residing at Delhi, had been persuaded, sorely against his will and inclinations, to escort his family to it. They had come in by the afternoon train, and attended the ball; and, leaving the dancing-room at 3 A. M., the ladies had hastily changed their ball-dresses for travelling-costumes, wrapped themselves up warmly, and driven to the railway station in time to catch the down-train. All this labour and fatigue had been undertaken solely on account of the girls, and bravely had Mrs. Hodkins endured the threatening growls of her incensed partner in life, as he railed against the follies of women in general and of old women in particular, for was there not always the hope to buoy her up that this time one of the girls might effect a really good catch? It was certainly hard on her, therefore, after so much planned and so much endured, to find everything going in a contrary manner from the very beginning—her eldest daughter eagerly accepting the attentions of a former admirer,—who, on account of his poverty and want of prospects, had already been labelled “ineligible” and been put aside; and her younger daughter starting a flirtation, which might become dangerous, with handsome, useless Jack Kennedy, who was even less acceptable than the other. But it was still harder, after the ball, when the good lady was secretly congratulating herself on being at last able to carry off her wilful progeny safely from the scene of danger, to find, as they all stepped out of a rather dilapidated ticca-garry at the railway station, that Jack and young Smithers, actually foregoing the delights of a second supper, were already there;

politely offering to escort them as far as the Ghaziabad junction, and see them off in their train to Delhi. Mrs. Hodkins bridled ominously, but the girls were plainly in a flutter of delight, and the Colonel looked grimly satisfied as Jack, throwing himself gallantly into the breach, made himself generally useful and amiable to everybody, while young Smithers, who was really wildly in love, fastened himself on to the object of his affections as if by a grappling-iron.

By the happily-framed rules of the S. P. and D. Railway, passengers to Delhi had to wait an hour-and-a-half at the Ghaziabad station. This period of waiting had been one of delight to the lovers, but to their elders it had been an interval of intolerable weariness; and even Jack, whose heart was still really in his own keeping, had begun to tire a little of it, and to think regretfully of the bed he had left behind him, when a long, shrill whistle announced the approach of the in-coming train.

No matter how familiar we may be with such objects, a train in motion seems never to lose the power of riveting all eyes and attention upon itself as it sweeps gracefully and proudly along; and so, when the great iron-horse rushed past—shrieking, panting, like a living thing,—every eye was turned towards it at once. Glancing at each carriage, as, with slackening speed, they passed in review, Jack Kennedy's attention was suddenly fastened upon one. It was a ladies' second-class compartment, from the window of which looked forth the face of a young girl, sad and tired; it was only a momentary glimpse he caught of the face as it passed, but he knew it at once.

"By Jove!" thought Jack to himself. "How like!—like as two peas! Must be his sister."

The train stopped at the platform for about a minute only, to give such passengers as wished for refreshments, time to alight, and then it was shunted off the line, and the Delhi train came slowly up. This also waited for a very brief period, about three minutes, or so; and as the bell rang, luggage was hastily stowed away, hands were shaken, good-byes said, and the engine steamed off with its train of attendant carriages, leaving on the

platform two young men looking after it, one of them, at least with sorrow and dejection depicted in his countenance.

"It's beastly cold," remarked Jack with a shiver, "and I think we had better go in and have a peg before starting. Cheer up, old man; she hasn't gone so far but that you can find her again when you want her."

"Ah! but it is not the number of miles that separate us," answered the other ruefully.

"No, it's the tin," laughed Jack. "Well, never say die, old chap; it's sure to come all right in the end; and meanwhile, standing here and staring into the distance won't mend matters, so come along in."

They entered the refreshment-room and ordered their pegs. There were about half-a-dozen other passengers scattered about, and as Jack took a casual survey of the place, his eyes fell again upon the young lady who had already attracted his notice in the second-class compartment. She was sitting by herself at a small table, slowly sipping a cup of hot coffee, and looking thoughtfully down. She wore a dark ulster, with a thick fur cape which came high up under the ears, and a small, close-fitting, dark brown velvet hat, to which was attached a double gauze veil. The veil was up, showing a face that looked very fair in its setting of dark toned velvet and fur.

But time was up, and the bell rang for passengers in the up-train to take their places. The young lady rose quickly, and, paying for her coffee, dropped her veil and hurried to her seat in the ladies' reserved carriage, without having once looked towards the two young men who had been standing not far from her.

"It *must* be his sister; but where is Sterner?"

He ought to be coming by this train also, and yet he is nowhere here, reflected Jack Kennedy, as he and his companion, following more leisurely, took their places in a first-class compartment.

But Jack was tired and drowsy, and in no mood to think; so, despite all rules and regulations, he indulged in a short smoke, carefully extinguished his pipe, and comfortably settled down for an hour's sleep before reaching home.

So soundly did he sleep that he would to a certainty have passed Meerut station, had he not been roused up there and required to show his ticket. Jack jumped up, wide-awake, at once, but, oddly enough, with his mind full of the girlish face he had seen in the Ghaziabad refreshment-room; and, indeed, it seemed to him that he must have been just dreaming of her, so freshly present was she to his mind. Giving a vigorous shake to Smithers, who, overwhelmed with sorrow, and perhaps a little too much wine, was sleeping too soundly to be easily roused, Jack left him to fumble about at leisure for his ticket, and sprang out of the carriage, with a hazy idea of looking to see what the lady passenger, who was somehow interesting him so much, was going to do. She, too, would get out here, he felt sure of that, though he could not exactly say why; nor was he wrong in the surmise, for there she was, on the platform before him, and only about a couple of yards away. Her veil was down—a double veil—behind which it was impossible to recognise her features, and, besides, her back was turned towards him; but he knew her by her dress.

Engaging a porter to take up a small box and hand-bag, which with a couple of rugs were all the luggage she had with her, the young lady rapidly left the railway station, and, hiring one of the numerous *ticca-gharries* waiting outside, was driven away. At the same time Jack jumped into another, and, giving his driver orders not to lose sight of the *gharrie* that had just started, followed in pursuit. But why was he pursuing? Mayhap, it was idle curiosity, or perhaps it was some stronger feeling; but he certainly felt that he would like to know who this girl was.

The chase was not a long one. Driving down the straight road from the railway station, the leading carriage took the first turning to the right, and, reaching the Native Infantry Lines, turned in at the gateway of a small bungalow at the very entrance of the lines. Jack's vehicle would have done likewise, had he not checked the driver just in time. Halting at the gate for a moment, he took in at one comprehensive glance the whole general appearance of the bungalow and its surroundings; except the man on the coach-box of the carriage which had

just driven in, there was not a soul to be seen outside, for the young lady had gone in-doors immediately; but a large number of hens and chickens were strolling about the grounds, and making themselves at home in the broad verandah with all the ease and assurance of petted favourites, and a big fierce-looking dog, chained to a tree near the house, barked furiously at the intruding *gharrie*. The building and its compound looked untidy, but it was a comfortable sort of untidiness, giving one the impression of its owner being some well-to-do member of the lower class,—an impression strengthened by a board at the gate which informed the public that Mrs. Collins was the occupant of the house, and that poultry and eggs could be had there at moderate prices.

Jack Kennedy drove on. He had found out all that could be discovered just at present, and was disappointed. Why should he feel disappointed? What was it to him who this girl was and where she lived? These were questions he asked himself more than once on his way home, and he could give no reply to them; but neither could he get rid of a feeling of dissatisfaction. The girl was so young and fair, and had so thorough-bred and lady-like an air about her, that it seemed difficult to connect her with that disorderly, vulgar-looking house, where she seemed, nevertheless, so much at home. Why Jack should have concerned himself so much about a total stranger was in itself a mystery, but her extraordinary likeness to his uncle's amanuensis was what had first awakened his interest in her, and afterwards the interest had deepened in spite of himself. Even now he could not give up the idea that she was George's sister—but where then was he? "I think I have it," mused Jack, as he proceeded homewards; "Sternor must be ill, or some accident has prevented his coming to-day, as arranged, and so he has sent his sister to make it all square with the Governor. Rummy little cove! I always did think him a queer little chap, but anyhow he has got a deuced pretty sister—awfully like him, but better looking by a long shot."

Jack was tired after having knocked about all night, and, on reaching home, tumbled into bed instantly, and slept soundly



till 1 P.M. Waking up then, he managed to settle accounts with some breakfast, despite a rather headachy-feeling, and arrayed in a highly-flowered dressing-gown and slippers, he made his way to his uncle's study. There he found the old man, as he expected, but not, as he anticipated, alone, for, in a chair near Mr. Barlow, and looking as calm and collected as possible, sat—George Sterner.

To say that Jack was surprised, would hardly express the state of his mind—he was astounded,—and an expression more forcible than polite rose to his lips as he saw his uncle's companion; but, quickly suppressing it, he contrived to look less dazed as he replied to his uncle's query respecting his health after the previous night's dissipation.

"Ah, I'm all jolly, thank you, sir," he answered; and then, turning abruptly to George:—"Hallo! Sterner, I didn't know you had come back."

"I came in by this morning's train at eight o'clock," answered the other quietly.

"Well, that's strange," said Jack, "for I was in that very train this morning and I did not see you there, yet I don't think I am blind."

Jack never took his eye off the boy's face as he said this, and he saw George start a little, flush to the very roots of his hair, and then grow suddenly pale, but, before he could open his lips to speak, Mr. Barlow interposed.

"Why, Jack, what were you doing in the train this morning?"

"Smithers and I went down as far as Ghaziabad with some people who had come from Delhi for this ball. They left the ball-room at three o'clock to catch the return train, and we went with them, and, after seeing them off at Ghaziabad, came back by the next train. There were only about half-a-dozen European passengers," added Jack almost rudely, turning towards George, "and certainly you were not among them."

But there was no confusion in George Sterner's face now—nothing but an angry, defiant look in the sparkling blue eyes that met Jack's unfalteringly.

"Nevertheless I was there," he answered in low, firm tones. "Perhaps you were sleepy after the ball, Mr. Kennedy, and did not take much notice of what was going on about you," he added sarcastically.

"I'll be d—d if I was sleepy," replied Jack wrathfully, "and I did take particular notice of what was going on. Did you see me anywhere?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, I will tell you what I did notice. I saw a girl in the Ghaziabad refreshment-room, so like you in the face that I thought it must be your sister."

Again the other seemed to flinch, but only a little.

"You were mistaken," he said coldly, "my sister has not left Delhi."

Mr. Barlow—good man!—discerned thunder in the air, and began to grow perturbed. He rubbed up his hair vigorously, according to his custom at such times, and interposed:—

"Well, well, I should think it quite probable that two people might travel by the same train and yet not happen to notice one another. Tell us about the ball, Jack; was it a very creditable affair?"

And so the subject passed at the time, but not from the mind of Jack Kennedy. The more he thought over it afterwards, the more perplexed he felt; but gradually the conviction gained ground with him, that the young lady passenger who had travelled up with him was not George Sterner's sister,—but—George Sterner himself!

When once this idea had fixed itself in his mind, he grew both vexed and unhappy over it. If it had jarred upon his feelings before to think that a creature so delicate, graceful and refined in appearance as the girl he had seen, should have anything in common with the respectable Mrs. Collins and her poultry-yard, it seemed perfectly intolerable to think that this very girl should be positively masquerading in his uncle's house in the garb of the opposite sex; and yet this was what he was beginning to believe. Then, again, for such a step there must be some motive—and what could this motive be? Had this

strange, disguised female an eye upon his uncle's cash-box, or upon his uncle's heart; were her designs burglarious or matrimonial? The first supposition was absurd, for the old man kept no money in the house beyond a little loose silver, of which his faithful domestics usually relieved him as fast as it came, and silver plate he had none; and the next supposition seemed equally ridiculous when Jack called to mind the weary, thoughtful young face he had seen at Ghaziabad. If it had been an elderly spinster, or a vigorous, experienced widow—fair, fat, and forty,—the outrageous idea would have seemed more probable, or at least possible. Then, again, was she acting for herself, or was she a tool in the hands of others? And lastly, was it a *she* at all? But this last doubt was one which Jack would not entertain for a moment. If the lady he had seen in the train and his uncle's amanuensis were one and the same person (and in his own mind Jack was now certain that they were), then it was easier to believe George Sterner a woman, than the other a man in disguise.

But having got so far in his reflections, Jack's perplexity took another turn. Convinced that there was some mystery to be unravelled about this pretended George Sterner's presence in the house, should he take some steps in the matter at once? and what steps should they be? or should he let matters simply slide, only keeping his eyes open till chance should give him some clue to the mystery? But Jack was not a lazy fellow, and was, moreover, of rather an impatient disposition; so the latter alternative, of doing nothing for an indefinite period, did not please him. Accordingly he determined to set to work at once, and, by means of secret inquiries, both here and at Delhi, find out all he could about this strange individual. It was, of course, no use saying a word to his uncle on the matter, till he could accompany the extraordinary revelation he purposed making with some evidence conclusive and to the point; for Mr. Barlow would never have believed a word against his young favourite, and, more than that, might spoil all, reflected Jack astutely, by unbosoming himself of his secret to the very last person in the world to whom it should be told.

The day had turned out cold and wet. All the afternoon a slight drizzling rain had been falling—silently—steadily—till even the stalwart trees seemed to droop beneath its depressing pertinacity and hang their heads as if subdued and miserable. It was a most uninviting day for an outing, and Jack had not courage to venture from home, so for hours he sat before a cosy fire in his room, buried in his own thoughts. Like the little Bad Boy in the Diary, he thunked—and he thunked—and he thunked, till thoughts refused to come any more at his bidding, and then he rose with the intention of seeking out his uncle and passing an hour or so with him.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the lights were lit, making the interior of the house look bright and cheerful in contrast to the dulness that prevailed without. In Mr. Barlow's study a reading-lamp was placed upon a small tea-poy, drawn close to the big arm-chair, which he always occupied in his leisure hours, before the fire-place, where a log-fire was burning cheerily. A small hand-screen was placed before the lamp, to shade its light more effectually from the eyes that were still weak and in want of tender nursing; but, as Jack entered the apartment, it seemed to him that it was deserted, so silent did the place appear. On looking closer, however, he saw that the arm-chair was occupied, not by its legitimate master, but by George Sterner, who lay back in it, with arms folded across his chest, fast asleep. Jack drew near and looked down thoughtfully, curiously, upon the unconscious face. Yes, there was no doubt about it, the face was the very one he had seen in the train that morning; for features, profile, were all exact; but *what* could be the cause of this strange proceeding? For the hundredth time Jack asked himself that question, and still could find no answer—less now than before—for the sleeping face looked so young and innocent, with the long, brown lashes resting on the pure, white cheek, and the silky, brown curls glistening like chastened gold on the worn, velvet cushion on which they rested, as the half-subdued rays from the lamp stole in and out among them. Perhaps Jack looked too long and earnestly, for presently the sleeper stirred uneasily, and gave a long quivering sigh.

The blue eyes opened, wide and clear, and met Jack's fixed upon them; and then George sprang to his feet with a gathering frown on his brow.

"I dropped off to sleep accidentally and—and you were looking at me!" he said in a half-confused, half-resentful tone.

"Yes," replied Jack coolly, "I did not know that I was prohibited from doing that."

"But your look was a suspicious one," pursued the other, still more indignantly.

"What if it were? He who does no wrong, fears no suspicion," observed Jack meaningly, with the air of a monitor.

"Mr. Kennedy!" and the blue eyes sparkled through tears of anger, "I don't know why you should say such things to me, and I do not want to hear any more of your remarks. I suppose you came here in search of Mr. Barlow, but he has gone to his room, as he is not feeling well, and I am going to mine for the same reason, so I will wish you good-night."

*(To be continued.)*

## SOME LEGENDS OF MOUNT ABU.

BY C. LOVELL PIGOTT.

MOUNT ABU OR ARBUDHA—the Mount of Wisdom—has been rightly regarded as the Olympus of India. It has been for æons the abode of the gods; it is the Mount where sages dwelt of yore; from age to age, from generation to generation, it has been the resort of countless thousands, who have left their homes and journeyed to its sacred heights, regardless of danger and privation, for the one purpose of worshipping at the shrines of their mysterious deities, in the hope of obtaining forgiveness for past, and clemency for future, offences.

Abu—with its strange associations; its isolation; its wild scenery; its marble temples, unsurpassed by any in India “for costliness of materials and beauty of design;” its weird legends, and its primitive inhabitants—is peculiarly interesting.

Though little known to the world, it is old in story, and has from time immemorial been held in the utmost veneration by the Hindus. Brahmanism itself appears to have been indebted to it in recovering its lost supremacy, at a time when Buddhism had become dominant. This was effected, as represented by the Puranas, in the following miraculous manner:—

The holy Rishis, or sages, who dwelt on Mount Abu, alarmed at the decay of their religion, and apprehensive lest it should be utterly blotted out, appealed to Brahma for aid, complaining that the Vedas had been trampled under foot, and that the land was in the possession of Rakshasas (monsters); whereupon they were commanded by him to re-create the race of Kshatriyas who had been exterminated centuries before by Parasu Rama. This they accomplished by purifying Agnikund—the fountain of fire—with water from the Ganges, whereupon there sprang from

it four warriors called Agnikulas, or offspring of the generation of fire, who, after performing prodigies of valour, effectually rid the land of the Rakshasas, and thus regenerated Brahmanism. These heroes are much venerated by the Rajputs, many of whom claim descent from them.

The sages alluded to were, doubtless, Brahmans, who, pursuing their life of philosophic contemplation in obedience to the laws of Manu, and finding Abu a suitable retreat from the world, had taken up their abode on its heights, whence, working on the superstitious minds of the people by mystic arts and ghostly legends, they caused it to be revered throughout the country. Numerous are the traditions attached to the hill, and the very fowl that inhabit its valleys form the subject of fantastic tales.

#### BRAHMINICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF ABU.

*(From the Arbudha Purana.)*

In days of old, ere stupendous Abu Arbudha had been created, there existed in its stead a vast yawning chasm, not far from which Vasishta, the Chief of the Rishis, passed his time in the performance of tapasya (penance), for which holy purpose he had left his brethren and resigned the felicities of Swarga (the upper world). Here the sage lived, subsisting only on the fruits of trees, and practising the most rigid austerity. During the winter months he lay in water for days together; in summer he sat encircled by a belt of fire; and during the rains he slept in the open, unsheltered from the inclemency of the elements.

Vasishta owned a cow, Nandini, of whose milk he made a daily offering to the god Agni. This marvellous animal was wont to go out for pasture every morning and return punctually in the evening. It once happened that she strayed close to the abyss in quest of sweet grass, and, observing some which grew on its borders, endeavoured to reach it, but in her eagerness to do so she stumbled, and, the ledge on which she stood giving way, she was hurled to the bottom, without, however, sustaining the slightest injury from the fall.

Vasishta waited long for the return of his cow. The hour of offering came and passed away, and yet she did not make her

appearance. Feeling anxious for her safety, and fearing lest some calamity had befallen her, he set out, hoping to ascertain the cause of so unusual a delay. After much effort he arrived at the chasm, on his beholding which the truth flashed upon his mind; and, standing on the verge, he called out lustily: "Nandini, where art thou?" The cow heard him, and, recognizing his voice, answered his call, and narrated the particulars of the accident. Vasishtha invoked the river Saraswati to succour his favourite. She thereupon filled the abyss to the brim with her waters, buoying up Nandini to the surface, and thus enabling her master to rescue her. Saraswati then, finding her services no longer required, withdrew, receiving the grateful thanks of the Rishi for her kindness.

On his return home Vasishtha became absorbed in meditation. Nandini's welfare was not the cause of his concern, for his own thaumaturgic power would enable him to preserve her, if the misfortune recurred; but he contemplated with pain the many poor creatures who must already have found a grave in the cavernous pit, and the many it would yet swallow up if permitted to continue. These reflections filled his soul with sorrow. He knew of a remedy procurable by his perilling his life and journeying through unknown regions to Himachal, the mountain-king of the North; and, recking not of dangers when the well-being of numberless living things depended on the enterprise, he resolved to obtain the cure or perish in the attempt.

On the day following, Vasishtha started, and, after enduring manifold hardships, arrived in the dominions of Himachal. There he lost no time in presenting himself before the monarch, who received him with all the deference due to a Rishi, and acknowledged the honour done him by a visit from so saintly a personage. He desired Vasishtha to make a request, or express a wish, and promised to grant it, whatever it might be. Vasishtha narrated all the circumstances which had induced him to venture on so perilous a journey, and solicited of him his son, Nandiwardan, who alone could remedy the evil. Himachal asked the dimensions of the chasm, and was astonished at its immensity, for the length and breadth thereof were each twenty-



four miles, and its depth was sixteen thousand miles. He then enquired its origin. Vasishttha replied :—

“O Himachal! In former times there lived Gautama Rishi, who employed his days in instructing pupils in the sacred writings. Of these pupils Uttank, the eldest, shared his master's greatest confidence and affection, for he was an upright and diligent man. One day Uttank, as was customary, brought home a large bundle of fagots, and as he was throwing it down, a hair from his head got entangled in it and broke. As he looked downward, his eyes fell on the hair, which, on picking it up, he found to be white. He was overcome with grief at the discovery, for he knew that the remorseless hand of age was upon him. The revelation made him weep. He regretted the long years of seclusion he had spent, and mourned that he had seen nothing of the world, and enjoyed none of its pleasures. It was not yet too late, however, and he resolved to lose no more time in returning to his kith and kin. Without further deliberation he acquainted Gautama with his intentions, and begged permission to depart. The good old Rishi was sorely distressed at the prospect of parting from his beloved disciple, and would fain have detained him—even to his life's end,—but Uttank was inflexible, and his poor tutor was obliged to submit. Uttank entreated the sage to mention anything he might be desirous of having, and promised to procure it for him, as a token of gratitude for the many benefits he had received at his hands, but Gautama's heart was full, and he referred him to Ahalya, his spouse, a good and virtuous woman, and much attached to Uttank. When she heard his purpose, she tried her utmost to dissuade him from it, but finding that he was impervious to her reasonings, and bent on leaving, she accepted the offer he had made and desired him to obtain for her the most beautiful earrings in the world, possessed by Damayanti, the wife of Raja Shivdas. Uttank pledged himself to do this; a certain time was allowed him for the purpose, and he set out on his undertaking.

“Now, O Himachal! this Raja Shivdas had, on a certain occasion anterior to this, invited all the Rishis to a feast, and, to pollute them, had caused flesh to be mixed with the food.

I was present on the occasion, and detected his vile conduct. My wrath was aroused, and, in my righteous indignation, I cursed him, and, as he appeared to be so partial to flesh, I condemned him to be transformed into a Rakshasa for an hour every afternoon, during which time he should rapaciously kill and devour whoever came in his way. I willed the curse to continue until he had seen and recognized the Brahman Uttank.

“Uttank was ignorant of these circumstances, and arrived before Shivdas's palace just at the time when the Raja was undergoing his metamorphosis, so that he soon found himself confronted by a Rakshasa who commanded him to prepare for instant death, as it was his intention to devour him. Perceiving Uttank to be a Brahman, he added that his high caste was no protection to him whatever, and declared that, if Indra himself came down and crossed his path, he would surely die. Shivdas did not recognize the Brahmin, but Uttank was unconsciously made aware of the personality of Shivdas, and answered that he was a poor Brahman who had travelled far and come to solicit a favour of him. He told him, further, that if he was determined on killing and making a meal of him, he would not resist, for what was life to him? But he informed him of the promise he had made, and asked to be allowed to fulfil it before he died. He then acquainted Shivdas with the object of his visit, and solemnly swore to return again, if given Damayanti's earrings, and permitted to convey them to Gautama's wife. Shivdas, knowing that the oath of a Brahman could be relied on, gave Uttank leave to go and ask Damayanti for what he wanted, and directed him to her retreat; for, during her husband's transformation, the Rani was accustomed to take refuge in a cave, the entrance to which she made fast with a large stone. Shivdas excused himself from accompanying him, on the plea that inevitable destiny would compel him to slay his own wife, should he happen to see her.

“Uttank found the cave without difficulty, and calling out to Damayanti, informed her of his errand, stating, at the same time, that he had Shivdas's permission to obtain the earrings from her. But the Rani required a sign from him to show that

he had been sent by her husband. This Uttank could not produce, and Damayanti, therefore, refused to comply with his demand. Uttank had no alternative but to return to Shivdas and acquaint him with what had transpired. The Raja told him to go back to his wife and deliver the following message: 'Raja Shivdas says, if you wrong a Rishi and he curse you, you are cursed indeed; but if you act uprightly towards him and he bless you, you are blessed indeed.' Uttank did as instructed. Damayanti comprehended the communication, and felt assured that it was from her husband; she consequently gave Uttank the earrings without further hesitation. She, at the same time, strictly enjoined him never by any chance to place the jewels on the ground by the way, as Takshak, the serpent, was ever on the alert, and would purloin them on the first opportunity. Uttank promised to take care, and, before proceeding on his journey, revisited Shivdas, of whom he inquired the interpretation of his singular message. The Raja, to elucidate it, narrated to him the circumstances attendant on his transformation, and the means by which he could be released from it. Uttank listened to the end and then revealed himself. Shivdas was instantly restored to his natural form, and fell on his knees and paid homage to the Brahman, and returned home full of joy and gratitude. Uttank now started on his way back to Gautama's.

"When he had proceeded some distance, he came upon a forest of bael (wood-apple) trees, and, being much hungered from his long fast, he determined to eat some of the fruit. In his eagerness, he forgot the injunctions of Damayanti, and placed the deer-skin in which the earrings were wrapped, at the foot of a tree, while he ascended and satisfied his hunger. In the meantime Takshak, who had been watching the proceeding from a hole hard by, crept stealthily out, and, abstracting the earrings from the skin, carried them away in his mouth to Patal (the lower world). When Uttank discovered his misfortune, he was deeply mortified, and resolved to burn himself rather than suffer the humiliation of returning without the jewels. For this purpose he began to collect a pile of wood.

"The god Indra had been watching all that transpired, with the keenest interest, from above, and, being moved to pity for Uttank, determined to save him. The first thing he did was to hurl down his vajra (thunderbolt) into the serpent's hole, as it was too small to admit of his entering. This enlarged it to a size of twenty-four miles in length and the same in breadth, leading right down to Patal, and thus formed the abyss, the origin of which you enquired of me.

"No sooner was the passage ready than Indra went down in quest of Takshak, but all the serpents had, through fear, concealed themselves; so he created a dense smoke which compelled them to come forth to escape suffocation. They, however, placed Takshak in the van, and, pointing him out as the culprit, returned the earrings to the god, offering a third of the same pattern as a penalty. Indra declined their offer and hastened back to earth, where he found Uttank just about to ascend the pile he had prepared and ignited. The god prevented his carrying out his intentions by restoring to him the lost jewels. Uttank thanked him for his commiseration, and went on his way rejoicing, and arrived at Gautama's just as Ahalya was engaged in her toilet and adorning herself. She was wrath at the time, and about to launch imprecations on Uttank's devoted head, for his apparent dilatoriness, the hour appointed for his return being at hand. But when she saw him coming, she desisted. The earrings gladdened her heart, and Uttank left for home covered with benedictions."

Here the narration ceased, and Himachal, who had been listening with profound interest, felt well pleased and satisfied.

He had eight sons. The eldest, Maenakha, had fled and taken shelter in the ocean, to escape from Indra, who wanted to clip his wings to prevent his flying. The next six were disposed of in various parts of the world, leaving Nandivardhan, the youngest, with his father, who was loath to part with him, having no other issue. But, as he had pledged himself to grant any request made by Vasishtha, he could not now retract, and directed his son to prepare for departure. Nandivardhan resigned himself to his father's will, but pleaded his incapacity to travel so

considerable a distance without limbs, and declared that it would be impossible for him to undertake the journey unless his friend Arbudha, the mountain-serpent, consented to carry him. Vasishtha and he thereupon went to consult Arbudha, who lived in the forest Padma, and persuaded him to accompany them. He reluctantly agreed to do this, but only on condition that the place formed by Nandivardhan and himself should be known by his name, Arbudha. They returned together to Himachal, who was in very low spirits at the prospect of losing his only remaining son. Nandivardhan was also much depressed, and complained that the land whither he was going was devoid of everything good—no deities inhabited it, no river watered the barren soil, and no pleasant trees grew on it. Vasishtha promised to supply these deficiencies, and they set off, Nandivardhan and the Rishi, on Arbudha's back.

As the mountain-serpent was aliferous and flew over the country, they soon arrived at their destination. Arbudha allowed Vasishtha to alight and then descend into the chasm, with Nandivardhan still seated on him. The two of them just sufficed to fill it up, except that Nandivardhan's nose projected out; and it formed a mountain, which, according to stipulation, was called Arbudha.

Vasishtha was greatly pleased with his success, and desired Arbudha to express a wish. He therefore requested that a kund (fountain) be created on him, of such virtue that any one bathing in it should attain Moksha (exemption from metempsychosis), and if a barren woman performed ablutions in it, she should bear a son. Vasishtha granted not only this, but added that any one who expressed a wish while bathing in the kund, would have it fulfilled.

He next asked Nandivardhan what his desire was. He answered that he wanted all the gods and tirthas (shrines) to reside on him, the waters of Ganga to spring up all over him in rivulets and fountains, and trees of every variety to grow on him. The last two things Vasishtha at once accomplished, and the other he promised to effect in due time. For this purpose he commenced performing tapasya, first to invoke Mahadeva. This

he continued for ten thousand years. During the first thousand he ate and drank nothing ; in the next two thousand he subsisted only on dry leaves ; and in the five thousand following he lived on water alone. In like manner he passed the rest of the years, after the expiration of which Mahadeva, hearing his prayers, appeared before him in his wonted form, while a voice from the heavens proclaimed that, though the world were destroyed, Mahadeva would remain immovable on Arbudha for ever. And so it was called Achaleswara, which, being interpreted, is "the immovable god."

#### JAIN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF ABU.

*(Received from the Jati of the Dilwara Temples.)*

Æons and æons ago, in the days when gods incarnate peopled the earth, there existed, where Arbudha now stands, an undulating plain, clothed with verdure, watered by limpid streams and babbling brooks, and covered with gardens of fruits and flowers of every variety and degree of excellence, where the sweetest songsters sang and birds fluttered with plumage of rarest dye.

This enchanting tract was included in the domains of two separate gods, each the representative of a caste. The more powerful of these, being of the most exalted race, held his meaner neighbour in the greatest contempt, and would permit no intercourse between the two kingdoms.

Now, the lord of the high caste had a daughter, famed for her beauty, whose hand many princes had sought in vain. It chanced one morning that this lovely princess wandered out alone to enjoy the ambrosial air and hear the sweet mingled voices of the birds, and, as she walked silently on, she became so rapt in meditation that she was unconscious whither or how far she had gone, till she arrived at a rivulet which separated her father's dominions from those of the neighbouring lord. Here she sat down, feeling wearied, and watched, enraptured, the pearly water softly gliding by. As she gazed into its depths, she suddenly observed the reflection of a human form, and raising her eyes, beheld, standing on the opposite bank, a hand-

some young man, gorgeously apparelled, contemplating her with earnest eyes. Her first impulse was to hasten home ; but the prince (for he was no other than the son of the low-caste lord), seeing her agitation, apologized for having disturbed her reverie, and craved the honour of her society.

The princess, charmed by his manner and bearing, granted the boon. Soon they were conversing side by side, and they became so interested in each other that, when they parted, it was with a promise to meet again the next day. Thus not even the prejudices of caste could withstand the force of that overpowering passion, that

" Secret sympathy—  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind."

Time rolled on ; the lovers met daily on the banks of the rivulet, and day by day became more devoted to one another. One morning, however, the princess, noticing that the prince appeared troubled and depressed, inquired the cause. He answered that he was reflecting how vain was their love, when their fathers were such irreconcilable enemies, and how all hope of their getting married must for ever be abandoned, unless she would consent to fly with him to some foreign land. The princess wept at the thought, but persuasion and entreaty overruled all objections, and the morrow was fixed for their departure.

The lovers met at dawn at the place appointed. The prince brought with him the swiftest steed in his father's stable, and the princess came decked in her most precious ornaments. The two then embraced, and in silence mounting the impatient animal, bade adieu for ever to the land of their childhood.

When the news of their elopement reached the princess's father, he was exceedingly wroth, and vowed revenge against the low-caste lord for the iniquity of his son. The dominions of this unfortunate being were laid under a spell, and his subjects transformed into cocks and hens. Finding it beyond his power to break the enchantment, he offered, as ransom for the release of his people, to undertake any task that might be

appointed for him. His enemy, thinking to get rid of him by setting him what he considered an impossibility, required that he should create, as a monument of his humiliation, a mountain which in vastness and grandeur should surpass all others. The Chief, having no alternative, submitted to the imposition, and applied himself to the task. By prayers and invocations he obtained the aid of mother earth and the elements, who, uniting their powers, soon reared up a mountain of amazing magnitude and sublimity—this mountain was Abu. The inexorable lord of the high caste, disappointed beyond measure, inflicted yet another task before he would free the people from the spell. This was that a lake should be excavated on the mountain, of such depth that if a line of sufficient length were thrown in, it would appear on the opposite side of the globe. Some of the fowls, indignant at this flagrant breach of faith, refused to comply with his demand, but the remainder, knowing it to be their only chance, laboured unflinchingly, and little by little—digging with their talons, and carrying away the *débris* in their beaks—they hollowed out the required cavity. The oppressor could now no longer withhold his promise, and restored them to their natural forms. But those of them who had been rebellious he left unchanged, and at this day their descendants may be seen in the valleys and surroundings.



*WAITING.*

## A STORY IN LOW RELIEF.

THE waters of the Pacific Ocean wash the eastern coast of Australia in many a shallow bay and sandy inlet. On the low-lying shores of one of the former, which happens to be almost shut in by one of those long islands that lie, like the flat backs of all but submerged animals, off the coast of Southern Queensland, stood, a few years ago, a lonely house.

One afternoon, though all the doors and windows were open, the sea-breeze appeared to be the only living thing about the place. It swept in freely, rustling the uppermost leaves of a pile of newspapers that lay on a table within, and set up a little activity among the otherwise motionless surroundings; then it hurried away to the west, towards the low range beyond which the swift afternoon sun was hastening.

The long, wide verandah was empty and clean swept, but for a curling-strap, the polished buckle of which caught the rays of the sun and made a little star on the worn, dry boards. Three steps, one of which was slightly displaced, led from the bare verandah into a neglected-looking garden. Here a few flowers hung their imperfect blossoms, in token of an attempt at a flower garden made in some past hour; and, under the unpruned fruit-trees, the fallen, overripe produce of the season lay unregarded. In the paddock beyond, a few cattle were standing or lying about, and the comfortable cropping of the short grass by an old grey horse sounded like noise in the stillness.

The day declined; the sun sank lower and lower; its rays ceased to gleam on the open casements at the back of the house, though they lingered yet awhile among the topmost boughs

of the gaunt and ragged gum-trees, and, later still, continued to touch the highest point of the long island that lies beyond the bay. Then it sank in a Turnerian glory of orange, that remained for a few moments as a wondrous belt of light, throwing into weird relief the black stems and tasselled tops of the few old trees that crowned the range.

One by one the stars came out, the earth grew cool, and the sea-breeze died away. The cicalæ began to pipe, and the air grew sharp with their strident notes, while across from the further silence floated, now and then, the wild melancholy cry of the restless curlew. The night came on, revealing Orion in all his splendour; and Sirius, white and distant, hung above.

Inside that desolate-looking, silent house, wrapt in deepest thought, sits a man, in the same place, in the same attitude, that he had taken in the early morning, after a night of portentous dreams and strange sensations.

He has been unconscious of the flight of time. Perhaps he has slept through some of the many hours that have been long or short to others, according to their mood or circumstance. Memories of the past, dating from his childhood between forty and fifty years ago, have risen one by one, and passed in slow sequence across the field of mental vision. In the presence of some his tense lips have relaxed, and the shades of bygone smiles have seemed for a moment to play around his mouth. Other visions have caused him to blanch a little, and to set himself more stiffly in his straight-backed chair. The visions pass. Resolution and firmness, mortal anguish and unquenchable courage,—these things possess his soul. He is waiting—as he has waited at intervals for weeks and months and years,—waiting to see if he or Death—who long years ago sent premonitory messengers to him,—is to have, this time, the victory; waiting, and, by his own stern choice, alone.

Alone in a dreary and well-nigh barren solitude, where the sullen sea and the mud-tainted air moan as if for the burdens of human woe, and the terrible stars shine coldly down, with no help in them for the suffering sons of men. Alone, when loving hearts would have thanked God for the privilege of being

admitted there, and gentle hands would have tried, by tenderness, to soften the touch of pain.

The experiences of life that urge men to these resolutions are varied, as is the shading of human nature varied, in all things but one, and that is the pain of which they are the outcome. There is no courage like the courage of a man who, actuated by noble motive, cuts himself off from the enjoyments of life ; but this courage comes only after earthquake and fire, and the still small voice in the desert.

Years ago, a happy child, the now lonely watcher of Mydoom, had gladdened the hearts of loving parents, whose only offspring he had been. To-day, these long-dead parents seemed strangely near to him. Then, as a bright, handsome boy, he had bounded, full of life and hope and vigour, along the shining years, with truth upon his brow and faith within his heart. But the boundary that separates beautiful, careless, irresponsible youth from the anxieties, sternness, and commanding responsibilities of manhood, has to be crossed ; circumstance has to be reckoned with ; life, with its tremendous possibilities, has to be lived : and now, fearless and just, true and honoured, but scarred from a thousand fights, such as a strong man fights with the devil and himself, he sits alone,—while Death, with slow and soundless step, draws nigh.

The night advances ; the room grows chill and damp with he moist sea-air ; the ticking of a clock, that marks the approach of midnight, sounds loud in the grim silence, for the cicalæ have hushed their noisy piping and the crying curlews have passed out of hearing. Suddenly, painfully, the solitary watcher of Mydoom rises, and, with hesitating step, reaches the open door. He turns his emaciated face to the stars, a faint, colour rises in his cheeks, to be succeeded by a strange pallor. His eyes, that have glowed like coals of fire, grow dim ; and, as he stretches out his hands, a woman's name rings out into the midnight air.

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Far away in a distant city, a group of men and women are gathered in the house of a lady, who, though middle-aged and slightly careworn, still retains traces of great beauty.

All who come within the charm of her influence listen, with growing heed, to her thought-suggestive words; anticipate, when possible, her few wishes; and hasten to carry out her rarely-expressed directions. Statesmen have been known to confer with her on weighty matters; authors have acknowledged an intellectual impulse given by her; artists have found her modest criticism pave their way to nobler achievement. Women love her, children cling to her, and, in her wide heart, are garnered the confidences of half-a-hundred hearts.

To-night people observe that their hostess is a little *distracte*. Perhaps, she expected some one who did not come; and yet, who had ever been known not to come when he had the slightest chance? Or, perhaps, she is tired, for a half discernible weariness tinges her manner.

Among the arrangements made for the entertainment of her guests is the presence of two celebrated musicians, and, soon after eleven o'clock, the hum of conversation dies down, and hostess and guests find seats in the two reception-rooms, or on the little balcony that overlooks a southern harbour. The lady sits a little removed from the rest. Her folded hands rest on her lap, and her quiet eyes seem to follow, in the water of the harbour, the flashing of barge-light or revolving beacon.

By and bye, she raises her eyes above the harbour, and beyond the long lines of the lights in the distant streets that lie on the further shore. She sees Orion in his brilliancy, and the splendid Sirius; some chord of memory thrills to their mystic influence, and she sinks back, pressing her white fingers upon her shining eyes. The strains of music rise and fall, the violins cry through the night, the guests are hushed into almost breathlessness, and men and women whose souls are sensitive, experience a sense of mysterious and fateful influence.

Away in the past years, long ago, the mind of the lady strays; and once more, as once in her life before, she stands in the cold starlight, face to face and soul to soul with the only man who had ever touched her proud, passionate heart. She remembers the antecedent months of unspoken love, the patience, the waiting,—the unvalued devotion of acknowledged suitors. She

recalls the sudden conjunction of circumstances that had wrung from her dry lips words that sounded to her as if uttered by another far away.

"This silence is unendurable. You love me as no man but yourself can love. And I,—God help me!—I love you. Tell me at least what gulf separates us?"

She remembers the surprise—at first glad, then sorrowful—in his eyes; the touch of his hands, that trembled as they took her own; the sense of life's end achieved as he looked down upon her; the veil of reticence between them rent in twain.

"You are worthy," he murmured, "you are worthy to sit as a queen among men. But, had I foreseen this hour, in the moment,—O love! do you remember it,—when we first met under the bamboos by the little creek?—Had I guessed *this* possible, I would never have looked again on your dear face. The memory of this moment will be the wine of life to me until Death comes;—but we part now, and we part for ever. My destiny must be worked out alone. I will hand on to none the heritage that has been my doom;—and you, you are made for other things than to be a sacrifice on the altar of human error."

She remembers how he reverently took her to his heart, and how, as he kissed her, its wild, fierce beating smote upon her own. She lives once more through that supreme moment in which she had gathered strength for all the subsequent years of loneliness and sorrow, but,—what is this? His encircling arms relax, his lips strike cold and chill,—they seem to draw the very breath of life from hers,—a rushing sound is in her ears,—and darkness falls upon her.

The music ceases, a murmur of voices succeeds a startled exclamation, a cry of dismay, for the hostess lies back in her chair, white and silent, and,—oh, poor heart, poor lonely heart! at rest for evermore.

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The faithful servants at Mydoom buried their master within sound of the tide that crawls slowly in over the mud-flats, among the mangrove roots; and the cicálæ pipe, and the curlews call, over his lonely unvisited grave.

The lady lies in a crowded cemetery, in death, as in life,  
alone among many ; and no stone in either place stands

“ In memory of a Man ;  
And of One who loved Him.”

But if there be—and who shall say there is not—a future,  
beyond the massive Gates of Death, surely there they say to  
each other : “ We were faithful in Life, and in Death we were  
not divided.”

NIGH.

### THE SUBURBS OF CALCUTTA.

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WHATEVER modicum of truth there may be in the disparaging remark, that want of architectural symmetry is a distinguishing feature of the European residences in Calcutta, there can be no doubt that the approach to the city by water presents an imposing appearance. A stranger, while coming up the river, cannot help being struck with the magnificence and grandeur of the noble mansions which adorn its banks at Garden Reach, an appropriate introduction to the metropolis of the British Empire in the East. One after another these palatial buildings emerge into view,

“Bosom’d high in tufted trees,”

presenting a great relief to the eye after leaving the flat, swampy shores of the Hooghly behind. It is when he lands at one of the numerous ghâts of the city, that a sense of disappointment begins to creep over him, and he finds that what he took to be a city of palaces, is nothing more than blocks of buildings jumbled together without any pretension to design or beauty.

#### GARDEN REACH,

known among the natives as Muchikhola, is one of the oldest places of residence “out of town.” There is, however, a slight discrepancy in the accounts handed down to us of this fashionable locality. At what particular period in the history of Calcutta garden-houses were erected in Garden Reach, we have no means of ascertaining at this distance of time. According to General Martine, who drew up a map of Calcutta in 1760, it then contained residences, but these might have been merely fine bungalows on a grand scale.

Mrs. Kindersley, to whose letters we have already referred, writing in 1768, that is, six years later, gives a general description of the town, but omits any allusion to them. She simply says: "In the country round the town are a number of very pretty houses, which are called country-houses, belonging to English gentlemen." Twelve years afterwards a great change for the better seems to have come over the place. Mrs. Fay, writing in 1780, says:—"The banks of the river are, as one may say, studded with elegant mansions, called here, as at Madras, garden-houses. These houses are surrounded with groves and lawns which descend to the water's edge, and present a constant succession of whatever can delight the eye or bespeak the wealth and elegance of the owners."

Previously to 1757, the English confined themselves to the close vicinity of the Old Fort and to the fish-pond near Lal Digi (Dalhousie Square). Respondential-walk, beyond Chandpal Ghât, was the *Ultima Thule* of the excursionists. No one dare trust himself further south than this point. The jungles beyond were infested by tigers, and the dark swamps by professional robbers and cut-throats, the retainers of the zemindars of those days who committed depredations upon unoffending travellers in broad daylight. But after the battle of Plassey, when peace and security were once more restored, the élite of Calcutta preferred living out of town in garden-houses adorned with statuary during the sultry months of the year.

Mrs. Fay, writing in the beginning of the cold weather says:—"My time has passed very stupidly (in Calcutta) for some months, but now the town is beginning to fill, people, are returning for the cold season. Warren Hastings had a country-villa at Suk Sagor, and Governor Cartier one at Baraset, in 1763. Boating on the river was a principal source of amusement to our ancestors, the oars keeping time to the notes of the clarionet. Kettysal boys in the act of suspending their kettasans, which were finely ornamented, over their heads—which boys were dressed in white muslin jackets tied round the waist with green sashes, and gartered at the knees in like manner, with the puckered sleeves, . . . with



white turbans bound by the same coloured riband—the rowers resting on their oars in a similar uniform, made a most picturesque appearance.”

Sir William Jones, Chief Justice of the late Supreme Court and the Great Oriental Scholar, lived in a bungalow in Garden Reach. Here he passed the life of a recluse, far from the turmoil and temptations of polite society, engaged in the prosecution of his favourite studies ; every morning at day-break, with a book under his arm, may be it was a Persian Grammar, he walked up to the Old Court House, where he occupied rooms on the middle and upper floor.

At one extremity of Garden Reach was the Fort of Aligurh, which was stormed by Lord Clive, along with the fortifications on the opposite side of the river at Tanna, on the 30th of December 1756, when he was coming up the Hooghly to recapture Calcutta from the hands of Sooraj-ud-Doula. The site of the fort was for a long time disputed, and some even doubted whether it was in the vicinity of Garden Reach at all ; but the discovery made by the Surveyor-General of Bengal in 1857 of a broad ditch near the last house there, about 100 feet in breadth, forming three sides of a square, which he thought had very much the appearance of a moat, revealed the secret.

To the south of Garden Reach is Akra. In General Martine's map it is marked as a place where salt was manufactured. It was used afterwards as a powder depôt ; and, lastly, as a Race Course. Between Kidderpore and the old Garden Reach is Bhui Kailas, founded by one Joynarain Ghosal, the ancestor of the present Ghosal family. In the temples erected there during the last century, there are two huge stones dedicated to the God Siva, the largest of the kind in India.

Alipore is named after a Mahommedan General of the name of Ali, in Sooraj-ud-Doula's army, probably the same individual after whom Calcutta was called Alinagar on its conquest in 1757.

Opposite Alipore Bridge stood, till very lately, two trees, called also the “Big Trees,” or trees of destruction : so called from the notoriety it gained from the number of duels fought under their shade.

A writer in the *Calcutta Review*, referring to the subject, says :—" Here Hastings and Francis exchanged shots. In the days when European women were few, jealousy often gave rise to these affairs of honour." This is evidently a mistake. The obvious insinuation conveyed is that the famous quarrel between the Governor-General and the Member of Council, which has now passed into history, arose from a disreputable cause, whereas the origin of the duel was a well-known passage in a Minute of Hastings, in which he replied to some aspersions which Francis had cast on him in another Minute. It ran thus :—" My authority for the opinion I have declared concerning Mr. Francis, depends upon facts which have passed within my own knowledge. I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour. This is a severe charge, but temperately and deliberately made from the firm persuasion that I owe this justice to the public and myself as the only redress to both for artifices of which I have been a victim and which threaten to involve their interest with disgrace and ruin. The only redress for a fraud, for which the law has made no provision, is the exposure of it."

Hastings was not the man to stab an adversary in the dark, and his nice and delicate sense of chivalrous honour repudiated the idea of taking him at a disadvantage at a time when he least suspected the blow. For, as the Governor-General himself confesses, he judged it "unbecoming to surprise him with a Minute at the Council table or to send it first to the Secretary ;" he therefore forwarded the document to Francis on the evening previous to the day on which it was to be officially read. This was not a solitary instance in which crimination and recrimination were freely administered and returned without fear or favour. The Council Chamber had been for years past the frequent scene of stormy debates and passages at arms that seriously compromised British prestige in India, and at one time threatened to shake the stability of the Empire. Whether for caustic eloquence, vigorous style, or vituperative epithets, the author of the "Letters of Junius" was more than a match for

Hastings, and if he chose, he might have given him a Roland for his Oliver. But the fact is these two determined belligerents, whose respective adherents were fomenting the flame of discord between their Chiefs, were tired of verbal warfare, which had reached a climax, and were waiting for an opportunity when an appeal to arms would not only be rendered inevitable, but, what was more to their purpose, justifiable by the laws of honour that prevailed in those days.

The long-expected crisis had arrived, and a steadier shot than Francis might have been instrumental in changing the whole course of Indian history. On the Minute being read in Council, Francis smothered his resentment for the moment. Here was a foeman worthy of his steel,—and he would not commit himself to puerilities. What followed may be best described in Hastings' words. He says:—"The next day after Council, he (Francis) desired me to withdraw with him to a private apartment of the Council House, where, taking out of his pocket a paper, he read from it a challenge in terms." The terms are thus given in Francis' Journal:—"Mr. Hastings, I am preparing a formal answer to the paper you sent to me last night. As soon as it can be finished, I shall lay it before you. But you must be sensible, sir, that no answer I can give to the matter of that paper can be adequate to the dishonour done me by the terms you have made use of. You have left me no other alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affronts you have offered me.' As soon as I had read the preceding words to Mr. Hastings, he said he expected the demand, and was ready to answer it."

The time and place having then been fixed, the combatants parted to prepare for

#### THE DUEL.

Francis mentioned the circumstance to Colonel Watson, Chief Engineer at Fort William, who happened to dine with him on the same day, and who "agreed to provide the pistols in order to prevent suspicions." Mr. Hastings, on his part, asked Colonel Pearse, Commandant of the Artillery, to breakfast with him on the morrow; he then asked him to be his second in the hostile

meeting with Mr. Francis. What followed may best be described in the words of Colonel Pearse himself. He says :—" The next morning, Thursday, August 17th, I waited on Mr. Hastings in my chariot to carry him to the place of appointment. When we arrived there, we found Mr. Francis and Colonel Watson walking together, and, therefore, soon after we alighted, I looked at my watch and mentioned aloud it was half-past five, and Francis looked at his and said it was near six. This induced me to tell him that my watch was set by my astronomical clock to solar time. The place they were at was very improper for the business ; it was the road leading to Alipore, at the crossing of it through a double row of trees that formerly had been a walk of Belvedere Garden on the western side of the house. Whilst Colonel Watson went, by the desire of Mr. Francis, to fetch his pistols, that gentleman proposed to go aside from the road into the walk, but Mr. Hastings disapproved of the place, because it was full of weeds and dark. The road itself was next mentioned, but was thought by everybody too public, as it was near riding time, and people might want to pass that way ; it was therefore agreed to walk towards Mr. Barwell's house on an old road that separated his ground from Belvedere, and before we had gone far a retired dry spot was chosen as a proper place.

" As soon as the suitable place was selected, I proceeded to load Mr. Hastings' pistols ; those of Mr. Francis were already loaded. When I had delivered one to Mr. Hastings, and Colonel Watson had done the same to Mr. Francis, finding the gentlemen were both unacquainted with the modes usually observed on these occasions, I took the liberty to tell them that if they would fix their distance it was the business of seconds to measure it. Colonel Watson immediately mentioned that Fox and Adam had taken fourteen paces, and he recommended the distance. Mr. Hastings observed it was a great distance for pistols ; but as no actual objection was made to it, Watson measured and I counted. When the gentlemen had got to their ground, Mr. Hastings asked Mr. Francis if he stood before the line or behind it, and, being the mark, he said he would do the same, and immediately took his stand. I then told them it was a

rule that neither of them was to quit their ground till they had discharged their pistols, and Colonel Watson proposed that both should fire together without taking any advantage. Mr. Hastings asked if he meant they ought to fire by word of command, and was told he only meant they should fire together as nearly as could be. These preliminaries were all agreed to and both parties presented, but Mr. Francis raised his hand, and again came down to his present; he did so a second time. When he came down to his present, which was the third time of his doing so, he drew his trigger, but his powder being damp, the pistol did not fire. Mr. Hastings came down from his present to give Mr. Francis time to rectify his priming, and this was done out of a cartridge with which I supplied him, upon finding they had no spare powder. Again the gentlemen took their stand, both presented together, and Mr. Francis fired, Mr. Hastings did the same at the distance of time equal to the counting of one, two, three distinctly, but not greater. His shot took place, Mr. Francis staggered, and, in attempting to sit down, he fell and said, he was a dead man! Mr. Hastings, hearing this, cried out: 'Good God! I hope not,' and immediately went up to him, as did Colonel Watson, but I ran to call the servants. While Mr. Francis was lying on the ground, he told Mr. Hastings, in consequence of something which he said, that he best knew how it affected his affairs, and that he had better take care of himself; to which Mr. Hastings answered, that he hoped and believed the wound was not mortal, but that, if any unfortunate accident should happen, it was his intention immediately to surrender himself to the sheriff." Colonel Pearse then goes on to say, after Francis was shot, "I ran to call the servants, and to order a sheet to be brought to bind up the wound. I was absent about two minutes. On my return I found Mr. Hastings standing by Mr. Francis, but Colonel Watson was gone to fetch a cot or palanquin from Belvedere to carry him to town. When the sheet was brought, Mr. Hastings and myself bound it round his body, and we had the satisfaction to find it (*sic*) was not in a vital part, and Mr. Francis agreed with me in opinion as soon as it was mentioned. I offered to attend him to town in my

carriage, and Mr. Hastings urged him to go, as my carriage was remarkably easy. Mr. Francis agreed to go, and, therefore, when the cot came, we proceeded towards the chariot, but were stopped by a deep broad ditch, over which we could not carry the cot; for this reason Mr. Francis was conveyed to Belvedere."

There he was attended by two Surgeons—Dr. Campbell, the Principal, and Dr. Francis, the Governor's own Surgeon. What the bullet of Hastings had failed to effect in the morning, was very nearly consummated a few hours afterwards, for the wounded man himself tells us that "the Surgeon arrived in about an hour-and-a-half from the time I was wounded and cut out the ball, and bled me twice during the day."

The missile hit the right side of Mr. Francis, but was prevented from entering the flesh by a rib which turned it from, entering the throat. It took an oblique course upwards, passed the backbone without touching it, and lodged about an inch on the left side of it. Mr. Francis ultimately recovered, but retained the mark of the bullet to his dying day.

The repentant Hastings thus writes of the affair in cooler moments to his friend Lawrence Sullivan; he says:—"I hope Mr. Francis does not think of assuming any merit from this silly affair. I have been ashamed that I have been an actor in it, and I declare to you, upon my honour, that such was the sense of it at the time that I was much disturbed by an old woman whose curiosity prompted her to stand by, spectatress of a scene so little comprehended by the natives of this part of the world, and attracted others of the same part from the adjacent villages to partake in the entertainment."

*BURMA: BEFORE AND AFTER  
ANNEXATION.\**

No. 5.

It is little wonder that Theebaw's Ministers, finding that they had in Lord Ripon such a weak man to deal with, should have induced the King to turn his attention elsewhere, and form commercial alliances. The only treaty-engagement Theebaw made was with the French, and this was a purely commercial treaty; but unfortunately, from the day when that treaty was signed in Paris, no opportunity was missed to find fault with the Burmese Government on any ground, however trivial.

The French were looked upon as poachers, trespassing upon our preserves. I am not prepared to believe that the French Government ever entertained any idea of going beyond the strict letter of the commercial treaty. France possessed no means then, any more than she possesses now, to step in between us and Burma. Upper Burma was, as it is now, completely isolated. France had no possible means of access to Mandalay, either by the Irrawaddy, or from the side of Tonquin—her latest unprofitable acquisition.

I have more than once said, and say again, that the two men who did more than any other ten to bring the last war with Burma to a head, were Mr. A. R. Colquhoun and Mr. Holt-Hallet, by the violent and vehement *jihad* they preached before the numerous Chambers of Commerce in England, and more particularly in Lancashire. They were the lions of the day and the admiration of the merchant princes at home. The annexation of Upper

\* *N.B.*—The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this article.—Ed., *Indian Empire*.

Burma was to open up fields of unknown wealth to British enterprise. Out of the fall of Theebaw Mr. Colquhoun got a good appointment, with a salary of Rs. 1,200 a month and acting allowance, which, however, he did not long enjoy. Mr. Holt-Hallet, his able confederate, has, for some years past, been advocating the construction of a railway from Moulmein, through Siam, to the valley of the Meking, and anticipates that, at no distant date, Siam also will be converted into British territory. Like Mr. Colquhoun, he, no doubt, also looks forward to a good official appointment when the dream of his life shall have been realized.

More than one writer has asserted that French intrigues and the insane vagaries of King Theebaw forced upon us the annexation of Upper Burma. It was neither the one nor the other. We forced upon ourselves the annexation of the country, in the interests of England and the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Limited, and, that being the case, it is a positive imposition on the people of India to compel them to pay the expenses of a policy, which the press and people, with one voice, vigorously opposed. During the official year 1888-89, India was called upon to pay in sterling money £1,875,000, with the prospect of the burden increasing yearly, rather than decreasing. India derived no benefit from the annexation of Upper Burma. England did, together with Lower Burma and the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Limited. With the number of adventurous scouts England has abroad, it need cause no great surprise if before long it is reported that French intrigue is at work in Siam, and another pretext is thus given to annex that country. Advocates of annexation are to be found in the Military as well as the Civilian ranks. Captain Yates in his "British Empire in Indo-China," in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for April 1889, prophesies that Siam, hemmed in as it is by British territory and the sea, must in time also become a dependency of Great Britain. Sir Lepel Griffin prophesies the annexation of Afghanistan the next time we enter that undesirable country. Unaided by French intrigue, or any other such subterfuge, England may, in the East, almost any day become involved



in war, urged on by place-hunters, a class of men who will do and say anything to serve their own avaricious ends. I do not believe that our destiny in the East is annexation, or that we are compelled to assume the government and control of the foreign relations of minor Eastern monarchs. This is an argument that does not hold water. If we would but keep in order what we already possess, all might go well ; otherwise annexation may yet prove the downfall of the British Empire.

At a very much earlier date than I felt justified in anticipating, peace and quiet have been restored, and the condition of the inhabitants of Upper Burma has been materially ameliorated, although the change in their destinies has been great, and we believe their interests have been equally benefited. Let us hope that the grave responsibilities which England has accepted in pushing her frontiers so close to China may have happy results.

Let us not forget that we have added to our Empire in the East immense regions, which for years will have to be held by a great contingent of the Indian Army, and, while it may not be an easy task to suppress a feeling of exultation over our latest acquisition, it is also not unaccompanied by dangers. Meanwhile opportunities have not been allowed to slip by for want of enterprise, and a certain amount of English capital has been invested in ruby mines and oil wells. There is no room now for misgivings ; 'the die is cast ;' we have accepted the situation with all its responsibilities, and the only thing left to do is to turn it to the best account.

ZITO,

*Author of the "Fall of Mandalay."*

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MONTH.

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THERE is not much of importance to note in the proceedings in Parliament during the current month. We were unable to give, last month, the result of the motion brought forward by Mr. Parnell for the rejection of Mr. Balfour's Irish Land Bill. The debate was resumed after we had gone to press, when Mr. Chamberlain was of opinion that it might be possible to adopt Mr. Parnell's proposals, jointly with those of Mr. Balfour, and advocated giving to the Irish County Councils, *when created*, control over the transfer of land. Mr. Chamberlain probably realizes by this time, as many a wiser man has done before him, that it is not safe to attempt to stand between two stools; for, as might have been anticipated, Mr. Parnell sustained a defeat on his motion by 80 votes; this showing that, the hopes of the Radicals notwithstanding, the Government still possesses a substantial majority on questions of vital importance. At the close of the debate, Mr. Balfour said that the time had not come for handing over to the Irish local bodies even partial control, as these bodies are now working on political lines, and would probably attempt to frustrate the designs of the Government.

At the beginning of the month a motion was introduced into the House by Dr. Charles Cameron for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, which was rejected by a majority of thirty-eight votes. The Crawford case has also been occupying the attention of Parliament, but not to any considerable extent, for although the Government is perfectly prepared for the discussion of the case, it, very rightly, in our opinion, declined to grant any special facilities.

The "Kingdom of Bombay" has also been claiming a share of the attention of Parliament, and has been very properly snubbed. If the Government of India is unable to deal with its subordinate "Kingdom" effectively, it is about time that the Government of India retired from the business altogether, and gave the job out on contract. Did, or did not, Lord Reay resign? That is the question. It is notorious that Lord Reay—himself, we believe, just as thoroughly conscientious as was Lord Ripon, and just as mistaken in his methods—was not a success in Bombay. He blundered heavily on more than one occasion, and the authorities at home were well aware of the fact. Sir John Gorst stated, on behalf of the Government, that Lord Reay's resignation had never been tendered, although such a course had been threatened. We may safely assume that had the threat been fulfilled, it would have been gladly accepted; and the Indian Government would have been well rid of about the most troublesome subordinate with whom it has had, in recent years, at any rate, to deal.

Of far more importance to the civilized world than anything that has transpired in Parliament during the month is the discussion at present being carried on at Washington, D. C., on the Silver Bill. We in India can appreciate any attempts of the kind now on foot to raise the standard of silver, and it appears to us that, after prolonged negotiations and discussion, the Congress of the United States is likely to arrive at least at a temporary solution of the question. It will be remembered that, when, some months ago, Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, brought forward his Bill, it was found to fall far short of the demands of what is known in America as the Silver Party, and it consequently encountered a check which all the efforts of its promoters were unable to avert. A compromise was, of course, inevitable; after various failures, the present 'Silver Bill' was put before Congress; and, according to recent telegrams, its successful passage is a foregone conclusion. President Harrison, according to the most recent advices, is not likely to attempt to exercise his right of veto, and the Bill has been so amended as to render it acceptable

to the majority of the Senators. If the Bill should become law, a great and immediate relief will be afforded to the Indian finances—in fact, we have already reaped considerable benefit from the prospect, for exchange has been hovering in the vicinity of one shilling and sixpence for some weeks past; and an impression would seem to prevail at home that the increase in the price of silver will continue and extend until silver has reached once more the highest point touched within the present century. The *Times* points out that if this free silver coinage system, which the Bill proposes, is introduced, the result will probably be that that perplexing grievance, “loss by exchange,” will disappear; but it is only right also to point out that the means by which the price of silver is to be raised cannot operate for an indefinite period. It was only a few days ago that one of the American Senators, who evidently has a large number who think with him, stated in Congress that he was of opinion that “national” bimetallism could not be worked, and he advocated an agreement being made with the principal countries of Europe to establish an international ratio, securing the free coinage of both metals.

The conflict between capital and labour is becoming more and more accentuated, and some indication of what is likely to result, ere long, has been afforded by the recent Labour demonstrations that have taken place in Europe. The Emperor of Germany was, if not the first to recognise the necessity, at least the first to take intelligent action in the matter of the labour disputes; but the masses are tired of promises, and have evidently very little confidence in the result of the recent Labour Conference in Berlin. The result has been that demonstrations have been simultaneously held in England, in most Continental countries, and in America. Socialism has evidently taken a deep hold of the working classes of every civilized nation, and rulers are gradually coming round to the view that this disease in the body politic forms a most important factor, not to be ignored and lightly passed over, but to be dealt with in a spirit of justice and enlightenment. Already a Labour Conciliation Committee of the London Chamber of

Commerce is at work in England, and the Chairman stated at a recent meeting of the Board that last autumn members of the Chamber saw, from their office windows, processions of men on strike and also processions of men out of work, and, seeing these men, and thinking of the sufferings of their wives and children; listening also to what other members of the Chamber were saying as to the suspension of trade, and fearing that orders which they had to execute must go abroad, it occurred to them whether there was not some better way of settling labour disputes, and whether some plan for this purpose could not be devised. A Committee of the Chamber was therefore appointed to consider the matter, with the result that the Conciliation Committee was formed. They had consulted all the leaders of the working men whom they could communicate with. Besides sending to all the Unions, they forwarded, on the 10th of April, a letter containing an epitome of the whole scheme to the Chairman of the London Trades Council. The most important feature of this scheme is that every trade in London is invited to form a Conciliation Committee of its own particular trade, half of employers, half of employed, to whom any labour dispute in that particular trade may be submitted, if the disputants so desire, and it is believed that in most instances such disputes can be arranged by amicable discussion between men practically acquainted with the trades, without outside interference. The Conciliation Board, which will become a sort of Court of Appeal, will be referred to in case of any dispute not being satisfactorily adjusted. The Board will be composed half of workingmen representatives and half of representatives of capital, and it is hoped that amongst its members will be representative men belonging to all the principal trades of London. The scheme has much to commend it, and, although it is limited in extent, it should be competent to deal with that particular section of the working classes which it will represent.

Telegraphic information has been received of a revolution in Paraguay, over which the Brazils may be said to exercise a semi-protectorate. Fighting has taken place, but, owing to the telegraph wires having been cut, there are very few details

to hand. In these petty South American Republics disturbances are of frequent occurrence, but the last trouble of any magnitude that took place in Paraguay was in 1865-70, during which period the Paraguayans maintained a heroic but unavailing resistance against the allied States of the Brazils, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay. This protracted war ended in 1870, when the ruler, Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, was killed in battle, and in June of that year the Congress voted a new Constitution, which was proclaimed in the November following. An attempt at insurrection was made in 1874, but this was quelled with the aid of the Brazilian garrison. The writer of the "Month" happened to be in the Brazils at the time, and has a vivid recollection of the misery wrought upon the plucky little country by the Brazilian troops, which are a half-and-half lot, to say the best of them.

Trouble seems to be actively brewing all over the world, and we have further accounts of an insurrection which has broken out in Port Alegro, a small district of little importance about two days' sail from the mouth of the Rio Grande do Sul. We are told that severe fighting has taken place, and that the Governor has been deposed; also that the troops have joined the citizens against the Republic. It is, of course, impossible to predict with any certainty what will be the consequence to the Republic of this petty insurrection; but, following the example thus set, several of the Northern States have revolted, and, as we learn by private letters from the Brazils that the recently emancipated slaves are in the greatest distress, and on the verge of starvation, we should not be at all surprised to hear of a general rising throughout the Brazils, which might end in either the restoration of Royalty or a separation into several Republics.

In addition to the retirement of Bismarck, another notable character who has of late years been making a bit of a stir has made his exit from political life. A London telegram announces that General Boulanger has dissolved his Election Committee, and, being convinced that further efforts to obtain election are futile, has resolved to retire into private life. It is, perhaps, as

well that he has come to this determination, for his success as a popular idol was from the first fictitious. He had a certain following which had the advantage of being a noisy and clamorous one ; but the French people never took Boulanger seriously ; and although he tried to imitate the first Napoleon in some of his tactics, it was evident from the first that he would never succeed that great genius in the esteem of the French people. What would happen to the French Republic, were another Napoleon to arise, would not be difficult to predict ; but it will require a better man than Boulanger to fill his shoes.

Russia has discovered a new grievance against England. Having nearly exhausted her venom against that country on account of her successes in securing concessions in Persia, Russia now waxes wroth at the success of British influence in China, and urges retaliation by harassing Asiatic trade with India. One cause of this fresh outburst of ill-feeling is undoubtedly the fact that the Shah has put his veto on the Russian project to construct a railway connecting Enzelli with Resht.

The hero of the hour is undoubtedly Mr. Henry Stanley, who is at present being lionized at home to his heart's content and who is also said to have made a conquest in a direction to which he has hitherto betrayed a decided antipathy, being about to enter the bonds of matrimony. As might have been expected, Mr. Stanley's actions during his recent expedition have not escaped criticism, and it is stated that, in Berlin particularly, inimical feelings prevail against the great explorer ; especially in Chauvinistic and anti-English circles. That these feelings should exist at the present time, when England and Germany are in a measure being forced into rivalry in the Central African scramble, is to be deplored, more especially as there seems to be every prospect of a closer connexion in future between England and Germany. A spiteful lecture was recently delivered by Herr Paul Reichard, himself an African traveller. At the outset of his lecture the Herr, we are told, attempted to prejudice his hearers by asserting (though he was careful not to quote his authority for doing so) that, when first starting from Zanzibar, on his quest of Dr. Livingstone, Stanley

learnt from the Arab traders there—but carefully concealed the discovery in order to give his feat an air of greater *éclat*—that the great explorer was actually at the place, Ujiji, where he ultimately found him, so that his discovery of Livingstone was nothing more than the act of a cheating player at blind-man's buff. Herr Reichard then went on to cavil at the line of action adopted by Mr. Stanley to reach Wadelai, and accused him of having been directly instrumental in wrecking the last pillars which still supported the authority of Emin Pasha in Equatoria. Having failed to achieve the main object of his mission to Wadelai, which was nothing more than a huge commercial and land-grabbing speculation, utterly unredeemed by any humane purpose or philanthropic feeling for Emin, Mr. Stanley felt that it would never do for him to return to the coast alone, and so, what between cajolery and downright threats, he at last succeeded in lugging away with him the helpless, if reluctant, martyr, who had stuck to his post of duty so nobly and so long. A pretty commentary, this upon the daring exploits and self-sacrifices of the resolute explorer and his brave companions. It is only equalled by the ingratitude displayed by Emin Pasha himself. Another instance of the vigour with which the German expedition is being prosecuted is the fact that Captain Casati, the Italian officer who was brought from the interior along with Emin, has also taken service with the Germans.

It is announced from Paris that the French Government has assented to the conversion of the Egyptian Loan of 1888; also of the Privileged Debt, the Domains Debt and the Daira Sanieh Loan, provided that the present administration of the two latter is maintained. The French Government also stipulates that the profits of conversion shall not be utilised, pending an agreement between the Powers with reference thereto.

“APEX.”

CALCUTTA, 28th May, 1890.





# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 9.—JULY 1890.

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## *THE AMANUENSIS:—III.*

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THE following morning broke bright and clear. The trees, which the previous day had drooped heavily beneath the dripping heavens, now fluttered their foliage gaily, like pennons in a fresh, strong breeze, and sun-lit sky and smiling earth alike tempted the veriest sluggard to be early up and abroad. Jack was one who responded to the call; and the morning mist was still brooding on the parade-ground and wide plains of Meerut when he rode out on the highbred waler which his uncle kept for his especial benefit. George Sterner also went out early—earlier than Jack,—but, having no such luxury as a horse, he had to make the best of his powers of pedestrianism.

It was past 10 o'clock when Jack Kennedy returned home to breakfast. He found his uncle alone and in a state of excitement and distress such as he had never before witnessed. His iron-grey hair stood up like bristling bayonets, as if in a state of rebellion at the treatment it had received; and his face told plainly, even without the aid of speech, that something very unusual had occurred to disturb his equanimity. Of course, it did not take Jack many minutes to become acquainted with the cause of the disturbance. George Sterner had not come back, and was never coming back, for Mr. Barlow had just

received a missive from him to that effect. The letter had come by a messenger who, after simply delivering it, went away immediately.

As a matter of course, the letter was handed to Jack to read. It began with many expressions of gratitude for the uniform kindness and consideration displayed by Mr. Barlow to a dependent, and then the writer went on to say that very unlooked-for circumstances, over which he could exercise no control whatever, compelled him to leave the station at once. He candidly admitted that he had left the house in a surreptitious and apparently ungrateful manner, to avoid questions which could only pain him, while it was not in his power to answer them; and the epistle wound up with a regret that he should be compelled to inflict, against his will, so much inconvenience upon his kind friend and employer.

Such was the letter which Jack read over silently and carefully to himself, thoughts whisking rapidly through his brain the while. Reading between the lines, he could understand it as it was not possible for his uncle to do. He knew that the writer had fled precipitously from a fear that his identity and plans might be discovered; and the thought that he would very likely be able to make good his escape, now irritated Jack considerably. For the sake of convenience he adhered in his own mind to the masculine pronoun, but he felt certain it was not the right one; and this, more than anything else perhaps, made him eager to unravel the mystery. So far as he could see, no harm had been done, or could be done, to his uncle by this strange intruder; but all the same Jack felt a most vehement desire to know his real and proper name and sex. Of course Jack would not have allowed for a moment that merely his curiosity had been intensely stirred—Oh! no—for where is the man who would plead guilty to such an accusation? Curiosity being a petty failing popularly attributed to women and cats only, and Jack being a man every inch of him, it was only natural he should feel solemnly convinced that it was purely consideration for his relative's interests which made him long earnestly to be upon the track of the mysterious fugitive.

But what to do? and where to find him? These were the material questions now. The next train down-country would not leave till between 2 and 3 P.M., and if, (as it was natural to suppose) George was going to return to Delhi, he (or she) must be in the station still and would have to remain there for the next few hours; and before breakfast was concluded, Jack had arranged his plan of action—a plan that he felt might very likely fail, but which, with a little luck to back it up, also might succeed.

Immediately the meal—a silent and pre-occupied one—was over, Jack ordered out his horse for a second time that morning, and in a few minutes more was driving rapidly down to the little thatched bungalow in the Native Infantry Lines occupied by Mrs. Collins.

That good lady, standing at the door of her habitation and looking contentedly forth on the outer world, was not a little horrified to see Jack's spirited, high-stepping waler turn in at the gate and dash remorselessly through her flocks of petted geese and hens, making the feathered bipeds fly before him like chaff before the wind, only not so silently. She stood rooted to the verandah, silent and indignant, while her unexpected and unwelcome visitor dismounted from his horse and approached her, wondering a little, inwardly, how he could best open the campaign.

Mrs. Collins was a big woman—a thundering big woman, Jack mentally apostrophised her—big enough all over to make her head look abnormally small as it started forth out of the voluminous folds of a silk handkerchief of the colour of the scarlet poppy: yet her face was big, too—big and round as the full moon, but red as Mars, shaming even the scarlet handkerchief. The prevailing expression, ordinarily, of this fiery visage was good nature—an intense good nature that seemed to ooze out of every pore, and was so patent that it might have encouraged the veriest pariah dog to have looked up wistfully expectant of a crust of bread being thrown out to him; but at present this amiability was veiled behind a cloud, for Mrs. Collins could not look favourably upon one who had shown so little regard for the lives and limbs of her feathered favourites.

"Mrs. Collins, I presume," began Jack, removing his hat with a slight bow.

"The same, sir, at your service," answered the worthy dame, standing very erect and looking very fierce.

"Might I ask if Mr. Sterner is stopping here?" pursued Jack very quietly.

"No, sir, there is no Mr. Sterner, nor any other Mister here. I'm a lone woman, as I'd have you know," went on Mrs. Collins, elevating her voice to a higher key, "earning a decent livelihood for myself, and with no fine gents loafing about my premises, so it's no use your coming here asking after them."

Mrs. Collins evidently wanted to quarrel, and Jack did not, so the latter kept his temper admirably, and said persuasively:

"Could, I then, see the young lady who came here yesterday morning by the 8 o'clock train.

Mrs. Collins sniffed the air indignantly.

"Seems to me that you are mistaking this for a hotel," she replied, "but I don't keep no hotels. The Empress Hotel is farther on, and if you want to enquire after your friends you had better go there."

If Mrs. Collins' intention was to baffle her questioner, she would no doubt have succeeded, but for the unexpected appearance at that moment of a fresh actor on the scene. A door directly behind her, evidently leading into a public-room, and which had been closed all this time, opened quietly, and a girl, stepping silently out, glided to the side of the irate old dame. She was young and fair, with short curls of light brown hair, and blue eyes in which amusement and pain were almost together depicted, like sunlight and shadow chasing one another over the rippling surface of a lake. She was dressed in a very plain costume of dark-blue serge, with a snow-white linen collar fastened only by a small silver brooch at her equally white throat; and the instant Jack saw her, he recognised her as his fellow-passenger in the train.

"Mrs. Collins," and a small, slender hand lay like a snowflake on the rusty, black coat-sleeve which shrouded that lady's monstrous limb, "Let me say a few words to this gentleman

and then I am sure he will go away and not trouble you any more."

"Trouble me! as if I'd let the likes of him trouble me!" ejaculated the other contemptuously. "He is much more likely to trouble you, my pettie, a-coming here and wanting to see the Lord knows who—so just you slip back, dearie, and leave me to talk to him."

"No, no—you dear old Mrs. Collins," remonstrated the girl in a half-vexed, half-affectionate tone. "You could not explain—you would never understand. Now do let me have my own way," she added coaxingly, "and I can assure you it is the best way."

Mrs. Collins shook her head doubtfully.

"You always would have your own way, Miss Clarie, but as to its being the best way—that is a different matter," she remarked.

"Not *this* time—I am sure I am right *this* time," responded the other. "See, Mrs. Collins! what a dreadful commotion among your hens and chickens; I am sure a hawk must have taken away one. Do go and see, and by the time you come back I shall have said the few words I wish to say." And the speaker smiled mischievously.

Mrs. Collins shook her head, this time reprovingly, but with a tender smile at the speaker.

"Don't go trying to be fooling me, Miss Clarie, my darling. There's nothing wrong with them blessed birds, excepting that they have been frightened out of their seven senses by them as should know better;" and with another wrathful glance at Jack, who looked meekly conscious, the fat old woman waddled off in obedience to the hint she had received.

Then the young lady turned to him with quiet dignity.

"It would be useless for me to deny that I know who you are, Mr. Kennedy, and also that I can guess why you have come here. You wish to ask me some questions, but will you come inside please, for there is less chance of our being disturbed there."

Jack bowed silently and followed her into the room from which she had emerged a few minutes before. It was a dining-

room, with uncurtained windows, and furnished in a homely way, with a square table, a few chairs, a side-board, and in one corner a sofa.

Requesting Jack to take a chair, the girl sat down opposite to him, folding her hands loosely in her laps and looking straight at him with the air of a child waiting to be catechised in a newly learnt lesson. Jack felt himself growing uncomfortable and hastily broke the silence.

"I hope you will not consider it an impertinence if I inquire your name," he began, "for if I could know that, it might make some matters clear which, at present, I must confess, puzzle me greatly."

"My name is Clara Wynne, but you have known me as George Sterner."

"Ah!" and Jack drew a deep breath. "Then I was not wrong in my suspicions after all."

"No," she answered with a shadow of gathering distress darkening her face; "I knew what you suspected, and when you followed me here, I knew also that you meant to satisfy yourself of the truth of your suspicions, and so I thought it better to face it out at once so as to save trouble, perhaps, in the future."

"Then," said Jack, speaking very quietly, "will you answer one question? Will you tell me why you came disguised to my uncle's house?"

The girl covered her face with her hands, but Jack could see the red blood mounting to her very temples, as if in shame.

"Ah! it was so foolish," she said, looking up at last with a flushed and troubled face—"so wrong and foolish, but I could not see it then. I wanted money so badly—only a little money—but we could not get it anywhere, and it seemed as if my poor mother's life was ebbing away for the want of it."

"So it was only for the sake of the salary!" remarked Jack in a soft and sympathetic tone of voice. "Will you tell me a little more?"

"We were so poor," the girl went on to explain in a sad, low voice. "While papa lived, we had everything we could wish

for, for he was an engineer drawing very good pay, but he died suddenly without making any provision for us, and left us almost penniless. A distant relation allowed poor mama fifty rupees a month, and that is all we have had to live on—mother, my sisters, and I. Ellis and I tried to do something for ourselves, but although papa had spared no expense on our education, we did not seem to know anything well enough to teach it to others, and whatever we tried to do, we always found there were others who could do it better than we could."

"And how long is it since your father died?" interrupted Jack.

"Nearly five years—five years of struggling poverty. Poor mama, who had never been strong, began to give away entirely under the strain, and last hot weather the doctor ordered her to the hills for a change, but he might as well have ordered her to the moon. Papa's cousin, who has been helping us all along, said he could not afford to do more than he has been doing, and of course we could not expect it; but it did seem so hard to see mama fading away before our eyes. Then mother said that, if we could only manage to get together three or four hundred rupees just to start with, we might take a house at one of the hill-stations and have a few nice boarders, which would enable us to pay our way, and to live up there all the year round. It seemed a good idea, but the difficulty was to get the money to make a beginning, and night and day I was always thinking—thinking of how it could be managed."

"Till at last a scheme suggested itself," said Jack.

"Yes, it was a wild idea, but I caught at it desperately."

"And your mother—did she consent to it?"

"Ah! no, no,—mama would have died first. I slipped away from home on the pretence of coming here to see our dear old nurse, Mrs. Collins, who had been with mama many years when we were little children, but I did not let even her know what I was going to do till I had seen Mr. Barlow. Then I had to let her into my confidence, for I could not get on without an accomplice. I had a dreadful amount of trouble in persuading her to keep the secret, and at last I think she consented only



because she had been always accustomed to giving me my own way in everything. Dear old Mother Collins! she is as true as steel! Meanwhile I wrote to mama and Ellis, and made them believe that I was earning money here as a milliner's assistant, and for their sakes had changed my name, so that it should not be known, and all my letters had to come to the address of Mrs. Collins. Oh! I had to tell such a dreadful lot of stories, but of course they believed them all. Mama was very miserable about my going away from home, and almost broke her heart about it at first. If she had only known the truth—ah! that would have been terrible—but I meant it all for the best; only I could not foresee what was coming, and so it has ended in nothing," concluded the poor girl despondingly.

"And now what will you do?" asked Jack.

"What can I do, but go home, now that my plan has ended in smoke, and invent some plausible story to account for my return? Ah! the world is dreadfully hard on us helpless women. But Mr. Kennedy, I have told you *everything* now, without reservation. Promise me one thing—for my dear mother's sake, promise me one thing," implored Clara, looking up at him with tearful, beseeching eyes.

"What?" asked Jack a little huskily, feeling more touched than he would have liked to confess.

"Promise me, on your honour as a gentleman, that you will never betray my secret to Mr. Barlow or to any living soul, either man or woman. The horror of it would kill mama."

"I promise," said Jack "on my sacred word of honour."

"Ah, thank you," she replied in a tone of relief, "I know you will never break your word. And now, Mr. Kennedy, good-bye: I have already kept you here a long time listening to the story of my troubles and mistakes. Poor Mr. Barlow! I do hope his next amanuensis will be a more efficient one!"

"He could never have one to suit him so perfectly," said Jack, lingering still. "But tell me when are you going to leave this?"

"By the 3-30 train this afternoon."

"And if I should happen to be going to Delhi before very long, could I not see you?" asked Jack, almost shyly.

"Ah! no, no," exclaimed Clara at once, in a tone of alarm. "I should have to account for the manner in which I had become acquainted with you—when, and where I had met you, and a hundred other things. We must be total strangers to one another from to-day, Mr. Kennedy."

"Well, even as total strangers we may possibly meet," remarked Jack with a hopeful smile; and in spite of all her troubles, when Jack Kennedy at last said farewell, after lingering as long as he could find any excuse for doing, Clara Wynne's heart felt lighter and happier than it had done for many a day.

Truly, where there is a will there is also a way. It was not long before Jack Kennedy found himself at Delhi, calling on the Hockins. A little judicious pumping soon elicited the fact that the Hockins and Wynnes were acquainted. In the latter's palmier days they had been intimate friends, but now Mrs. Hockins considered that she had done more than could well be expected of her when she called on her old friend Mrs. Wynne twice a year and occasionally invited the girls over to her less showy and smaller entertainments—generally tennis, because Clara and Ellis were so handy to be slipped in as spare hands when no other player could be found.

Here Jack found himself, one evening, going through the form of introduction to the two Miss Wynnes, looking perfectly unconcerned the while, while a flood of colour swept over poor Clara's face as she bowed with downcast-eyes.

After tennis, Jack Kennedy insisted on seeing the two young ladies home, although they had not far to go. Clara gravely scrutinised the road all the way back, while Ellis, a pretty, lively brunette some two years younger than her sister, and totally unlike her in every way, amused and entertained their escort with her lively chatter. He made the acquaintance of Mrs. Wynne and found her a delicate, fragile-looking woman, who welcomed him to her little home with the graceful courtesy of a well-bred woman of the world, who could act and move with equal dignity whether in a mansion or a cottage.

Two months had passed away, and it was an evening in March, warm but not oppressively so. Near the window of the little drawing-room, which the deft and nimble fingers of Mrs. Wynne's daughters had decorated with many a dainty piece of work, stood Clara quite alone. The last rays of an expiring sunlight fell in showers about her plain dark dress, and touched to gold her clustering curls of hair. She was alone, for a well-to-do friend of her mother's had called to take her for a drive, and Ellis accompanied them, while the elder sister elected to stay at home and finish a piece of needlework.

Clara was tired—physically, for her mother had suffered more than usual during the past week, and it had been a time of hard nursing and weary watching for both the sisters, but especially the elder: mentally, for there was the constant strain of trying to compass with their small means what it was not possible to compass, so that the much-loved, fragile mother might not feel too keenly the pinching of actual poverty.

Clara, looking out—looking westward to where the monarch of day was passing in chariots of flame through the Gates of the West, felt as if she could almost long to be at peace behind that lovely screen of many-coloured lights. She was young and the earth was very fair, but an unusual weight of weariness and depression was pressing hard upon her youthful spirit just then. One unfathomed cause of her present depression was perhaps that Jack Kennedy had not been near them now for nearly three weeks, and at first, on one pretence or another, he had come almost every day. He had gone away from Delhi, promising to be back within a week, but the days had lengthened out, and still he came not. Not to herself would she acknowledge that this unexplained absence of one who was ostensibly nothing to her, might be the key-note of the lassitude that weighed down her mind and frame; but, as if in a watery mist, there floated through her brain the oft recurring words of a poem she had read long before—

*She only said, my life is weary,*

*He cometh not, she said.*

*She said, I am a weary—weary,*

*I would that I were dead.*

A soft, light breeze, sweet with the scent of mangoe-blossoms came in at the open window, and slightly fluttered the purely white muslin curtains that drooped behind her like angelic wings. On the topmost bough of the mangoe-tree sat a koel, singing his farewell song to the day that was passing away for ever. The musical notes of the bird, coupling themselves to the words floating mistily through her brain, seemed to come as a song from another sphere, as, wrapped in thought, Clara watched, while scarcely seeing, the fluctuating waves of light growing fainter, paler in the distant west.

A step—a voice—a touch and Clara Wynne was back to the Land of Reality, but with no unpleasant awakening, for near her stood Jack Kennedy, with an eager greeting on his lips, and a still more eager greeting in his eyes. He had come to tell her that his appointment, which had been expected and waited for so long, had been confirmed at last; and that, at last, also, he might say the words and ask the one momentous question which had so often risen to his lips and so often been repressed. In short, he came to repeat to willing ears the story which is so old—so old and yet is ever new.

On the bough of the tree the koel sang on, but his song was no longer needed: the light died away in the west, but the darkness was no longer unwelcome, for it was unable to shadow the radiance which had sprung up so suddenly—so joyously in Clara's happy thankful heart.

To Mrs. Wynne the prospect of her daughter's union afforded nothing but pleasure.

Personally Jack was a favourite with her, and in the home of her married daughter, no longer harassed by a thousand petty cares, she might hope for the repose so greatly needed.

A month later, when the scented, downy balls of the yellow *babul* were breathing their fragrance on the passing breeze, Clara and Jack were quietly married, and Mrs. Wynne and Ellis went up to Naini Tal, and installed themselves in a comfortable house above the lovely lake. Mr. Barlow was their only boarder, and his simple habits and gentle manners soon commended him alike to the different tastes of the delicate widow and her

lively daughter. As to Clara—she was to him as the wife of a dear son, and as such he loved her. She certainly puzzled him when first presented as the bride-elect of his nephew, and Jack, watching his uncle in a half-amused, half-nervous manner, noticed the fingers abstractedly passing through his hair, with many a doubtful, questioning glance at Clara's shy, embarrassed face. The ordeal over, Mr. Barlow confided to his nephew, when they once more happened to be alone, that Miss Wynne had a charming face, but that somehow it put him forcibly in mind of *some one*, though who that was, he could not recollect. Jack carelessly remarked that the world was full of resemblances, fancied and real; and this being an indisputable fact, the good old man soon ceased to trouble his mind about a haunting memory which seemed persistently to elude his grasp, and liked to contemplate Clara's fair young face for the sake of its own sweetness and beauty alone.

THE END.

## THE SUBURBS OF CALCUTTA.

## II.

FACING Alipore Bridge and to the south of it is

## BELVEDERE,

the official residence of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. It was once the residence of Warren Hastings, but subsequently he removed to a house further south, which he erected out of his private means. There, when relieved of graver toils, he amused himself with tiger-hunting. Tigers were then, and down to the beginning of the present century, the pests of Lower Bengal. The Dutch Admiral, Stavorinus, writing of Chogdah (now a station on the Eastern Bengal Railway), says: "Having many woods in which there were tigers, we soon met with their traces in plenty." Lord Valentia, writing on the same subject, remarks that "the Company gave in premiums for killing tigers and leopards in Kasimbazar Island, up to 1801, Rs. 1,50,000 (£15,000)." Mrs. Fay thus describes Belvedere in 1780: "The house is a perfect *bijou*, most superbly fitted up with all that unbounded affluence can display; but still deficient in that simple elegance which the wealthy so seldom attain, from the circumstances of not being obliged to search for effect without much cost, which those but moderately rich find to be indispensable. The grounds are said to be very tastefully laid out."

We now come to

## THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,

which was in existence as early as 1768 and was "far from the city." Previous to that period it was the private garden-house of an individual from whom it was purchased by Government.

Hamilton speaks of a pretty good hospital in Calcutta, in 1709, which "many go into and undergo the penance of physic, but few come out to give an account of its operation." In the earlier times medical practitioners were scantily paid, and consequently no qualified doctor worthy of the name would take service under such a system. An anecdote is related of an officious Governor of Bombay who, finding the pay of a surgeon put down as Rs. 42 per month, expressed his surprise at so extravagant an item of expenditure, and, wishing to earn the favour of his employers by retrenchment, pretended to discover that it was all a mistake and the figures must have been transposed, and accordingly rectified the clerical error by substituting Rs. 24 for Rs. 42. But in Calcutta things were not on the same footing. Thus in 1780—"Physic as well as law is a gold mine to its professors to work it at will. The medical gentlemen at Calcutta make their visits in palanquins and receive a gold-mohur from each patient for every common occurrence; extras are enormous." A disease of a most virulent type called "a *pucka* fever" was prevalent in Calcutta in the last century, owing to the effluvia arising from malarious swamps and dense jungles that surrounded it on all sides. Mrs. Kindersley writes of it as "the illness of which most persons die in Calcutta; it frequently carries off persons in a few hours. The doctors esteem it the highest degree of putridity!"

To the north of Alipore flows a stream called

#### TOLLY'S NALLA,\*

which was once known as the Govindpur Creek, the southern boundary of the village of that name, a portion of the site on which the city of Calcutta stands at present. The village was the chief seat of the Setts and the Bysaks, the oldest resident families. It extended from the neighbourhood of the old pagoda at Kalighat to where Fort William at present stands,

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\* "To the south a branch of the Hooghly flows also into the Sunderbunds. It is called by Europeans *Tolly's Nalla*, but the natives regard it as the true Gunga, the wide stream being, as they pretend, the work of human and impious hands, at some earlier period of their history. In consequence no person worships the river between Kidderpur and the sea, while this comparatively insignificant ditch enjoys all the same divine honours which the Ganges and the Hooghly enjoy during the earlier parts of their course."—*Bishop Heber's Indian Journal*, Vol. I, page 25.

the whole district bearing the appellation of Govindpore, a name derived from Govinda, one of the numerous deities of the Hindu Pantheon.

In 1775 Colonel Tolly, of the Honorable East India Company's service, excavated, at his own expense, a portion of the creek, and made a *nalla* (water-course) in the bed of what was called Surinani's *nalla*. In return for his valuable services, the Government of the day confirmed to him the right to the tolls levied on it for twelve years, which returned an annual profit of upwards of Rs. 50,000 (£5,000). But the gallant Colonel did not live long to enjoy the fruits of his labour. The creek began to silt up gradually, and in the course of thirty years had been reduced in depth six feet owing to this cause. A splendid suspension bridge spans the *nalla*. It was built by public subscription to perpetuate the memory of the Marquis of Hastings. *Tolly's Nalla* is known to the natives as Buri Ganga.\*

#### BALIGUNJ.

We have not been able to ascertain the derivation of the name; but as its suffix, *gunj*, denotes, it must have been in some manner connected with the weekly market held there for the sale of fowls, ducks, rice, vegetables and other necessities of life at lower figures than obtain in Calcutta. It is a favourite suburb owing to its seclusion, at the same time that it is comparatively near Town and the places of business, thus possessing an advantage over the more distant Garden Reach. It boasts of several magnificent residences, the best known among them being Castle Rainey, surrounded with spacious park-like grounds, a castellated building and the only one of its kind in the metropolis. "This

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\* "Our readers may deem it incredible, but we have a firm conviction that the Ganges itself which now flows by Bishop's College once took its course on the site of Tolly's Nalla. To the natives who live in the south of Calcutta Tollygunj (named after the same Colonel Tolly) is a sacred place for cremation, and so is Baripoor, where there is now not a drop of water, because they believe the stream of the Ganges rolled there once: the traveller never sees any funeral pyres now smoking near the Hooghly south of Calcutta, as the natives have a notion that this is a *Katta Gunga*, or a modern channel; the ancient channel, and not merely its water, is accounted sacred by them. Geological observations confirm this view. In the borings made at Kidderpur in 1832 it was found there were no *vegetable remains or trunks*, hence there must have been a river or a large body of water there,"—*Select. Cal. Review*, Vol. 22.



château," says Mr. J. T. Rainey, "was built some time during the commencement of the present century by one of the earliest Commandants of the Governor-General's Body Guard, who was the uncle of the writer of this historical sketch, the late Major W. H. Rainey. His son, Major-General Arthur Macan Rainey, who also served in the Cavalry in this country, but attached to the Madras and not the Bengal Army, has recently retired from the service and settled at home. Castle Rainey has changed hands more than once, and is now the property of the Government, who have converted it into a Remount Depôt." Baligunj is the head-quarters of the Viceroy and Governor-General's Native Body Guard, whose history is full of interest. In 1762 a Body Guard of thirty sabres all told, composed of Europeans only, was raised. When the Bengal Army was reorganised, in 1765, by Lord Clive, who was in his dual capacity Governor and Commander-in-Chief, he retained their services exclusively for himself. In 1772 a mania for economy took possession of Government, and the wave of retrenchment swallowed up not only the European Body Guard, but also three regiments (Ressalas) of Native Cavalry. Thus there was not a single trooper in the Cadre of the Bengal Army. The next year Warren Hastings organised a small body of Native Cavalry, designated the "Governor's Troop of Moguls," and composed of one hundred men, which formed the nucleus of the present regiment. The ostensible object for which it was raised was to chastise the "Sunnases," a half-mendicant, half-gipsy tribe, who committed great depredations and plundered several districts in the Lower Provinces. The troop, however, served other purposes. In a campaign it accompanied the Commander-in-Chief, but in time of peace it remained with the Governor-General. Shortly after its formation the Rohilla War broke out, and, to the shame of the English name, the avarice of the Court of Directors led them, for a pecuniary consideration, to lend the Vizier of Oudh the prestige of their arms in exterminating the Rohillas, who had never done us any injury and against whom there was not the shadow of a justification for raising the sword. On the 23rd of April 1774 was fought the battle of Khatra, when the flower

of the Rohilla chivalry fell victims to the ambition of Warren Hastings, and the Body Guard received their baptism of blood. In spite of overwhelming odds, for there were 40,000 of the enemy opposed to the British troops, the latter obtained a complete victory. The Vizier's troops were merely lookers-on in the fray, but when the tide of battle turned in our favour they displayed great activity in helping themselves to the spoils of the enemy's camp, which aroused the indignation of Colonel \* Champion, Commandant of the Second Brigade, who exclaimed: "We have the honour of the day, but these banditti reap the profits."

After a further reduction in the numerical strength of the Body Guard, the corps was raised to 700 men, and a couple of light six-pounder field-pieces, bearing the suggestive name of "Gallopers," were attached to it. In 1807 its strength was again reduced to 100 men. In 1811 they proceeded with the expedition to Java, under Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Auchnety. There they rendered great service in the complete overthrow of the Dutch power, and in the conquest of the Island, particularly distinguishing themselves in the engagement at Welterneden, on the 10th August 1811, and at the storming and capture of Fort Cornelis. This is one of the very first instances on record of native troops discarding caste prejudices and proceeding beyond the seas to take part in a campaign. Their gallantry on the field encouraged Government to raise the corps to its full complement in 1814, and, on the breaking out of the Burmese War in 1824, it accompanied the British force sent to punish the arrogance of His Majesty of the White Elephant. The Body Guard again did good service and received high encomium for their cool and gallant behaviour under fire from no less a judge of military matters than Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B., who commanded the expedition. We next hear of them in connection with the Gwalior Campaign of 1843, under that rough-and-ready old soldier Sir Hugh Gough. They were present at the battle of Maharajpore, which, with the twin action at Panuvar, under Lord Grey, completely broke down the Mahratta power. The very next year Lord Ellenborough raised the effective strength

of the corps to six hundred sabres, but the Court of Directors disapproved of the arrangement, and in 1847 it was reduced to four troops, or 400 men. The Body Guard was once more to the front in the Sutlej Campaign. Their colours bear on them the names of "Mudki," "Ferozshah," "Aliwal" and "Subraon." At the first-named engagement they charged side by side with H. M.'s 3rd Dragoons, and had one subaltern killed and two senior officers wounded, one of whom was the Commandant, Captain Darkins. Six years afterwards the corps took an active part in quelling the Sonthal rising; and this was the last occasion on which it was engaged on active service.

## JIM'S WIDOW.

### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY NIGH.

I MET her on board the *Tierra Del Fuego*. She came on at Hong-Kong, and, as I left the boat at Singapore, I lost sight of her there. She was forty, she told me, but she looked fifty. Thirteen years' residence in Hong-Kong had browned and withered her, and she had lost all her teeth except four in the lower jaw. As a Normandy pippin is to an apple, so was she to her former self, she said. There was nothing soft, or tender, or sentimental about her; her voice had a sort of rasp and was pitched in a high key; her sentences snapped, and her grammar and pronunciation were slipshod. She was not an interesting woman, but there were no lady passengers besides ourselves, and only three men, and, above all, it was the typhoon season, and she, as well as I, scanned the heavens in fear lest we should see some of the fine, white, woolly, tuft-like clouds, or one of the glorious sunsets, that are among the earliest signs of these dreaded storms. It was our common timidity that drew us together in the first place, I think, and from casual remarks she dropped lightly down into a burst of intimate talk that told rather of long months of repression than of garrulous habits.

Five days we were together on the boat—the run from Hong-Kong to Singapore by a mail boat ordinarily takes five days—but our acquaintance was not five hours old when she told me the following story:—

"Jim and I came out on one of the Blue Funnel Line, thirteen years ago. We always said we'd go home by the P. and O. for a change, so I felt I must come by this line, though I'm leaving him behind me."

"You are a widow?"

"Yes, but I don't like to be called a widow. It's a year since he died, just a year. I had to stay until all the business was settled up, and lawyers *is* so slow. It was August, hot weather like this, it is always very hot in August in Hong-Kong. I'm going home to the children: I've got a boy and girl at home."

"My folks'll not know me when I get home," she went on, after a little. "See how thin I am." She stretched out and partly bared her left arm. "The freckles—they're from gardening, I was always fond of my garden. The skinniness—that's the Hong-Kong fever. I had it every year, and sometimes twice a year, and boils, too. Everybody who lives long in Hong-Kong gets fever, and many of them get boils—nasty things, boils are."

"You must have lived in an unhealthy part."

"We didn't live exactly on the Peak. That's for them as can afford high rents, and to go up and down by tram. Even if we could have afforded it, I could never have done with that tram. Why it's like a fly crawling up the wall, and if the cable broke——. They tell you it's safe enough, but don't tell me. It's cold o'night up on the Peak, even in August. No, we lived on the Caine Road—perhaps you know the Caine Road?—and our house was a regular fever den, as it happened. Why, I could never keep servants any time. Get new coolies, in a week or two, or a month at most, they were down with fever, and had to go. I was down myself with it sometimes for two months at a stretch."

"I wonder you remained in such a house."

"We'd bought it. It was our own. And if we'd sold it, it must have been at a loss. That wouldn't have done, for we were all for the dollars, Jim and me, that's what we went out to China for—to make money."

"Were you successful?" I asked timidly.

She bent her small restless grey eyes upon me, scrutinized me closely, and resumed in a lower key:

"There's plenty of money to be made by them that ain't proud, and that'll work hardless; he and me were both of one mind, Jim and me. We'd been ruined in England, but we mad

up all our losses in China, for we weren't proud and we worked hard. We made up our losses—and *more*, but I'm sorry to leave Jim by himself in the cemetery."

She did not sigh, her voice did not even soften, and she interrupted her last sentence by screwing up her eyes and threading her needle, for she had begun to sew half an hour after coming on board, and she sewed all those five days, and I expect she is sewing still.

The swift downward movement of her hands—the needle being equipped—caused her jet bangles to rattle. This set her off on another track. "I beat my coolie this morning, before I left, and smashed one of my bracelets."

"You beat your coolie?"

"Yes, beat him, hammered him, thumped him—so would you have done if he'd aggravated you as he did me; but I'm sorry now, for it wasn't worth the bracelet."

"Did you often beat your Chinese servants?"

"Some do, but I never did till this morning. Now, then, I'll tell you all about it. He was so aggravating. I can't speak a word of Chinese, and he doesn't know any English, and I thought as the boat would start punctual at the time advertised, and I was short of time as it was. I was ready for the boat, all but going to the cemetery, and round to the office to leave the key of the house. There were them as wanted me to leave the house and go to the hotel three days ago. But, says I, 'Why, even if I have got the dollars, should I spend them in going to a hotel. No, I'll stay in the house till the last, and save my money.' So I stayed right away up till this morning. Now, then, my own jinriksha—it was sold to Mrs. Baker, but she said as I might use it till I went—it was full of the flowers. I bought them yesterday afternoon to take down this morning last thing, you know. I sent the coolie to fetch two more 'rikshas, one to put my small luggage in—the big boxes all came on board yesterday—and one to ride in myself. Instead of fetching 'rikshas, he brought two coolies, with their bamboo pole and cords; he thought I wanted them to carry the luggage. You know how they cord up a lot together and

swing it on a pole between them? So I sent them away and told him again, and, will you believe it, this time he brought four coolies with a sedan-chair. What was the good of that? It takes twice as long to go anywhere in a chair as it does in a 'riksha, and you have double to pay, and time was getting on, and I had to go round with the key: O yes and to buy a new pair of slippers—these I've got on, look; for when I was ready to start, I found I'd packed up all my slippers in my big boxes. Now, then, I sent him again, and he was so long gone that, when he came back, there was no time to go to the cemetery with the flowers, and I had to go and ask Mrs. Baker to take them for me, and she said she couldn't go till to-morrow morning, and some of them'll be faded, for I bought them yesterday, you know. Just now, I was that mad I was ready to cry, and I just went for him and hit him, and off flew my bracelet in a thousand pieces."

"Did the coolie laugh?"

"I don't know whether he laughed: perhaps he did, I was too mad to see it. Such a thing—wasn't it? not to be able to go to the cemetery the last thing."

"The rain-storms in May did a lot of damage to the cemetery, didn't they?"

"I should think so. Why, see now; when I got up that morning after the worst of the storm, Ted Baker just put his head in at the door, and, says he, 'Mrs. Townley, they say as the cemetery's all washed away: you may guess as I couldn't eat any breakfast for wondering where Jim was, and, as it's a rough road at any time for 'rikshas, I sent for a chair, and away I went, to see if I could find him. It's a long way, you know, from Caine Road down to the Happy Valley, and in a chair it's longer, and it rained so I had to have the blinds down, and I couldn't see where we were going, but the chair coolies were up to their knees in water in more than one place. When I got there, the wall was gone, washed right on to the Race-course, and the trees were lying about, and the bridges over the brook in the cemetery gone, and I didn't know the place. And I said: 'O where is my Jim?' and I clambered round and ran

about to find a way up to the new bit, where he used to lie—he was the first to be laid in that square—and at last I got there and found him all right, after all my fears. The bank at the back of his head had protected him."

"But surely all the graves in the Hong-Kong Cemetery are dug in the solid rock. I was told that was why they keep several ready dug, because of the hardness of the granite, and the dead could hardly have been washed out."

"Yes, but I was that tired that I did not think of that, and when the tombstones are all washed away, you think as the grave and the body is gone too. And how ever they got the place to rights again, I don't know."

"I remember one of the new patches. The high banks on three sides of it were green with at least half-a-dozen different kinds of delicate ferns, and pines and creepers were spreading down from the rocks above, and the many-berried branches of a shrub overhung it in one place. The view over the lower grounds and across the Race-course, out over the waters of the harbour, and bounded beyond by the jagged tops of the Kowloon hills was very fine. There were only a few graves there, I remember."

"That is it, that's the spot; and my Jim was the first to be laid in it a year ago, and the next was a young man of twenty-seven, an engineer off one of the boats. Never a flower was laid on that engineer's grave, not even on the first day. So I thought that, may be, he hadn't any friends in Hong-Kong, and after I thought of that, every day, when I took Jim's fresh flowers, I laid the old ones on the engineer. They were not quite done, you know, for I went every day—every day, till to-day, the last day. That coolie wanted a good beating, but I'm sorry I broke my bracelet."

After a pause on she went again:

"That was Ted Baker as came on board with me; you saw him? He's a good lad, and Jim used to like him. 'Mrs. Townley,' says he, 'will you go off to the steamer on a steam-launch, or a sampan?' And I said, 'What do they charge, Ted?' and he says, 'You'll have to pay fifty cents for a launch, at the



least, and you can get a sampan as'll take me back, too, for thirty.' So I says, 'We'll have a sampan, Ted; why should I spend fifty cents when thirty will do?'"

Why, indeed? I commented mechanically, for during much of this talk my thoughts were far away; yet the words of Jim's widow fell like little pellets on my ear, and the impression they made remains clear and distinct. I must have maintained, at least outwardly, an attitude of sympathetic listening, or she would never have gone on again surely.

"It's strange, after living there thirteen years, that I had not a woman friend to come and see me off; but Mrs. Baker, she has her family to see to, and Jim and me weren't them as make many friends. We were everything to one another, was Jim and me; he was never out of our own home after seven in the evening without me. When I was down with the fever, he'd try to cheer me up. 'Now, Sarah,' he'd say, 'now, Sarah, you must get well and take care of yourself, for there'll be only you to look after the boy and girl by and bye.' And I'd ask him if he felt bad, and he'd say: 'No, no, I'm all right, but I'm not a long-lived man, Sarah, and you'll have to look after the boy and girl when I'm gone.'"

"I wonder you did not have them out?"

"What could they have done in Hong-Kong? No, no, we came out to make money for them, and we always meant to go back, and they were all right with my folks. Such pretty letters she writes to me. In the last she says, 'I shall be glad to have you home, mother, to go about with my mother, as other girls do. Grandfather says: 'You tell her to come right on home and never mind about the money!' *They don't know—none of them—what I've got.* Jim left everything to me in his will, and *I sha'n't tell'em either.* And there's more to come by and bye, for they are both above eighty, and they've always done well and lived thrifty."

Dollars, dollars again to the front, Mrs. Townley; I thought; but I did not say this. What is it to me if the world runs mad after dollars? Who knows, if I had a boy and a girl to care for, I might feel the same. Let me not judge her, let

me not think even about her ; all I have to do is to listen, since she craves a listener.

"One night, about a week before he died, I woke up, and, I missed him. 'Jim, Jim,' says I, 'wherever are you?' And he wasn't in the room ; so I slips out of bed and goes into the dining-room, and there he sits by the table with the photographs of the boy and girl in front of him, and the tears running down his cheeks. And I says, 'Jim, do you feel bad?' And he says, when he could speak, for he was crying like a child : 'You must look after them, Sarah, when I'm gone, for I'm not a long-lived man.' And I says, 'Now come on back to bed, and don't talk like that, and we'll go home in a year or two, and take the dollars with us, eh, Jim ?'"

"Then he died suddenly, at last?"

"It was sudden to me, for I never took in as he was really bad. Being with him every day I didn't notice as he got thinner and thinner. I saw as his hand shook when he lifted things, and he'd say, 'I can't think what's the matter with my arms, Sarah ; the strength has all gone out of them.' But I never thought as he was ill—real bad ; it was I, and not him, as was the delicate one. And he never thought nothing of no doctors, he didn't believe in doctors, didn't Jim ; and he went about his work to the last day, though they said, after he was dead, that he hadn't a lung left in his body. He went out in the morning, as usual, that last morning—only we didn't know as it was the last—and when he got to the door-step, where his coolies were waiting with his chair (for he'd had to use a chair since the hot weather began, he couldn't have walked up the hill), he came back. And he went to the piano—I had seven years' music teaching when I was a girl, though, may be, you wouldn't think it,—and he calls to me : 'Sarah, come and play Rock of Ages.' I was doing my work with a big apron on you know, and I says : 'Why, Jim, I can't come and play at this time o' morning, with all the work waiting to be done.' And he says, 'Yes, Sarah, you can if you will.' So I laughed, and I took off my apron and went and sat down. And he began to sing, and his voice was all quavery like, and he stopped and

said: 'I can't sing it, Sarah, unless you'll help me.' So I helped him, and there we two were a-singing together like two blackbirds, early in the morning, as if there wasn't any work to be done, neither indoors nor out.

"Then he went out, and before tiffin time he comes back, and when I heard the coolies carrying the chair up the steps, I thought, Jim's knocked up with the heat, or he'd walk up the steps. I ran out into the passage, and when I saw him staggering like, I says: 'Why, Jim, have you been to the hotel?' 'No, Sarah,' he says, 'I've not been to the hotel. Can you help me into the dining-room, my lass?' So I helped him on to the dining-room sofa, and I got him a cup of tea, and he drank it up, and he says: 'That's prime, that is, Sarah, give me another cup.' But the next cup made him very sick, and he looked very bad, and he couldn't eat his tiffin. And I says: 'Jim you're real bad, let me send for the doctor.' 'No, no,' says he, 'doctors can't do me no good. Don't you worry, lass; I'll be better when I've had a sleep.' Then he dozed a bit, and Mrs. Baker, she came in, but she couldn't stay long, and she told me as how he'd had a sort of fit when he was out on the works; her Ted was there and saw him. After Mrs. Baker was gone, he woke up, and he says: 'Sarah, can you help me into the bedroom?' So I went to help him, and his legs all tottered like and he says: 'I can't think what's the matter with my legs, Sarah, they won't hold me up.' He panted a good bit when I got him into the bedroom, and he coughed—he'd always a cough, Jim had. And then he dozed off again for half an hour or so. When he roused up he says: 'I wish I were on that bed Sarah.' 'Well, Jim,' says I, 'if you'll take your things off, I'll help you on to it.' But he couldn't even get his arm out of his sleeve without me, and when we'd got him undressed, he couldn't stand on his feet, so I just up with him in my arms—he was but a small man, wasn't Jim, half a head shorter nor me—and I carried him like a child and laid him on the bed. 'Sarah,' he says, after a bit, 'this won't last long?' 'What won't last long,' says I; but he didn't make no answer. Then he looked about the room in a queer sort of a way, and all at once he says, 'What's

that coolie stooping over the big box for, Sarah?' There wasn't any coolie, and I saw as he was off his head, and I got frightened, and I run out to the boy, and I says, 'Go quick and fetch the doctor, for your master's real bad, and if Dr. Jones isn't in, go up the hill for Dr. Boyson, only be quick, do.'

"Then I went back, and Jim looked very bad, and I climbed and knelt on the bed, and got his head up against me, like a child's, and I rocked him backwards and forwards, and I wondered if I'd ought to put him a mustard plaster on anywhere, or anything, and I was sorry as I hadn't listened more when Mrs. Baker told me what she'd been doing when the children were ill. I'd never seen anything of illness myself, you know, except the fever and boils, and I thought that, may be, mustard plaster might be the wrong thing, even if I did put him one on. So I just hushed him backwards and forwards, and all at once he says, quite lively like: 'Sarah, I see such a lot of things,' and then after a while he throws out his arm—like that—and, says he: 'Now they're all gone,' and then he went to sleep. And I gathered his arm in and went on hushing him, and my legs got that cramped with sitting on them on the bed, but I wouldn't disturb him, for I thought he'd be a little better after his sleep. And I felt that his face that was up against me, was very cold. I'd only a thin wrapper on, you know, for it's very warm at this time o' year in Hong-Kong. And his arm felt cold, I thought when I gathered it in again, for it slipped back once more.

"I sat there, and the clock struck five, and then it struck the half hour, and I was getting pins and needles all over me with being so cramped, when Dr. Boyson came in.

"He's nicely asleep doctor,' I says, 'though he seems cold, but he was very bad when I sent for you.'

"Then Dr. Boyson came close up, and he says: 'How long have you sat there, Mrs. Townley?' And I says, 'Since soon after three, and I'm all cramped and stiff, but I don't want to wake him.'

"And the Doctor, he says, very quiet like: 'Mrs. Townley, I'm sorry to tell you that Mr. Townley won't wake any more, for he's dead.'

"I had never seen death in all my life, and I didn't know one bit what it was like. No, I didn't know, and I was frightened, and I said: 'Take him away! Take him away! What's the good of my hushing a dead man.' I was out of myself you know.

"And I got off the bed, and I says: 'Doctor, would a mustard plaster have done him any good?' And he says, '*Nothing* would have done any good, Mrs. Townley.'

"And after a bit I was sorry I had pushed him away from me, and I wanted to go back to him, but they wouldn't let me and they took him away to the mortuary that night.

"But I shall come back to Hong-Kong to him, after I've seen my boy and girl settled in life. I've got the dollars, and I can live where I like, and shall come back to poor Jim, if I don't get married again, and I don't think I shall, for there'll be no need now, I've got enough money to live on."

I have told the story as she told it to me, with such prunings and reservations only as seemed necessary with a view to a larger audience.

## SOME ANGLO-INDIAN CHILDREN.

### I.—THE ANGLO-INDIAN BOY.

THERE is a vein of amusement and instruction, not to say pathos, running through the strata of Anglo-Indian society; which, to an interested observer, is well worth the trouble of exploring: I refer to the children one sees in the different homes scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Take the typical Anglo-Indian boy, for instance. If it be true, as it is, that the boy is father of the man, what sort of a creature is the future lord of creation likely to be, judging from his miniature? Sometimes he has a dash of Eastern blood in his veins, and rejoices in the name of "Harrbut," or "Gargy," at others he is a wide-mouthed, freckled urchin with rope-colored hair and green eyes. But, with the exception of a few of the meaner native traits, the character is generally the same.

Watch the very fowls dart off, with a frightened cackle, as he passes the poultry-yard, and the dogs slink away sulkily as they recognise his step. Is there a living creature within two miles of his home that does not dread him? The dhobie's cat knows him only too well, and almost got a fit when the wind suddenly blew out the sleeves of his coat as it hung out to dry—it was so horribly suggestive of flying sticks and stones. If it were not for her nine lives, she would infallibly have joined the majority long ago.

Once in a while he finds his way to the north verandah, where is his father's office. A well-shaped drain just outside the adjacent bath-room, into which the waste-water flows, makes a capital receptacle for the men's shoes, which stand in rows

outside, while their owners interview the master of the house. The shoes sink to the bottom and lie safely hid until the drain is emptied and the astonished sweeper comes upon a mass of rotten, malodorous leather.

The sahib's baba is full of harmless pranks and innocent jokes! He shut his bearer in a room with a hornets' nest not long ago. The creatures had built their paper domicile in the chimney; and, having decoyed the bearer into the room and locked the door upon him, he climbed on the roof, armed with a firebrand and a flat stone. The first he inserted in the chimney, and with the latter he closed in the top, for he is careful of his own comfort and safety. It was instructing to watch him dancing about, and holding his sides with laughter, as the almost frantic man roared with agony below. Fortunately the firebrand had done its work on a good part of the colony, or the results might have been serious. As it was, the man escaped by rolling himself in a rug that lay on the floor, and had not more than fifty stings on his hands and legs. "I'll take the rug out before I begin next time," said Master Jim sulkily. It was too bad to have his pleasure spoiled in that way.

One of his chief amusements during the long summer days, when he can't go out, is making fly jam. The process is very simple: you catch as many flies as you can, pull off their wings and legs, and put them in a bottle; cork it tight and place it near the cookhouse fire. When they are all roasted, the jam is done, and you can empty the bottle and begin again. If you follow Jim's plan, you will have several bottles, so that you need not wait.

Failing flies, he gets a needle and thread and makes ant necklaces for the syce's baby. Kind-hearted lad, to think of the child.

They got a governess for him once, his mother being of opinion that regular occupation would keep him from feeling lonely. He had his own ideas about the matter, however, and made her life such a prolonged misery that she fled at the end of a fortnight. They tried another—an elderly lady—with the same result. Another and yet another.

The only one who staid a full month was the one who "gave notice" a week after her arrival. She was considered a good disciplinarian, and she was poor and anxious to work; for she had a blind father and invalid sister to support. She told him this in a weak moment, in the hope, may be, of exciting his compassion. She was new to the country, you see, or she would not have made such a mistake. Compassion from a typical Anglo-Indian boy? Absurd!

After a while they got him a tutor; this was more expensive than a governess, and every whit as useless. He was not poor, and if he had been so, he would have preferred breaking stones to dealing with that boy. Probably he would have tamed him after a time, had he been allowed to deal with him as he pleased, but Jim's mama was so tender-hearted and could not bear anyone "to be hard with her darling." So the tutor departed, and Jim pelted two Cochin Chinas to death to celebrate the event. After this he was left pretty much to his own devices.

It must be understood that the typical Anglo-Indian boy is energetic only in the destructive line. If there is anything to smash, or frighten, or kill, he is all there, but when it comes to doing anything useful he is out of the running completely. He has never put on his clothes in his life. As he lies lazily extended on the bed, after converting the bath-room into a miniature jheel, the bearer draws on his socks as well as frantic struggles and well-aimed kicks will permit. This done, he raises the boy up and gradually inducts him into his clothes, laces his boots, and brushes his hair.

Setting the quails to fight until they peck each other's eyes out, and cutting off the legs of the wild ducks in the tealery, "to see how they swim without," are only trivial incidents of the day. Jim is "such a dear, high-spirited boy, and must not be spoiled by too frequent checking."

By and bye his affectionate parents would probably have to camp out on the ridge-pole and give Jim the house to himself. But before that time some unfortunate shipful of passengers will count him among their number, and curse the day that he set foot on board.



Bully and coward is ingrained in his nature, and throbs in every globule of his blood ; he looks upon the weak and helpless as his legitimate prey, and there is no music so sweet to his ears as a cry of distress.

Finally, he will be deported to Eton or Harrow, where he will exercise his ingenuity in making the lives of the younger boys a daily repetition of what Tom Brown suffered in his school-days.

J. MAITLAND HOPE.

### SOME BENGALEE GAMES.

A GREAT change has, of late years, come over the habits of "Young Bengal" in the matter of amusements. Though his habits are still more sedentary than those of English youths, he no longer eschews athletic sports on principle, but engages with zest in such manly games as cricket and football, and would unhesitatingly repudiate his erst favourite maxim that "walking is better than running, standing better than walking, and lying down best of all."

Nevertheless the older games still retain sufficient popularity to make some account of them interesting, and we propose, in this paper, to notice a few of those that are most commonly patronised.

Next in favour to *Chaturanga*, or Chess, which is too well known to need description, stands *Pasha*, "the prince of all games." The board used for it is formed by two rectangular parallelograms, which intersect each other at right angles in the centre, thus forming four rectangles, with a square in the middle. Sixteen pieces are used in the game, four for each rectangle; and their moves are dependent, not upon the skill and ingenuity of the players, but upon the number registered by the throws of three dice. There are two ways in which the game is played—*Rang*, which requires two players, and *Chaupari*, which requires four. It is a very noisy game, and the exclamations, *Kache-baro* and *Baro-panch*, of the combatants, which follow their throws, resound at a great distance upon the ear, and at once intimate to the hearer that *Pasha* is being indulged in.

The pastime is of very old standing, a fact which the following interesting narrative from the Mahabharata will prove. Yudisthir, Rajah of Hastinapur, and leader

of the Pandavas, lost his entire kingdom, all his wealth, his four brothers, and ultimately Draupadi, their wife and his, which and whom he consecutively staked in a game at *Pasha* between himself and his cousin Doorjudhan, the leader of the Kurus. The victor, by way of asserting his authority over his newly-won human possessions, commanded the beautiful Draupadi to divest herself of all her clothing in the presence of the court, in order to make her and her five husbands (now his slaves) realise their subjection to him; and when her modesty would not permit her to carry out this command, he directed his attendants to use force to her. She submitted to the outrage, but, being under the protection of the gods, in fact, an incarnation of some deity, the more her garments were pulled, the more they lengthened. Thunderstruck at this extraordinary result, and terrified lest she should invoke the curse of the gods upon his son, Doorjudhan's father, who had just entered the Court, and observed the sinful proceeding, ordered the actors immediately to desist; and, as a compensation for his son's crime, left it with Draupadi to make whatever request she desired and it would be forthwith granted. "All I ask for is the release from bondage of my five husbands, and that their weapons of war be restored to them." Doorjudhan was about to accede; but a shrewd minister of his court, aware that this grant would lead to his sovereign's ruin—since he knew the warlike propensities and capabilities of Judisthir and his four brothers—advised his master, as an alternative, to propose that another game at *Pasha* be played, the loser this time to resign all earthly possessions and, retiring into the wilderness, there spend twelve years as he pleased and one year *incognito*, on the condition that, if discovered, he should recommence the penalty. The proposal was agreed to and Judisthir again lost. He carried out the terms of the agreement, after which, with his four brothers, he succeeded in organising an army of some millions of soldiers, at the head of which he entered Doorjudhan's territory, and waging war against him, totally defeated him. Kurukshetra is the name of the famous battle, of which *Pasha* was thus conclusively the cause.

*Ashta-Kashta* is played on a board of forty-nine squares, with sixteen pieces, which are placed by fours in the middle square of each side. Four persons engage in the game, the moves in which are uniform, and determined by the result of the throws of four cowries upon a plane. For example, when the four cowries all fall on their flat side, the throw is called an *ashta*, counting eight, and allowing the player to move one of his pieces eight squares ahead. In the event of all four cowries falling on their backs, the player can move four squares forward: three squares and two squares, in the same way, when three or two cowries respectively fall flat; and a *kashta* is acquired when only one out of the four cowries falls on its flat side, this throw allowing of one square only being usurped. The game derives its name from the highest (*ashta*), and lowest (*kashta*), possible throws, and the individual whose pieces, one by one, after traversing all the squares uniformly, reach the square in the centre of the board first, is considered the winner. The game is one of considerable length, and affords great pleasure to the combatants. Native women, especially, find much interest in it and patronize it extensively.

*Das-Panchish* is played on the *Pasha* board, with sixteen pieces; and seven cowries, thrown either on the floor, or against an inclined plane, instead of four as in the former game, are used in regulating the moves of the pieces; the numbers which a throw can register are two, three, four, ten, twenty-five and thirty, and until a player can obtain one or other of the three last throws out of three chances, he cannot start, or move any of his pieces. Ten is obtained when six out of the seven cowries fall on their flat side; 25 when five fall on their back, and thirty when only one falls on its flat side.

The winner is the player whose pieces, after traversing the four rectangles, arrives first at the square in the centre of the board.

*Mongol-Pathan*, a military pastime, represents a fight between the Mongols and Pathans. The board, or battle-field, which is a square, with its diagonals intersecting each other in the centre, is made up of sixty-four smaller squares. The Mongols

are represented by sixteen men, or pieces, and the Pathans by an equal number. The soldiers are placed in a triangular form, and are made to occupy the points of intersection only on the figure. They are moved also by points, and not squares. Success in this game depends upon skill and ingenuity, and the taking process very much resembles drafts.

*Bag-bandhi*, or tiger surrounded, is played on a board of sixty-four squares, within which is inscribed a large square, and from two of its opposite points two large triangles are drawn. Thirty-two pieces represent goats, which are divided into eights and placed on the four corners of the square. Two tigers are made to take up points of attack within the square opposite to each other. The object of the goats is to surround the tigers, and that of the latter to eat up the goats; but it rarely happens that they succeed against such immense odds, and the game generally concludes with the surrender of stripes. The taking is conducted upon the same lines as in *Mongol-Pathan*.

*Ashta-Kashite*, and the games which follow it, are not unknown to native ladies, who commonly within the precincts of the *zenana* kill time by amusing themselves with one or other of them.

*Kite-flying* is still as popular as ever. The amusement it affords extends not only to the young but also to the old, to the Bengalee as well as the European; that such is the case is not to be wondered at, considering the excitement attending the system on which this aerial pastime is conducted in Bengal and elsewhere in the East. Simple flying is regarded as dull work, in this country, and the performance is never complete unless a "tangle" or two has been engaged in. "To take tangle" means to dart one's kite on, and thereby entangle it with, another, with a view to obtaining a "victory" by cutting it off, *i.e.*, by severing the kite thrown upon from the thread to which it is attached. To succeed in these tangles, a preparation of glass, pounded into a fine powder and mixed with a glutinous substance made from boiled rice, is prepared and applied to the thread that is to be used for the purpose. To obtain a tangle is a great achievement, and it is very amusing to note the effect which

the contemptuous and reproachful expressions, *Duo-bamni-ko* and, *Duo-lall-punkhi-ko* (Shame to the flyer of the *bamni* kite, or Shame to the flyer of the *lall-punkhi* kite, as the case may be) have in stirring up the timid to engage in an aerial conflict.

*Hadu-Gadu*, or *Kubuddi*, according to the Mahomedans has of late years lost considerably in favour. It is a game that affords a great deal of amusement to players as well as to spectators, and it was adopted a few years ago by certain European schools. Any number of players may join in the contest. After having formed two bases by a line of demarcation, the players divide themselves into two equal sets, one occupying one base and the other party the opposite. The object of the game is for either side to obtain a victory by killing all their opponents without themselves suffering any loss, if possible, in the shape of dead men. The sport is commenced by an opponent from one base invading the other, and manœuvring with agility, with body bent, in order to touch one of his adversaries without losing his breath, which is indicated by his stopping short in the midst of his antics, or in the repetition of doggerel verses, or in the emitting of a peculiar sound of sufficient loudness. If he succeeds in accomplishing the touch under the above circumstances and returning to his comrades, the person so touched is considered dead, but if, on the contrary, the invader is encountered and is unable to extricate himself from the grasp of his enemies and return to his side without losing his breath, he is counted as dead, and so on till all the players on one side or other are killed.

*Danda guli* is akin to the English bat and ball. *Danda* represents the bat, a stick two feet long, and *guli*, the ball, is another stick, shorter—about a span in length—and stouter. The popularity of this game is gradually dying out, and in none of its five forms do we any longer see it played in the streets, village lanes, or schools. "At the festival of the first fruits in the month of November and at the Pujah of the goddess of wisdom (Suraswati) in the month of January, boys, young men, as well as old men, used to go together in merry groups, and partake of the pleasures of this exciting sport."

Wrestling still occupies the foremost place in the exercises of the native athlete. Wealthy Bengalee gentlemen, for the purpose of being made proficient in the art, sometimes retain in their service experts, whom they remunerate very handsomely for their lessons.

Ram-fights are no longer heard of, but were very common only a few years ago. The manner in which these fights used to be conducted is still in our memory. Two persons, each provided with a trained ram, whose appearance unmistakably shewed that care, attention, and feeding had not been stinted on it, after taking places several hundred yards away from each other would let go their animals simultaneously, when they would rush at one another at full speed and knock their heads fiercely together in the middle of the arena. The man whose animal stood the shock best gained the bet.

Cock-fights and bulbul-fights are also to a great extent extinct.

### MURDER WILL OUT.

"MURDER WILL OUT," is a trite and true saying ; however long a murder may remain concealed, it is rarely that it does not come to light sooner or later. As an example of this, the following narrative of facts taken from the diary of a Magistrate in the Sonthal Pergunnahs may not be without interest :—

In August, 1865, in a pretty glade at the foot of the Rajmahal Hills, two Sonthals were busy gathering together their cattle from the jungle to return to their village, which lay about a mile off, half hidden in grey-blue smoke : the sun was fast sinking, and they were preparing to quit, before dark, a neighbourhood which was much infested by hill tigers. The elder Sonthal was a man of four or five and thirty, while his companion was a thin stripling of fourteen or thereabouts : the latter seemed most anxious to get away, while the elder man was dawdling about, picking up sticks of firewood, and apparently in no hurry.

"Why in such haste, Bheem" ? he said.

"Because," replied the boy, "my mother will be frightened if I don't come home soon ; she is always thinking of the tigers, since my father was carried off by one, now eight years ago."

"How do you know that" ?

"Because he went out one morning to visit a neighbouring hill village, and never returned, and it was considered certain that a tiger had seized him on the way back."

"Ha ! ha !" laughed the Sonthal, "it was no tiger that killed your father. I know all about that ; it was a tiger with two legs that killed him."

"What do you mean ?" said the boy, "Speak out if you know anything."

"Oh ! I was only joking," he replied ; "how should I know ? I know nothing : of course the tiger killed him. Your mother says so ; the *purganait* says so ; everybody says so ; so, of course,



it must be so. Get your cattle together, boy, and let's get home, and if you say anything about this nonsense, I'll beat you till your bones ache. So no more, I tell you. I was only joking to frighten you."

The boy said no more, being afraid of his companion, who was a morose man, of whom the youngsters of the village stood somewhat in awe, but gathered up his herd and drove them home.

The day following, the Magistrate's camp was pitched under a shady tope of mango trees, close to the foot of the hills, and a short distance from the village above-mentioned. He was seated at his table outside his tent door, listening to complaints and petitions. Round him stood a clamorous group of natives—half-naked Sonthals from the Damun-i-koh, lithe, active savages bow and arrow in hand; Paharias from the hill tops; Bengalis from the plains; village watchmen with their spears, or iron-bound staves of office; mofussil pleaders, the lowest in the scale of legal rascality, waiting and watching to set litigants by the ears, and hungry for the proverbial oyster; Bengalee money-lenders, the leeches that drain the very life-blood from the toiling ryots, waiting for the aid of the law to squeeze their unhappy debtors. Still, in those good old days there was less law than equity and justice in the administration of the Sonthal Pergunnahs, and the poor unlettered savage who had not then learnt to lie and quibble, could stand forth, and, with his simple tale and his primitive tally of knots upon a string carefully twisted into his back hair, resist and often refute the artful pleas of the village Shylock, with all his elaborate display of khatta books and bonds, as often forged or tampered with, as not.

"Dohai, Sircar! Dohai! Protection, my lord, and justice!" exclaimed a shrill youthful voice, as, pushing through the throng, the Sonthal lad, Bheem, threw himself at the feet of the Magistrate. "Justice! protector of the poor, justice! he said he knew who slew my father, and now he will not speak unless my lord compel him."

A few questions put the Magistrate in possession of what we have already heard of the conversation between Bheem and the elder Sonthal, and, quieting the boy with a promise that the

matter should be investigated, he despatched a messenger to bring in the Manjie, and proceeded to dispose of his day's work.

It was late in the afternoon when the messenger returned, bringing with him Kanoo Manjie, who was at once questioned as to the meaning of the words he had made use of. He at first denied having spoken to the boy at all, but was evidently ill at ease. "So you will not speak the truth?" said the Hakim; "well I must put you on your oath. Chapprassie, fetch hither the tiger skin, and put it over his head. Now, Manjie, repeat the oath."

"*Chando, bonga samauré, Dhurm, Dhurm rore mé, Bé dhurm rore le kand, Bon kanté, kool joome.*" (Anglice—"In God's presence and the devil's, I swear to speak to truth; if I speak a lie, when I go to the jungle, may the tiger eat me.")

"Now, Sonthal, speak; lie, if you dare; out with the truth. "Sahib, I will speak the truth," said the now cowed Sonthal. I did tell the boy Bheem, as he says, and what I told him was true. Sonda Manjie, Bheem's father, was not killed by a tiger; he was murdered, and I was the only eye-witness to the deed. No! I had no hand in it, Sahib."

"And you have kept this crime a secret for eight years?"

"Protector of the poor, I feared to speak. He who murdered Sonda, said to me: 'If ever you dare to speak of what you have seen, I will serve you as I have served Sonda.'"

"And why did you speak thus to the boy?"

"I know not, Sahib; I did not mean to, it slipped from my mouth unawares; but now I will tell all, how it happened. Eight years ago, I lived at the village at the top of Teenpahar. One morning when nearly all in the village had gone to the Hât, I was sitting at the door of my hut, when I saw Sonda Manjie pass and go to Damoo Paharia's house. Damoo came out, and they began talking; presently they began to quarrel, and had high words. I did not hear what it was about, but shortly afterwards Sonda turned to go away; as he turned his back, Damoo stepped inside the door and came out with a *phursa*\* in his hand. Springing after Sonda, he struck him down with one blow. He then looked to see if he was dead, and then dragged the body inside the house and shut the door. I was too frightened to move, and presently Damoo came up to me, with the bloody *phursa* in

his hand, and said : ' You see what I have done ; now, if you dare utter one word to living soul, I will serve you as I have served Sonda.' I promised through fear, and soon after I left that hill and came to live at Patturghatta. I have never spoken one word of this before. Damoo still lives on the same hill ; arrest him and see whether I have spoken the truth."

Within half an hour the Magistrate had mounted his elephant and was winding his way to Teenpahar, on the top of which Damoo's jhoom was situated. The boy, Bheem, and Kanoo Manjie, following in charge of some native policemen, arrived at the top. Damoo's wattled enclosure was soon found, and from his house came out Damoo himself, a rough, ill-favored Pahariah with a mat of unkempt, sunburnt hair hanging over his eyes.

He was evidently surprised at the visit, but when he saw Kanoo, whom he at once recognised, a grey, ashen tint came over his dark skin, and he turned, with the intention of flying, but found his retreat cut off by the police.

" It is no use, Damoo," said the Magistrate. " You must go with me."

" For what?" he replied. " To point out the spot where you buried the body of Sonda Manjie."

" Carrion crow ! " he said, looking towards Kanoo Manjie, " this is your doing. Well, lead on ! I will show." He went about three hundred yards into the jungle, and stopped near a mowa tree and pointed to the ground : " What you want is there ; dig."

Four feet below the surface a mouldering skull with a deep fissure cleft in the back part of it, a heap of bones, a double string of red beads and a couple of brass rings, were all that remained of Sonda Manjie.

" Damoo, whose bones are these ?"

" They are the bones of Sonda Manjie, slain by me, the year before the bamboo seeded. I do not know how many years ago He owed me money, two rupees ! he put me off many times. One day he came to my house. He said he would not pay me, and called me names. My *phursa* was near my hand, I was enraged and I slew him. I buried him here. I am in your hands. Hang me, if you like ; it is my fate."

\* A half-moon-shaped Sonthal axe.

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*THE MONTH.*

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WE are glad to see it announced that, in consequence of an agreement made between the Government and the leader of the Opposition, Mr Smith has secured the appointment of a Select Committee of Enquiry to facilitate the passage of Bills, by a rule permitting the continuance of the debate thereon in the following Session. Throughout the Session, every delay that has hitherto occurred in the conduct of the business of the House has been attributed by the Radical press at home, and its imitators abroad, to the Government. Deliberate obstruction, vexatious and long-winded questions, and the questionable tactics of the Irish Party, are not taken into consideration at all; but the long-suffering Government has to bear the brunt of its opponents' faults, as well as the responsibility for its own. But, even as matters stand, we are of opinion that the country has every reason to be satisfied with the progress made. The falling-off of crime in Ireland, alone, is sufficient justification for the continuance in office of the present Government; for if Mr. Balfour has had, at times, to adopt somewhat stringent measures, the result has fully justified the means. The withdrawal of the 'strong hand' and the substitution of an Irish Secretary ready to pander to the 'requirements' of the Irish Nationalists, would probably result in bloodshed and murder throughout the country. If for this reason only, the real friends of Ireland will wish the Government a prolonged term of office.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that considerable difference of opinion has existed between certain members of the Cabinet during the present month. The Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, is the round man in the square hole, and the country could have far better spared his services than those of

Mr. Munro, the Chief Commissioner of Police, who has resigned his appointment, owing to the high-handed proceedings of the Home Secretary. Full particulars are not yet to hand, but so far as we can gather, Mr. Matthews refused to press Mr. Munro's Police Pension Bill forward; and appointed one of his own clerks to the important post of Assistant Commissioner of Police. To this latter innovation Mr. Munro apparently strenuously objected—as his own candidate, Mr. Howard, had been ignored; but the chief difficulty appears to have been the Police Pension Scheme. Mr. Munro apparently has the sympathy of the entire Metropolitan Police Force, and up to the last moment it was hoped that matters would have been smoothed over. Such, however, has not been the case, as it is announced that Sir Edward Bradford succeeds Mr. Munro. But a far greater danger than the vagaries of the Home Secretary has threatened the Cabinet during the month—and this, we are glad to notice, has been successfully tided over. We learn that Lord Salisbury called a meeting of the Conservative leaders, at which he stated that 'Government was unable to legislate, owing to obstruction, and would therefore be compelled to alter the rules of debate, drop some of the Bills in the Ministerial programme, or hold an Autumn Session of Parliament. At any cost the obstructionist tactics of the Opposition must be counteracted. His Lordship therefore proposed an alteration in the rules of procedure and the carrying forward of Bills reaching the Committee stage, to the following Session, if necessary. Government, he said, would not drop the Tithes, Land Purchase, and Compensation Bills. These proposals, apparently, did not meet the views of the majority—who were in favour of an Autumn Session. In the course of his observations Lord Salisbury instanced the case of the Indian Councils Bill, as proof of the present system of delaying the progress of important measures. Whereupon Mr. Smith, the Leader of the House, intimated his intention of resigning if an Autumn Session were held. On the following day a stormy meeting of Liberal Unionists was held, when Lord Hartington was urged by his followers to stand firmly by the present political com-

pact, to which, apparently, he consented, for peace was restored and the Autumn Session abandoned. How the compliance of Mr. Gladstone with these proposals was obtained remains to be seen, but it will most certainly displease that extreme faction of his following who cannot be accused of losing the slightest opportunity of "takin the flure." Perhaps a split in the Gladstonian Camp would be about the best thing that could happen for the good of the country. As for the Congress-wallahs,—after Lord Salisbury's display of anxiety regarding the progress of the Indian Councils Bill, they will have some difficulty in distinguishing between "Codlin" and "Short."

Nor has the Government had a particularly happy time of it over the Compensation Clauses of the New Licensing Bill. In the middle of the month Mr. Acland brought forward an amendment to apply £35,000 to agricultural, commercial and technical education, instead of devoting the amount to the compensation of publicans for the withdrawal of their licenses; and the amendment was defeated by a majority of thirty-two only. Later on, owing to a trick played upon the Government by the Opposition, the Government had a still narrower escape, for on a division on the first clause of the Licensing Bill—the one empowering the purchase of licenses—the majority in its favour was only four, and the announcement of the result was greeted, we are told, with loud cries of "Resign." A later telegram—which, by the way was one of Reuter's, who serves no particular party, but gives fair play to all—explains that this close shave was the result of a trick played by the Opposition, many of the Conservative members being absent at Ascot, expecting the division to come on later in the evening. But the fate of the Licensing Bill is sealed, at least for the present Session, for Mr. Smith last evening announced the withdrawal of the Bill. It was at first proposed to withdraw only that clause conferring on County Councils power to purchase and extinguish licenses, and Mr. Smith assured a deputation of publicans which waited upon him that the money accumulated under the Local Taxation Bill would never be devoted to any other purpose than the extinction of licenses.

Later on, however, the entire withdrawal of the Bill was announced; the Government probably preferring to make its stand on the Land Purchase Bill.

But apart from these petty party squabbles and party dissensions, the Government has, we think, done real service in coming to an amicable settlement with Germany regarding our future relations in East and Central Africa. In the opinion of Mr. Stanley, who is certainly entitled to speak with authority on the subject, the agreement between England and Germany adds a hundred thousand square miles to the British Empire. England, in return, cedes to Germany the islet of Heligoland. The area of this rock, for it is nothing more, is about one-fifth of a square mile, and its inhabitants number under 2,000. It has never been of the slightest use to England, and is never likely to be. It has pasture-land sufficient for the support a few goats and sheep; its inhabitants are mostly Frisians, who follow lobster-fishing as an occupation; and its holiday visitors who visit the island for the purpose of bathing are Germans from Bremen and Hamburg. In return for this insignificant cession the agreement provides that Germany cedes Vituland, in Somaliland, while Stevenson Road is to be the southern boundary of the spheres of the two respective countries in disputed East African territory. Other concessions are made by Germany, the most important of which is the exclusive protectorate by England over Zanzibar. This latter provision aroused the susceptibilities of France, who pointed out that, by virtue of the Anglo-French Convention, of 1862, England could not assume the protectorate without a previous agreement with France—but this little hitch has apparently been removed. Naturally, "the Radicals are furious," as they always will be at anything that tends to increase the popularity of the Government.

The American Silver Bill has undergone many vicissitudes during the month, and, although it has had a very marked and favorable effect upon exchange in this country, the uncertainty regarding its ultimate fate has upset commercial calculations to a considerable extent, and the market has, at times, been subject to violent fluctuations—amounting, at times, to a fall, and again

a rise of 2 per cent. within a few hours. At the time of writing, the Bill is in the hands of the Coinage Committee—and, according to the latest telegram received, it appears probable that a compromise will be arrived at, and that the Bill will be passed with the free coinage, bullion redemption and legal tender clauses eliminated, but with the main clause—that providing for the monthly purchase of four-and-a-half million ounces of silver intact.

On the Continent affairs remain much as they have remained for some time past. "Incidents," such as plots to blow up the Czar, and other amusements of a like kind, are, as they have been for many years past, of frequent occurrence in Russia; but the sentiments of Emperors and Rulers, one towards the other, breath nothing but peace, while the people groan under the imposition of taxes for the maintenance of ever-increasing armies. The Austrian Premier, Count Kalnoky, one day declares that the Triple Alliance was never clearer or more sincere; and on the following day, Baron Bauer announces that it is absolutely imperative to increase the present war strength of the Austrian Army next year; and there is at present a Bill before the German Reichstag providing for large additions to both the peace and war establishments of the German Army.

This is, however, not so paradoxical as it may appear, for as Count Von Moltke recently remarked, wars are not brought on now-a-days by Princes or by Governments, but either by the covetousness of those classes who do not possess much hope of improving their position speedily by violent measures, or by natural antipathies and race hatred, or envy which foment discontent in nations. Foreign wars are, as we know, liable to arise from these latter causes against the will of the Government, and only a really strong Government can be a guarantee of peace.

A good deal of ill-feeling has been caused in Germany—its object being Mr. Stanley, who, since his return to England, has, until recently, lost no opportunity of persuading the audiences addressed by him that British interests in Africa are



being neglected, and that this neglect is being taken advantage of by the Germans. At one time it was feared that this violent antipathy on the part of Stanley towards German enterprise would seriously interfere with pending arrangements; and that the crusade upon which Stanley was engaged would so influence the people, that no pacific compromise would be come to between the two Governments. It is satisfactory, therefore, to know that Stanley was one of the first to welcome the new compact, for he is not at all likely to err on the side of undue concessions to Germany. It is also satisfactory to learn that, in other matters, the most cordial relations exist between Germany and Great Britain, and this appears to be in a large measure owing to the personal popularity of the Premier. That this mutual friendship is not mere profession, recent events have, we think, proved.

Of the alleged good feeling that exists towards us in France, we are inclined to be suspicious. With the Newfoundland fisheries disputes still unsettled, and our occupation of Egypt still a stubborn fact, and likely to remain so for some years to come, it is not likely that the French cherish any very friendly feelings towards the British; and it would take very little to convert this alleged good feeling into open hostility. The "good feeling" is, in fact, nothing but covert hostility, as it is. True, the French Government has given in its adhesion to the Egyptian Conversion Scheme, but it has only done so conditionally, and insists that the proceeds of the conversion shall be applied to the increase of the Egyptian Army, thus hastening the evacuation of the country by the British; and M. Ribot, the French Minister for War, took care to explain the other day that, although France entertained most friendly feelings towards England, she could not "allow" her to establish herself in Egypt. It means, in fact, that France will be friendly as long as it suits her purpose. Another of our recent acquisitions in the friendly line is Russia, and we may well put the question—what new design, have France and Russia against John Bull? What do they *now* want?

APEX.

CALCUTTA, 25th June 1890.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 10.—AUGUST 1890.

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## *THE PROSPECTS OF ANGLO-INDIANS.*

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ON the 22nd September 1599 was formed in London that association of merchant adventurers for the purpose of prosecuting a voyage to the 'East,' which was afterwards consolidated into the Honourable East India Company, and which, commencing with a subscribed capital of only £30,000 and a fleet of five small vessels, the "Red Dragon," "Hector," "Ascension," "Susan" and "Guest," of a combined burthen of only 1,500 tons, became, in time, not only the greatest trading corporation, but the greatest military and naval Power, in the East, and gradually acquired by treaty and conquest almost undisputed sovereignty over the whole of Hindustan.

Intensely jealous of any encroachment on their monopoly, the Company for many years strove to exclude from the country European interlopers and free merchants, and all persons who were not in their own employ; but, in the course of time, as their territory increased, and sovereign rights, royalties, and revenues became of more importance than mere trade profits; as the factors, writers, and junior and senior merchants became Magistrates, Collectors, Commissioners, Councillors and even Military Commanders, these restrictions were removed. First under license, and subsequently without license or restric-

tion, Europeans flocked into the country and engaged in trade, commerce, and agriculture; sought and obtained employment in the public services; enlisted in the Company's European Regiments, in the Bengal Artillery, and in the Naval and Marine services; and they and the country flourished together. Fortunes were made quickly in those good old days; plenty reigned in the land; such a thing as a loafer or destitute European was hardly ever seen; there was always employment for every one, and every one seemed to prosper. All went well till 1857, when the storm of mutiny and rebellion swept over the land, to be stamped out only after a fierce and sanguinary struggle. With the return of peace the paternal rule of old John Company Bahadur passed away, and the direct sovereignty of India was assumed by the Crown. From that time India has been but a gold mine and a milch cow to the dominant country. The Viceroyalty and the provincial Governorships, instead of being, as of old, the reward of solid services and brilliant achievements, performed in India for India, have become the rewards, or the bribes, for party service rendered, or to be rendered, to one or other of the political parties in power at home for the time being. The Civil appointments are filled by competition in England, or by the patronage of the Parliamentary Secretary of State; the local European Army has been abolished, and its place filled by a more expensive material from home; the Artillery, which was one of the finest services the world ever saw, has been broken up, and the remaining officers merged in the Royal Artillery; and the Indian Navy, a gallant and efficient little service with a record of brave deeds, grand seamanship, daring exploration, and scientific attainment and research, second to that of no naval service on the face of the Globe, is a thing of the past.

The sons and grandsons of the men who gained India by their prowess and devotion, and held, pacified, and governed it by their firm will, sound judgment, and fair and upright dealing, are left out in the cold, unless their parents are in a position to send them to England at great expense and the rupture of all family ties, educate them at a still heavier cost, and support

them for years after the age when their fathers and grandfathers were carving their way, if not to fortune, to at least their own maintenance. The local army and navy no longer exist to offer them a career; the Civil Services of the country are meted out between the home-bred competition-wallahs, the *fainéants* of the Army, and the State-educated natives, while in every learned profession they are shouldered out by the same free-taught, State-assisted elements.

Those who strive to keep touch with the land of their birth, or ancestry, find a yearly increasing difficulty in the depreciation of the rupee. Every year there is an increasing number of those who, having come out to India in search of the fickle jade fortune two or three decades ago, have at the close of their career to recognise the inevitable necessity of ending their days in this country, where they have spent a laborious life, with the ever delusive hope of returning to the land of their nativity luring them on like an *ignis fatuus*, to find the consummation at the end of each year's journey apparently as far off as ever.

He is a wise man, in my opinion, who, after spending thirty years of his life in India, recognises and cheerfully accepts the inevitable, and makes up his mind to remain where he is. For, after all, India is a fair land and a pleasant, and how many of us, if we would honestly confess it, have cause to say:—"Truly my lines have fallen in pleasant places." Every climate in the world is to be found within her wide bounds, from the bitter frost and everlasting snows of the higher Himalayan Ranges, through all the grades of keen bracing Darjeeling or Mussoorie; temperate, equable, Ootacamund, the Pulneys or the Shevaroy; warm, yet genial Central India; hot, moist, sea-breeze tempered Bengal, to the dry, fiery heat of Jhansi. He must indeed be difficult to please who cannot find the climate which suits his constitution or his fancy within the bounds of Hindustan, while, as for scenery and surroundings, no part of the world can offer its equal. Where again can the retired Anglo-Indian obtain such comforts for the same money as in India? No man who has spent a lifetime in such a climate as this, accustomed to every comfort and not a few luxuries, and to many things which,

though regarded here as ordinary necessities of life, are luxuries only within the means of the rich at home, is likely to be comfortable and contented on the pittance which his Indian pension, shorn of a third of its value when converted into sterling, amounts to; whereas in India the rupee is still the rupee, and its purchasing-power, except for imported luxuries, is the same as ever.

A terrible disappointment, too, awaits most of us when, after many years of exile in the East, we return to the land of our birth. Old friends and relations are dead and gone, and we have outlived the memories of many who remain. There is an air of cool restraint about their greetings, a want of hospitality and geniality that chills and disappoints us, a narrow-mindedness and insularity about their views of men and things that jars upon us, and harmonises ill with our wider and more cosmopolitan ideas. They are so engrossed with their own business, their own family affairs, and their own petty parish politics, that our visits bore them, while local topics have no interest for us. The very local surroundings have lost their charm. The once secluded valleys echo with the roar and rattle of passing trains; new streets and hideous modern villas cover the meadows and commons of our youth; where there were woods and copses, are now lime and stone quarries, or rows of squalid cottages, or factory chimneys and piles of ashes; while every feature of the landscape, hill, river, and waterfall is dwarfed and insignificant compared with what our memory pictured it. We remember a story told of an old Scotchman who, throughout a long life spent in India, used to boast of the waterfall on his father's property in Scotland: "What were the falls of the Kávéry, compared with that? Nothing, at all." Well, at last the day came for his return home, and, soon after his foot had trod his native heath, he was seen standing on the little plank bridge spanning the burn which tumbled in a miniature cascade over a rocky shelf, shaking his head, while a salt tear trickled down the side of his nose, as he exclaimed in a tone of disgust and remorse:—"Weel, weel, Gude forgie me for a' the lees I have tell't about ye." We may depend upon it that, if we wish

to retain in all their sweetness the memories of our youth, we had much better not revisit scenes that we left in boyhood's palmy days, lest, becoming completely disillusioned, we lose even the shadow without securing the substance.

There are many pleasant homes on the slopes of the Himalayas and the uplands of Ootacamund and the Neilgherries, and why should there not be more? Why should the retiring Military Officer or Civilian, the Uncovenanted official, merchant, or trader, turn his eyes towards the Antipodes, seeking to find in Tasmania or New Zealand the home which his limited capital and straitened means will not provide him in Great Britain? Why should he strive to turn his back on the land which, if not his mother country, has been at least a bountiful step-mother to him through the best years of his life, and which still offers him every advantage of climate, scenery, comfort, luxury, and congenial society. What can he want or desire in his declining years that India will not give him, whatever his tastes and fancies may be? Be he sportsman, fisherman, pedestrian, botanist, horticulturist, naturalist, artist or astronomer, India offers him the widest field. Is he a politician? The telegraph has brought him nearer the capitals of Europe and the shores of America and Australasia, than he was to London or Edinburgh in his youthful days. Is he fond of tennis, or rackets, or other manly sports and pastimes? Does he hanker after society and gaieties and his club? Where will he find them in greater force than in our hill stations. Is he given to religion? He will find churches, chapels and communities of every creed and every sect. In fact, whatever be his peculiar tastes and idiosyncrasies, in no part of the world can he so easily gratify them.

Then, to descend to the commoner wants and necessities of our existence: in what part of the Globe is living really cheaper than in India? Those of us whose jaded appetites rebel at *moorghi* cutlets and *chingree* curry for breakfast, would stand aghast at the prices charged for spring chickens and salad prawns at home; and many an old Indian, as he surveys the doubtful eggs and meagre rashers of bacon, or the skimpy, but high-flavored, smoked haddock which adorn his breakfast

table in some semi-detached villa or suburban lodging, where the flavor of his next door neighbour's red-herring mingles with that of his own viands, will look back regretfully to his bountifully spread Indian table, adorned with fruit and flowers, at which he so often turned up his lordly nose. We do not know when we are well off, and if we would but look the thing straight in the face, and make up our minds to accept India as a home, it would be better for us and better for India.

*But*—and unfortunately there is always a *but* which spoils the completeness of every scheme—the one difficulty which presents itself to the Anglo-Indian is, how is he to educate his sons and what career is open to them in after life? He may rear them up sturdy young mountaineers, with thews and sinews and constitutions equal to those of English birth, but how they are to be educated and what he is to do with them, is the problem that has to be solved.

That this problem is capable of solution, if boldly faced and grappled with, I have not the slightest doubt, but it can be solved only by earnest and united effort. Let all those who determine to make India their future home combine, and put their shoulders to the wheel, before calling upon the Jupiter of the Indian Government for State aid, and the difficulties will vanish. 'Union is strength,' is an adage as old as the hills, and, until the Anglo-Indian community recognise this and act up to it, they cannot hope to bring that pressure of public opinion to bear upon the Indian and Home Governments which is absolutely necessary to secure justice to India—the protection of her own interests, the expenditure of her own revenues for her own benefit, the encouragement of her own local industries, the improvement and extension of her own manufactures, and her foreign trade; the re-establishment of her own local army and navy, and consequent upon all these, the opening of a career for her children, whether of European or of Asiatic birth.

India is no unexplored or uncivilised colony, where the arts and industries of Europe have to be introduced and fostered as exotics, though, since the country came under the direct rule of the Crown, its useful arts and trades, instead of being

fostered, have been starved out of existence, in many cases, by the introduction of European goods and the abolition of the import duties, in the interests of English manufacturing towns and Parliamentary constituencies. India at one time not only clothed her own population, but exported large quantities of silk, cotton and flaxen goods to other countries. Where now are the grey goods, the Dacca muslins, the Moorshedabad silks, the collection of which was the *raison d'être* of our first factories in Bengal? The weaver caste, once among the richest in Bengal, no longer exists as a trade guild; their looms have gone to decay; their art is forgotten. What has become of India's sword cutlers, the makers of those marvellous watered blades, wielded by her chiefs and horsemen of old, which fire cannot injure or time deteriorate; the makers of guns and matchlock barrels which, turned out without machinery, still shoot as true as express rifles and have descended unimpaired from father to son? Of the founders of the tremendous brass and steel-lined bronze guns, 18 and 32-pounders, which anticipated the work of our arsenals by a couple of hundred years? Where are the architects of the grand old temples and mosques, the massive family dwellings and frowning castles that stud the plains and crown the rocky heights? Where the designers and builders of those magnificent old teak-built ships and frigates that carried the flag and the commerce of the East India Company and the free merchants over the Indian and China Seas and the stormy waters of the Cape, and many of which still float as hulks, with bottoms as sound and as solid as rocks, after a sea life of seventy or eighty years?

All are things of the past; starved out of existence by English, American and German manufactures. But why should this be so? Why should India be reduced to dependence on other countries? she has her own coal, iron, and copper, besides her silver and gold; she has her vast forests of sâl and teak,—in fact what does she need that she has not? She has an advantage over the rest of the world, in abundance of cheap labour. Why should she not turn out her own railway plant and rolling-stock? Why should she not build her own ships and gun-boats? Why should she not make her own rifles, swords, and



bayonets, as she now makes her own powder and small arms ammunition? Why not forge her own guns, as in former days she used to cast them? It is not that she is incapable of doing it, but that one of her greatest customers, the owner of her railways, telegraphs, ordnance foundries, and vessels—the Indian Government—is controlled from home in the interest of home manufacturers, and that it indents for everything from home at ruinous prices to the Indian taxpayer instead of encouraging and fostering the industries of the country.

If the bulk of the Anglo-Indian population would cease to consider themselves merely sojourners in the land and would regard India—as the settler in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand regards the land of his adoption—as the future abiding place of himself and his descendants, the difficulties we have alluded to would speedily vanish. There are still millions of acres of virgin soil to be tilled, vast tracts of beautiful country to be opened up, not on the slopes of the mountain ranges alone, but in the fertile and temperate uplands of Central India. Tea, coffee and indigo have possibly reached their limit of profitable production; but there are endless crops, that will well repay cultivation, for which there is a steady demand in the markets of the world; and there is a great field for the employment of capital and energy in the breeding and rearing of horses and cattle.

In short, the one thing needful is a determination to make India our *home* and to employ our savings in the country, instead of trying to hoard them up for a possible return to our native land.

To return for a moment to the subject of education for our children, it is said there are no good schools or colleges in the hills, where our sons and daughters may be educated in a bracing, instead of an enervating climate, and free from the influences of native surroundings and native servants.

The simple solution is, let Anglo-Indians combine and establish schools and colleges on the joint stock proprietary system. Let every parent who has sons and daughters calculate the cost of sending them to England and bringing them out again, and let him invest that sum in shares in a proprietary educational

establishment to be situated, say at Hopetown or Mussoorie or any suitable site in the hills, and the capital necessary to found such an institution would at once be forthcoming, while, besides securing the means of education for his family, the Anglo-Indian would have his money in a sound investment, returning him a reasonable amount of interest, instead of dropping it like a stone into the ocean in the shape of passage money.

Having provided educational facilities for their youth, let the Anglo-Indian community bring every possible pressure to bear on the Government, by agitating, in season and out of season, through their Associations, through the Press, through their friends in Parliament, and by every constitutional means, for the curtailment of the home charges; for the purchase in India of every article required for the public service which India can produce at an equal or lower cost than Europe; for a fair and equitable share of State appointments and employment in the Public Works and other Public Departments; for the re-establishment of a local Army and Navy for the defence of the country and its coast ports and maritime highways; and, in the course of time, without having recourse to the wild and impossible colonisation scheme of Sir Lepel Griffin, we shall yet see a Greater Britain firmly planted in the East.

R.

## NO OTHER WAY.

## AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

"ELLIE! you here!"

A sudden shyness came over Mrs. Forsyth,—a shyness that she had not foreseen when she started some hours previously, uninvited, for Kaaloo.

"How did you come?"

"I was on the Eastport coach on my way home. Something has happened to one of the horses, and Robert wrote for me to go by coach as far as Toomaro. He was to meet me there. But when I got to Bell's Flat I felt I could not go on, so I left the coach and drove out here."

"But Ellie—what good can it do?"

"Ah what good, indeed? Who shall show us any good? But Jack, I thought you loved me."

"You *thought* I loved you, Mrs. Forsyth; you know I loved you. But by your own will and act you put between us—a bottomless pit. What good do you expect to come of your coming here? What good either to yourself or me?"

"Don't be angry, Jack. I am very tired. I wish now I had gone home, but Robert is always taunting me with caring for you. You don't know what my life has been of late."

She was utterly tired out with her long journey, faint from want of food, and from the reaction after the excitement of taking a step that she had never dreamed of until the coach stopped at Bell's Flat.

Ellen Forsyth was one of those sweet, clinging, helpless women who need constant love and protection, whose beauty and loveliness possibly justify their existence, but whose power

of reasoning is so wholly latent, that, if ever they do have an impulse and act upon it, it is sure to be disastrous in its consequences to somebody or other. Pennant turned from her, and walked to the furthest end of the verandah that ran round his house, with an impatient step. He was an upright man, and he was a proud man. What was best to be done in this most unexpected turn of circumstances was the sole thought in his mind.

Three years ago, Ellen,—whom he had loved from the day he first saw her, four years previously—had married Robert Forsyth. A report of the approaching wedding had reached Pennant just as he had found himself in a position to ask the girl to be his wife. He had waited and waited until he could offer her a good home, and he had had uphill work of it; but the tide had turned at last in his favour, and then, just as he was making preparations for a visit to Ellen's home, this news had come.

He set off at once, thinking, hoping that it might be mere rumour. All through his long ride of three hundred miles, and during the nights in which he hardly closed his eyes, fatigued as he was, he rated himself for his folly in not having spoken six months ago. As he remembered her, she would not have been wholly unprepared; nor, if there were any truth in her eyes, would she have been wholly indifferent to his proposal.

He arrived towards noon. Ellen flew out to meet him in the old childish way. Perhaps her mother looked rather blank; Pennant's poverty in the past had been a theme of that lady's cogitations, and a great relief it had been to her when Ellen had at last accepted the pertinacious Mr. Forsyth,—a comparatively new comer into the district, but one entirely satisfactory in the way of means. But now all danger of her daughter "throwing herself away" was over, and the good lady had smoothed away any trace of anxiety that had fallen on her brow when her son called out:—

"Here's Jack Pennant turned up just at the right time for all the fun!"

And before Pennant gathered the exact state of affairs, he found himself alone, for a few minutes, with Ellie, under the weeping-willows that grew by the creek that runs at the foot of the garden, and somehow or other—he never knew quite how it was—without waiting to hear first if the news were true, he told her that he loved her.

"I never knew,—I never knew—you cared for me. I used to hope you would, some day, and when you went away last time, Jack, without a word,—I think I cried. What shall I do, what shall I do?" exclaimed Ellen in consternation.

"Then you *are* engaged to Forsyth?"

"I'm going to be married to him *to-morrow*. Oh, what shall I do?"

Pennant lost his head in the knowledge that Ellen cared for him.

"There is nothing to be done that I can see Ellie,—unless you are prepared to marry me to-morrow, instead of this man Forsyth."

Ellen shrank back. The feminine mind is quick enough to show variation of feeling, but not prompt enough to admit the feasibility of action outside the usual routes, unless hard put to it.

"Marry you—give Robert up? There is mama—No, Jack, it's too late, but if—if I had only known."

Before she finished, Pennant had left her. He had not spoken when he should have done, and now he had spoken when he should not have done. He cursed his double folly, and got through the day as best he might. Before dawn he had started on his return journey, and many a time he said to himself—"What a blind fool I was to speak. Poor child! It will disturb her to remember it. I've been a weak, blind idiot all through!"

"Gone! Your old friend gone, Nellie? That was scarcely civil, considering he was one of the family for three years, as you say."

Robert Forsyth spoke carelessly.

"Oh! but you know he wanted to marry me himself," said heedless Nellie, who had never learned to place any restriction

on her tongue, for the simple reason that she had never had anything to conceal in her young life of twenty years.

"Wanted to marry you himself! you told me——"

"Don't look like that, Robert. I never knew myself until yesterday."

Forsyth forgot his surprise; the first faint flicker of the fire of jealousy died away, and the whole thing passed for some time from his mind. But by and by, as time went on, life did not run altogether smoothly with Robert and Ellen. He was egotistical and exacting; and she was thoughtless. Two years passed away; a third began with growing silence between the two. Unhappily no little baby came to engross its mother's mind, and she, poor, foolish little woman, began to regret the old days when the hours had never been long and when she had never been miserable; and the memory of Jack was mingled with the memory of the old times, and she remembered his love and regretted it. And then, one unfortunate day, she mentioned him, and there flashed into her husband's mind the remembrance of what she had told him on their wedding-morning, and a long-gathering cloud burst in cruelly unjust and fiercely jealous remarks.

Stung into retort by his unkindness, Ellen burst out:—

"And I only wish I had married him, instead of you. You don't care for me one single bit; and he had loved me for years, he said. Oh, I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead!"

From that day the alienation of the one from the other was complete.

The weary days dragged on. Life can be terribly dull at the best of times on an Australian station far removed from the line of call, to those who have few resources in themselves. To Ellen, accustomed, all her life previously, to a house full of brothers and sisters, and company, it became positively unbearable, and towards the end of the third year she went down to Eastport, on a long visit to a married sister.

Here she happened to meet Mr. Pennant again. He talked to her a good deal of the times when they had lived in the home of her childhood together, and having no inkling of the strained

relations between her and her husband, he had no motive for being on his guard. He was an honourable man. He had loved her too well to forget her, but never, by the boldest flight of imagination, had he pictured any future for himself in which she might play a part. When he had said good-bye to her in Eastport a week or two before this arrival of hers, he was absolutely unaware of a current of renewed interest that had been set up in her mind by his attentions, which were in reality simply those of an intimate old friend.

Now, here she was at Kaaloo, the responsibility of the situation thrown entirely upon him, night drawing on, and the nearest station at which she could stay if she went away, miles distant. He was angry with her as he walked up and down,—angry with her thoughtlessness,—angry with the circumstances that had placed him, John Pennant, in such an awkward dilemma.

He did not know what to do. He turned round sharply at last and came to a stop in front of her. Then the weariness of her look struck him, and his anger died away. "Come in and take off your things. Dinner will soon be ready."

"Oh, Jack, be kind to me."

She got up and stretched out to him the two little hands he had loved so long, and he saw tears in her dear blue eyes. He turned away abruptly, and, calling the servants, gave them directions to attend to Mrs. Forsyth.

As she came in a little later and sat down at the table, a thrill of pleasure shot through Jack Pennant, in spite of himself. It was something to have the woman he had loved dependent upon him for protection.

"Now, after dinner, Ellie, we must arrange about your going back the first thing to-morrow."

"Yes, I suppose I must go back."

Her face fell. He noted it with a feeling that was not all dismay, but he went on talking on all sorts of indifferent matters during the meal. After dinner they went out on to the verandah; and now, strangely enough, he made no mention of the suggested plan for some time. It had to be done, however

for necessity urged. Ellen had been chatting for some time as though there were no troubled background to her visit, when Pennant, in order to lead up to the subject of her departure, mentioned her husband. Then, with a sigh, she, too, spoke of Robert, and from one thing to another she went on until more or less unconsciously, certainly without any deliberate intention, she had laid bare all the hideousness of her married life,—with its want of sympathy, its want of love, its cruel jealousy and brutal selfishness.

"But I suppose I must go back in the morning, and what he will say when he knows where I have been, I don't know." There was almost a sob in her voice.

Pennant, who had listened in silence to her story, sprang to his feet. "Ellie, Ellie, you shall not go back to him, you shall never go back. You shall stay here; we will set the world at defiance."

Ellen started and trembled; she blushed as he looked at her.

"I cannot talk any more to-night, I am very tired. We will settle things in the morning."

She rose and held out her hand, saying 'good-night.' By a violent effort Pennant refrained from taking her into his arms; with a hurried reply he turned out of the house into the night.

For an hour or two he wandered about in the bush. He tried to think things out, but he could realize nothing except the chance of happiness that was within his grasp. The old dream of three years ago, just before he heard the rumour of Ellie's marriage, came back to him, and now she was here,—here to stay. Then he turned in, and tried to sleep, but sleep held aloof! What had sleep to do with him?"

Until three hours ago, Jack Pennant had been an honourable man. Until three hours ago, no one could have brought against him even the shadow of an unprincipled action. Yet here he was committed to keep Robert Forsyth's wife under his roof. Yes, he meant to keep her. Ellie, little Ellie, the girl he had loved for the sweetness of her smile and the purity of her brow; the girl he had meant, through four long waiting



years, to make his wife; the woman who until to-day had stood and deservedly so, spotless in her own, in his, and in the world's esteem.

Ellie—could he blot out for ever the uprightness from her heart? Could he shade her brow with the consciousness of wrong? Could he make her less in her own esteem and his than she had ever been? Could he let her name be held up to scorn, her actions discussed, from their own point of view, by the base and the low?

Never! His sweet Ellie, who, as a simple child, had won her way into his heart, every thread of whose golden hair had been precious to him, the girl who had cried because he had been tardy in declaring his love—must he give her up? Must he for ever hold back from the kiss he had wrenched himself away from taking a while ago? Could he, having the cup he had thirsted for long ago, held to his lips, deliberately thrust it from him? Could he give her up?

No, but he could die to keep for her her truth and honour.

He rose, dressed, and went out, picking up, as he went, an object just touched into brightness by the feeble light of the waning moon.

The night air was cool and refreshing, but Jack Pennant felt it not. The wild night-birds were uttering long drawn melancholy cries, and far off in the distance the dingoes were howling. Jack Pennant heard neither the one nor the other. A flaw of wind came sighing through a bit of forest, where the ragged stems and uncouth branches of the eucalyptus cast a tangle of shadows, and dark clouds were moving slowly across the distorted disc of the moon, whose fitful light showed Pennant changed,—changed as a human being may be changed by facing all the possibilities of evil in himself, and determining to conquer them or die.

He had two thoughts in his mind: one was of Ellie in the past, the other was of Ellie in the future,—as she would be if he lived.

He knew human nature; he knew himself; he knew that, in spite of every resolution he might make—away from her pre-

sence, if he lived, the snowy hue of her shroud, when death called her, would not be, as it might be but for him, in keeping with the form it clothed.

Should he, even for life's sake, risk that? For a moment a white and radiant figure, with eyes of innocence and a smile of grateful gladness, seemed to bend towards him from the heavens above, and then—nobody heard the shot that pierced his heart, and nobody guessed why he had died, when, after long search, they found him lying there, the daylight falling upon his upturned, calm, white face.

NIGH.

### *SOME ANGLO-INDIAN CHILDREN.*

No. 2.

#### LITTLE MONA.

ON the same road, and only a few doors from Master Jim's residence, lives little Mona.

She is a fair, sweet child, of five summers, with large, pathetic blue eyes and a transparent skin, through which the delicate blue veins underneath may be clearly seen.

She has never had any sisters or brothers, but the protecting instinct is strong within her, and leads her unerringly to the side of the smallest creature in distress, which is promptly transferred to the "hospital," as she calls a broken-down biscuit-tin lined with cotton wool.

"Mona, how can you?" cries her dainty mama, drawing aside the silken folds of her dress, as the child passes her with a broken-legged spider, or wingless beetle in her pink palm.

"But the poor thing is so hurt, mama," in a pitying tone, her eyes wide with sorrowful wonder.

Mona's mama is a pretty, empty-headed little woman, with scarcely two ideas to rub together. She is not more vain than many of her Anglo-Indian sisters, and, under different circumstances, she might have been different. Her husband, a grave and studious man, considerably her senior, had made the too common mistake of marrying a bright young girl, who might have been his daughter. She was a simple little girl, in his estimation, whose chief delight it would be to make home a second paradise to her husband, and who would care for nothing beyond.

He found, however, that he had reckoned without his hostess, and that life in a gay cantonment presented so many allure-

ments to the country parson's daughter that she was fairly carried away by them. He found, too, that if he were disinclined to chaperone her from dinners to balls and from afternoon teas to tableaux, there were a great many others who were only too willing; and after a while he began to get used to it, or thought he did.

In Mona's opinion there was not such a dear, beautiful mama in all the world as hers; and if only 'Cousin Gilbert' would not take up so much of her time, how happy they might be together! Cousin Gilbert, by the way, is no more a cousin than I am. He is a satellite, pure and simple, the latest moth fluttering round that particular candle, the most persistent needle drawn towards the magnet—or any thing else that may be represented by the term *bow-wow*.

For the last year Mona had seen so little of her mother that she was becoming more of a pleasant memory to the child, than any thing tangible.

Mona was always asleep when she rose in the morning, and, beyond an occasional glimpse of her at lunch (if the lady happens to be at home), she is almost unknown.

Now and then, as she lies in her little cot at evening, wistfully gazing towards the door where the shadows assume such strange forms, she catches sight of a radiant figure passing down the lighted hall. "Are you going out, mama dear?" she cries eagerly.

"Can't you see I am, child? Come, make haste and go to sleep."

"Won't you kiss me good-night, before you go?" pleadingly and holding out her slender arms.

There is an impatient exclamation; a light kiss is pressed upon her brow; a beautiful dress trails upon the ground, and the vision is gone.

The next morning, the same dreary round begins again; a solitary ride along the dusty highway, a ramble in the large, lonely garden, and a listless wandering about in-doors. Mama is not up yet, and Mona must keep very quiet: very likely the lady will complain of a headache when she awakes, and will

not be able to talk, or do any thing until evening ; and then she will have to go out again. Poor mama ! it is too bad of Cousin Gilbert to make her work so hard !

But there was one bright spot in little Mona's life, and that was represented by a white Maltese kitten, papa's gift on her last birthday. The days had not seemed nearly so long to the kitten's mama since that happy day, and there was some fun playing with her pet in the garden, when it was not too hot or too wet. But kittens, though amusing playfellows once in a while, cannot compensate for the hundred-and-one tenderesses and caressings and sweet confidences that children yearn for, and in a few happy cases enjoy.

As the winter approached, mama and 'Cousin Gilbert' went out together more than ever, and papa seemed absent-minded and stern, and there was no one to care for the lonely child.

One dreadful morning (Mona will never forget it), that boy, Jim, of whom Mona had the greatest horror, caught sight of her dear kitty. Here was an opportunity not to be passed over on any account. They were out on the road, and no one was there to hinder. He set his dogs on to the animal, and joined in the furious chase with yells of delight. Kitty made for that universal refuge of cats in distress—the nearest tree. Mona, who had been looking on with clasped hands and wildly beseeching eyes, breathed more freely as her pet gained the leafy covert ; the dogs could not get her there !

No ; but Jim could !

Her very lips went white, as she watched the fierce fusillade of bricks and stones that flew around kitty the next moment.

The child shrieked aloud in her terror, and, flinging off her natural shyness and reserve, clung frantically to the boy's arm, and begged him to desist. He turned and laughed at her, and aimed more carefully. Then pussy, with one mad leap, tried to reach the shelter of her mistress' arms ; the dog's jaws closed on her, and the next moment she lay a mangled, quivering heap on the green sward at her feet.

"Hooray !" cried Jim exultantly.

Without vouchsafing him a single word or look, Mona

stooped and raised her pet, and, wrapping her skirt round the poor body, she turned and rushed in-doors.

In the pauses of the singing, that evening (when mama was entertaining Cousin Gilbert), the ayah crept in and begged her lady to come and look at *missy baba*, who seemed to be ill.

"Why do you bother me?" was the fretful reply. "*Jao.*" "Hadn't you better see the cub?" suggested the gentleman. "Tiresome little creature!" turning the music-stool, and laughing lightly, "but I suppose I must go; she is so ridiculously affectionate."

Mona was lying on the floor, dry-eyed and tearless, her fair hair tossed, and the dead cat clasped in her arms. She had been like that since early afternoon, the ayah said, and had talked incessantly about her pet in a strangely excited way. Her mother poured out some mixture, and telling the ayah to give it to the child, returned to the drawing-room, smiling and imperturbable. Cousin Gilbert laughed with her at the story of the dead kitten; and the music went on.

Mona's feverish attack soon passed off, after the funeral of the kitten, but no one noticed that the child moped more than ever, and that there was a listless weariness about her, very pitiful in one so young. She liked to sit about, or lie on the couch in her room, and told the ayah she was always tired. Poor old ayah, she was sadly puzzled to know what had come over her usually bright little mistress, and discussed the advisability of calling the mother's attention to it, over a friendly pipe with the fat bearer in the *babarchee khana*. But then the *Angres log* were a strange lot, and it was only a little girl after all. If it had been a *boy*, now—!

So things went on in the usual way until the hot weather was creeping on again. No one noticed little Mona's hollow eyes and listless air, until one day, when mama and 'Cousin Gilbert' were talking very earnestly in the drawing-room, with their heads close together, papa heard a sudden thud on the verandah floor. He was sitting near his study window and looked out. Mama heard it too, and, hearing also his hasty exclamation, came out to see what was the matter. They found the little one in a

dead faint, with the blood trickling from a small cut on her forehead.

"So absurd of Mona to go tumbling about like this," said the lady, looking as if she had the cares of a nation on her shoulders. Her husband said nothing, but, lifting the child up tenderly, carried her to his room. It was a perfect revelation to him to find her looking so white and thin, and his heart ached with unutterable remorse and yearning.

Good heavens! What had they been thinking and doing not to have noticed how the frail little life had drooped and faded!

"You will start for home by the next steamer," he said to his wife not long after; "I have engaged passages, and my mother shall see to the child. God grant it may not be too late!"

J. MAITLAND HOPE.

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### HARDWAR ON A FAIR DAY.

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WE arrived at Hardwar on the day of the great annual fair, for, as my husband had a little business to transact in that direction, we timed our journey so as to reach the famous Hindoo city at the holiday-time when we might have a chance of seeing it at its best. A long and hot ride in the morning made me, however, on reaching our destination, unwilling to face again the heat of the midday sun in the first week in April, and I was besides assured that, entering the city on that day, I should most probably carry away with me nothing but a confused remembrance of an immense concourse of people, such as one sees at every large *mela* in India, surging through the streets like the waves of a turbulent sea. Owing to these considerations we postponed our visit till the next day, stopping in the vicinity that night, and enjoying, in the evening, a stroll on the river-bank, where numberless groups of pilgrims were encamped round different fires, cooking their *chappatis* to the sound of much laughter and happy voices.

On the following morning, at about eight o'clock, we started, a party of three, on an elephant, to explore the city, my husband and I being accompanied by a friend who had kindly undertaken to act as our cicerone. The approach to the city was lined with temporary booths, chiefly sweetmeat shops, where, early as it was, a brisk business was being carried on.

To our left flowed, silently, majestically, the sacred river whose very name is precious to the hearts of India's millions



—its waters washing the very foundations of the famed city, built on its banks, and sometimes, we were told, when in high flood, actually sweeping through some of the streets. Beyond the river, in the misty distance, rose a chain of mountains, looking blue and cool in the morning sunlight. To our right, the view was shut in abruptly by a hill, the resort and delight, of scores of sacred monkeys. As we entered the first street of the city we saw them running up and down the hill-side by dozens, sitting on the jutting crags, and grinning defiance at the crowd below, leaping over on to the roofs of the houses, or dashing across our path, and sometimes mingling with the passers-by with all the boldness of privileged favourites.

Among the curiosities of Hardwar are the temples on the face of this hill, cut in the living rock. I was unable to visit the interior of any of these temples, nor do I know whether I should have been permitted to do so had I made the attempt, but the entrances to them looked merely like the mouths of caves with a little platform in front of each, where sat the typical *Jogi*, insatiable in his demand for alms. Steep and narrow steps, also cut in the face of the rock, led up to the temples, by which a few straggling devotees were going up and down. The largest of these temples is, we were told, opened only on great fair days, and here are sold talismans, highly valued by the natives. They are little hands, shaped exactly like the human hand from the wrist downwards, of a brownish colour, said to be found at the source of the Ganges, and brought thence by holy Brahmins.

Pacing slowly along, the way was with difficulty cleared for our elephant, for although it was the second day of the fair, the crowd was still very great, and the streets seemed packed with human heads, while before many of the shops was gathered a crowd within the crowd. Certainly one-third out of the whole number of these shops belonged to sweetmeat sellers, who were as busy as they could be, plainly testifying to which side leaned the taste of the populace. But the prettiest shops were undoubtedly those of the flower-sellers. Great baskets, piled up with petals of pink, white and red roses, the snowy jessamine and the brilliant marigold, must at

any time have had a pleasing effect ; but here they looked doubly striking owing to their dingy surroundings. The shops of the basket-makers were also attractive, with the prettily-made baskets, of all sizes and shapes, hung up so as to catch the eye of some possible purchaser ; but pretty and tasteful as many of these specimens were, they did not attract as much attention as the shop of the seller of caps brilliant enough in tints to rival the rainbow, with a liberal supply of glittering tinsel thrown in.

We paused for a moment or two at one of the bathing-ghâts. It was crowded, and, with reverential shouts to the honour of *Gunga-jee*, the bathers plunged into the sacred waters, to wash away the sins of a year, or several years, or a whole lifetime, as the case might be. In and out among the bathers swam the fish, which are also sacred in the eyes of all devout Hindoos, looking for the crumbs of food thrown to them daily in large quantities. Many of the fish had rings in their noses, for, after being caught and ornamented in this unique style, they are thrown back into their native element, never again to be molested on any consideration.

Making our way slowly through the principal streets, we got more into the suburbs of the city. Under a magnificent peepul tree sat an old woman selling fruit. So tempting looked the plantains, so luscious and rich the loquats, that we found it impossible to pass without carrying away a goodly supply with us, which we consumed as we rode leisurely along. Then other sights met our eyes, curious, though less pleasant to look upon, than Nature's bountiful productions of delicious fruit. There were numerous heifers with hoofs and tails growing out of all parts of their bodies, with other deformities of a similar nature being exhibited at every corner of the streets ; in one place was a hideous image, in clay, of *Mahadeo*, painted yellow and red, and representing the god lying on his back with arms and legs sprawled out in a manner more suggestive of comfort on a hot summer's day than of elegance. At the head of the figure sat a little girl, whining out an incessant petition for alms with an assurance which showed her to be no

novice at the trade, young though she was. A little further on was a naked *faqir*, lying—one can scarcely say *reposing*—on a bed of thorns—literally thorns, and very aggressive ones, too, the bed being composed of branches of the wild plum-bush called *jharbari*. Had the man been clothed, we might have felt tempted to think that, under his outer garments, he was wearing some kind of thorn-proof armour, but his state of nudity forbade any such supposition, and yet it seemed almost inconceivable that a man should lie, hour after hour, in the fierce heat of the sun, his flesh torn by thorns, and yet not even wince under the torture. It was suggested that perhaps the thorny branches had been cut fresh in the morning, and the thorns pressed downwards ere the occupant of the couch took up his position on it, but however carefully manipulated, there must surely have been some thorns persistently elevating their spiky points and lacerating the flesh of the man who was enduring enough to lie on them. Nor was this mode of self-torture an uncommon one, for in several different parts of the city we saw the same programme being gone through: *faqirs* with long plaited hair and bedaubed visage, stretched at full length on thorny couches, with closed eyes and hands crossed on their breasts, as motionless as if they were dead. Only in one instance the wretched mendicant had left his uncomfortable bed, and was sitting by the side of it, munching some dry *chappatis*, while by his side lay a few copper pice—a donation, no doubt, from some pious pilgrim in the restless crowd that passed to and fro with hurried feet.

Leaving behind us the noisy city, we passed into a cooler, purer atmosphere on the banks of the river, which flowed quietly on, broad and deep, as if rebuking by its calmness the tumult of human life. Quitting the river we turned homewards by the Rurki road, passing on our way the little railway station at Venukul, embosomed in low, shaggy hills. Here we met a long string of horses and ponies being taken back from the fair unsold. There were some really fine animals among the number, but they had failed to fetch the high prices placed on

them, and so their owners preferred marching them back home to letting them go at a lower figure. Once more, we made our way through the principal street of the city, crowded still with buyers, sellers, mendicants, idlers, and so passed on home, glad to be again under the shelter of a cool and shady bungalow.

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## AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE THROUGH CALCUTTA.

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### CHOWRINGI,

now the elegant and fashionable quarter of the town, occupies the site of what was in 1717 a small village, consisting of groups of straggling huts, situated on a *jhil*. Between Baliaghat and Calcutta there intervened a patch of jungle two miles in extent, inhabited by wild animals. The earliest mention of it as a place of residence is made in *Mrs. Kindersley's Letters* (1768). She describes the houses of Europeans as "built so irregular that it looks as if the houses had been thrown up in the air and fallen down by accident as they now stand." The town being considered unhealthy in those days, people preferred living in garden, or country, houses in the outskirts, where they could enjoy quiet and solitude; and Chowringi owes its existence to this rage for rural residences. Owing to its great distance from the commercial and official quarter of Calcutta, palki bearers charged double fares for going to it. After nightfall a solitary passenger was rarely seen in its vicinity; servants of European gentlemen, when returning home, left in parties, divested of their liveries, for fear of robbers who hovered round the place. At first there was only one house in Chowringi—that subsequently known as St. Paul's School and afterwards as the Bengal Office; another, at a short distance, was the residence of Sir Elijah Impey, the very premises now occupied by Loretto House. On one side of the convent was a tank called Goltalao. The surrounding lands covered Sir Elijah Impey's Park, which extended to Chowringi Road on

the west and to Park Street on the north; and an avenue led from his house, 15, Park Street, through what is now known as Middleton Street. The grounds were patrolled at night by native soldiers, who fired off their pieces occasionally to frighten dacoits. In 1794, twenty-four houses are marked off in Upjohn's map between Dharamtala, Brijtala, Circular Road and the Maidan; as a matter of course, they were scattered over a large area. Park Street was so called because it led to Sir Elijah Impey's deer park. In the map referred to above, it was called Burial Ground Road, from the fact that it was the route for funerals from the town to the Circular Road cemetery, and in consequence people disliked taking up their residence in that quarter. "All funeral processions are concealed as much as possible from the sight of the ladies, that the vivacity of their temper may not be wounded." In the *India Gazette* of 1788 we find a notice from a Mr. T. Maudesley, Undertaker, advertising for "patronage, having followed that profession in England." Owing to the great distance of the burial ground, he had had a hearse constructed, and fitted up a mourning coach for the convenience of the public. Before the introduction of this reform, the coffin was borne to the grave on men's shoulders, the pall-bearers being arranged a little before they came to the ground.

In 1752 Holwell speaks of Chowringi Road as "the road leading to Colligot (Kalighat) and Dee Calcutta." A market used to be held in it at that time.

In a house in Wood Street there lived a Colonel known by the soubriquet of "Hindu Stewart," from his predilection for idolatrous forms and ceremonies. The great object of his life was to harmonise Christianity and the worship of Krishna. At the corner of Park Street, where it joins Chowringi Road, are the Asiatic Society's rooms, built on a piece of land granted by Government. The Society was established on January 15th, 1784, its object being to investigate the history, fine arts, sciences and literature of Asia. A marble bust of Sir W. Jones, at whose instance the society was established, may be seen in its rooms.

## THE COURSE

is thus described by Mrs. Kindersley in 1768:—"A little out of town is a clear, airy spot, free from smoke or any incumbrances, called the *corse* (because it is a road the length of a *crosh*, or two miles\*), in a sort of ring, or rather angle, made on purpose to take the air in, which the company frequent in their carriages about sunset, or in the morning before the sun is up;" though we are told on the authority of an old song that those who frequented it "swallowed ten mouthfuls of dust for one of fresh air." Hamilton makes no mention of it. The chief amusements of the day were boating or fishing.

## LALL BAZÁR

is mentioned by Holwell in 1738 as a famous bazár. According to Mrs. Kindersley, it was the best street in Calcutta, "full of little shabby-looking shops called *Boutiques*" kept by natives. It then extended from the Custom House to Boitakhana (Sealdah). In Bolt's collections an instance is mentioned of a Governor-General, about 1770, who, finding that Europeans there retailed "pariah arrack to the great debauchery of the soldiers, sent a guard of sipahis and gave them lodgings for several days in the dungeon of the new fort." Sir W. Jones (1788), who, as Judge of the Supreme Court, had to issue warrants twice a week to pick up drunken sailors, refers to the nuisance there of public houses kept by Italians, Spanish, and Portuguese. Even at the present day Lall Bazár is notorious as the resort of drunken sailors. The house west of the Police Office was used as a *hamam*, where Turkish baths could be had for a small sum. Opposite this and across the street stood an old play-house.

## THE POLICE OFFICE

was formerly the residence of John Palmer, one of the merchant princes of Calcutta. Whilst yet a mere youth, he was made a prisoner of war in France, where he was treated with great consideration and kindness by Laffitte, the well-known banker,

\* Mrs. Kindersley's explanation of the origin of the name is, it need hardly be said, erroneous.—ED. J. K.

who volunteered to be his mentor and initiated him into the mysteries of the counting-house. Coming to Calcutta in 1789, he set himself up in business, which he afterwards carried on on a considerably enlarged scale. His first partner was Henry St. George Tucker, who was afterwards a member of the Civil Service and subsequently Chairman of the Court of Directors. Palmer's credit was unbounded, and his bank-notes circulated as freely as those issued by the Government of India do now. He was called the Prince of British merchants and was distinguished for his liberality, which was proverbial. He died in 1836 and was honoured with a bust in the Town Hall, raised to his memory by the citizens of Calcutta. On the opposite side of the street stood

#### THE OLD JAIL,

which was also the Tyburn of Calcutta, all the executions taking place on the cross-road near it. There was also a pillory erected on the spot. The newspapers of 1800 contain an account of a native named Brojo Mohan, a watchmaker, being executed there for stealing a watch from a dwelling house. Five Europeans were hanged there together about the same period. During the siege of Calcutta in 1757 it served as a rallying point of defence.

According to the old annalists, English and French confectioners were to be found in Calcutta in 1780. Opposite the old jail was the famous Harmonicon Tavern, afterwards known as the Sailors' Home. It was one of the handsomest buildings Calcutta possessed in those days and was a source of some comfort to the unfortunate prisoners, to whom the remnants from the public table were frequently distributed. Young men who were strangers could enjoy its hospitality as long as they wished. About 1823 there sprang up numerous hotels in the town, and this system of free board and lodging was gradually given up.

Mrs. Fay writes of it in 1780:—"I felt more gratified some time ago when Mrs. Jackson procured me a ticket for the Harmonic, which was supported by a select number of gentlemen who each in alphabetical rotation gave a concert, ball and supper during the cold season; I believe once a fortnight."



Previously to 1780 the Harmonicon Society was located in a house in Lal Bazár, so that the punch houses of later date were probably feeble imitations of it. Hawksworth, the author of the *East Indian Chronologist*, says: "I was also shown *en passant* a tavern called the London Hotel, where entertainments are furnished at the moderate price of a gold-mohur a head, exclusive of the dessert and wines. At the coffee-houses your single dish of coffee costs you a rupee (half a crown), which half-crown, however, franks you to the perusal of the English newspapers which are regularly arranged on a file, as in London, together with the *Calcutta Advertiser*, the *Calcutta Chronicle*, &c., and for the honour of Calcutta be it recorded that the two last named publications are what the English prints formerly were—moral, amusing and intelligent." Among those entertained at the Harmonicon Society were the Captains of the Indiamen, grand personages in their days, who often rose from that position to a seat in the Direction; but occasionally the Company hired houses at Rs. 500 a month and provided them with accommodation during their stay.

#### TANK SQUARE.

In the last century, Tank Square, now known as Dalhousie Square, was in the middle of the city. Stavorinus says:—"It was dug by order of Government to provide the inhabitants of Calcutta with water, which is very sweet and pleasant. The number of springs which it contains makes the water in it nearly always on the same level. It is railed round. No one may wash in it." At what particular period this tank was excavated we have now no means of ascertaining, nor do any of the annalists help us to recover the date. Writing in 1702, Hamilton says the Governor had a handsome house in the Fort: "the Company has also a pretty good garden, that furnishes the Governors with herbage and fruits at table, and some fish ponds to serve his kitchen with good carps, callops and mullets." It may therefore be presumed that the tank was dug to serve as a preserve for fish, and the garden may have formed what was known as Tank Square. The former, when originally excavated, must have covered a much larger

area of ground, resembling a *jhil*; in the time of Warren Hastings, however, it was cleaned out and embanked and brought within more moderate dimensions. It was first known as "the Green before the Fort," which was frequented by wild game, and served as a shooting ground for officers of the Company's factory. In the middle of the last century the garden was a favourite resort of both sexes, and the scene of moonlight revelry for the young and the middle-aged, "who, rigged out in stockings of different colours, yellow coat, green waist-coat &c., &c., amused themselves on the banks of the fish-pond, thinking of the friends at home, of whom they had heard nine months before." The water of the tank was long considered the best in Calcutta, and, until the introduction of the new water-supply, the tank was the chief source of drinking water for the Christian community.

#### OLD COURT HOUSE STREET

is so called from the old Court House and Town Hall combined, which stood at its northern extremity on the site of St. Andrew's Church (Scotch Kirk). It runs parallel with Kasaitolah, or Bentinck Street. It was built in 1727 at the instance of Mr. Bourchief, who was a successful merchant, and afterwards Governor of Bombay, with a view to removing the want of a house for the mayor and aldermen to hold their court in. In 1734 he gave it to the Company, on condition of their paying Rs. 4,000 per annum for the support of a charity school and other benevolent purposes. In consideration of the great additions made to the Court House in 1765, when the upper rooms were built, chiefly through the liberality of the inhabitants of the town, Government agreed to pay Rs. 800 per month to the old Calcutta Charity Fund.

Another account says that the old Court House (called the Town Hall) was formerly a lower-roomed house and belonged to the old Calcutta Charity Fund. The charity boys, twenty in number, were lodged and educated there. How it became the property of the Fund is now unknown. When the question was put to the select vestry by the Company's attorneys in 1792, they replied: "We apprehend the uninterrupted possession of

the said premises for above forty years is the best title that can be produced for the said property." We are told this was in the same year in which the property was conveyed to Government.

Stavorinus writes of it in 1770:—"Over the Court House are two handsome assembly-rooms. In one of these are hung up the portraits of the King of France and of the late Queen as large as life, which were brought by the English from Chandernagore, when they took that place." These assembly-rooms served, as the Town Hall does now, for holding reunions, meetings, &c. In honour of the Dutch Governor a grand ball was given here in 1769 by the English Governor Cartier. The ball opened at seven in the evening and lasted till the small hours of the morning, "the ladies were decorated with an immense quantity of jewels."

Sir William Jones occupied apartments in the Court House. Among the multifarious duties then performed by the Judges was the singular function of attending to Police duties twice a week, "to issue warrants to pick up the drunken sailors." Only four attorneys were permitted to practise, and an appeal lay to the Governor and Council. There was another Court which was founded in 1753, and which was called the Court of Requests, on the basis of which the present Court of Small Causes is engrafted. It consisted of twenty-four commissioners, selected originally by the Government from among the most respectable inhabitants of Calcutta. Subsequently they elected their own members; they sat once a week on Thursdays and took cognisance of civil suits to the value of Rs. 20, three forming a quorum. In Daniel's engraving of the Court House, elephants are represented as walking in Tank Square, for in the last century Calcutta was sparsely populated and there was a marked absence of carriages and horses in the thoroughfares, so elephants were permitted to appear in the town. In the year 1727, a corporation was established, consisting of a mayor and nine aldermen, who constituted what was called the Mayor's Court. It exercised jurisdiction over Europeans in civil cases, Mr. Holwell was once its President,

but, as the appointments to the Court were directly in the gift of Government, the latter exercised great influence over the members, who would at times suspend trials at the fiat of superior authorities. This circumstance, combined with the strong desire of the public for enlarged jurisdiction and for the introduction of reforms to check the gigantic abuses that were growing up on all sides, induced Parliament to step in and pass the famous Regulating Act of 1773. This led to the constitution of the Supreme Court in October 1774. According to *Asiaticus* the abolition of the Mayor's Court did not find favour with the people. He says : "The attorneys who have followed the Judges in search of prey as the carrion crows do an Indian army in its march, are extremely successful in supplying the spirit of litigation among the natives, who, like children delighted with a new plaything, are highly pleased with the opportunity of harassing one another by vexatious suits ; and those pests of society, called bailiffs, a set of miscreants hitherto little known in India, are now to be seen in every street watching for the unhappy victims devoted to legal persecution. Even the menial servants are now tutored to breathe that insolent spirit of English licentiousness, which teaches the slave to insult his master and then bring his action of damages at Westminster, if deservedly chastised for his impudence. Arbitrary fines are daily imposed on gentlemen who presume to correct their slaves ; and the house of the Chief Justice of Bengal resembles the house of a trading Magistrate in Westminster, who decides the squabbles of oyster women and picks up a livelihood by the sale of shilling warrants."

A. STEPHEN.

### *WILL UPPER BURMAH PAY?*

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As a subject of political controversy, the Burmese question has ceased to possess any reality. Though it will not probably be long before the inhabitants of the newly annexed territory come to see that, for good or evil, they must submit, like their brethren of Lower Burmah, to British rule, it will, no doubt, be longer before they can be expected to acquiesce cheerfully in the profound changes, administrative and social, that follow in its train. The idea was common that the Burmese were weary of the dominion of King Theebaw, and of a régime which compelled them to bend their backs and strike their foreheads against the palace floor, now profaned by Europeans in boots. There could not be a greater mistake. What custom—call it tyranny, if you will—imposed upon them in the past, habit has made second nature. We need go no further than Calcutta to convince ourselves of this. It is true there is no longer any palace floor to strike the forehead against; but let anyone visit the Dowager ex-Queen in the Lower Circular Road; her son, the Limbau Prince, in Dhurumtolah, or even the Tyndah Mengie at Hazaribagh, and he will find that they still bend the back and strike the forehead against the floor, with no less alacrity than of old. It will take time before such habits, and the predilections they imply, can be eradicated; but the day will come when they will be forgotten, and the red tape of English officialdom be accepted, as a matter of course, in the place of the ceremonies that previously regulated the relations between the people and their rulers.

The only question which now retains any practical interest is: Can annexation be made to pay? To many who look

at the extent of the country, and judge of its capabilities by the standard of their experience of Lower Burmah, it will probably seem that this is a vain question. Given British enterprise and British capital, and the peace and certainty that follow in the wake of British rule, and, they will say, it must pay. But before the standard of Lower Burmah experience can be usefully applied, there are many things to be considered. Neither geographically nor meteorologically is there any comparison between Upper and Lower Burmah. The fertility of Lower Burmah is insured by its abundant rainfall, while its accessibility from the sea for vessels of any size or draft, and the network of creeks and rivers that permeate it in all directions, place the markets of the world practically at its door. In Upper Burmah, on the contrary, the rainfall very rarely reaches thirty inches in the year, and the routes to the coast are long and difficult. For some years previous to the annexation, the migration to Lower Burmah was immense, and the demand for rice and other staple foods rose steadily in consequence, and still continues. At times this deficiency in the rainfall and the general water-supply lead, as it did recently, to disease and frightful mortality among the cattle, resulting in an unprecedented shipment of hides to Rangoon, rice and other staple foods going back in return. While Lower Burmah, in consequence of its abundant rainfall, is generally very productive of paddy and good wheat, Upper Burmah is for the most part arid and barren. Lower Burmah, in fact, is like Upper Burmah in only one respect—the sparseness of its population, which renders agricultural operations at all times costly and precarious. Even in Lower Burmah, were it not for the thousands of coolies that flock from all parts of India, and particularly from Madras, the harvest could not be got in. The inducement which takes so many thousand coolies annually to Burmah is the high rate of wages, a cooly's ordinary pay in the season varying from eight to twelve annas a day, and a good table boy getting fifteen rupees per month and a good cook twenty rupees. But the conditions which make it possible for Lower Burmah to pay these high rates of wages do not exist, as regards agricultural operations, in the case of Upper Burmah, for the cost

of producing and carrying to market the scanty crops that can alone be grown, leaves no margin out of which they can be paid. What is more, it is doubtful whether this drawback can ever be removed. For even if the deficiency in the rainfall could be remedied by extensive irrigation works, the cost of these works would reduce the profits of agriculture to a minimum.

These are conditions, it need hardly be said, which no system of Government, however excellent, can materially alter. What, then, is there to fall back upon? The mineral resources of the country, it will perhaps, be said, That such resources exist, is beyond dispute; but they are altogether an unknown quantity; and, even supposing them to be much greater than they are likely to be, what follows? No country has ever prospered permanently on mineral resources alone. For they are, from their very nature, exhaustible, and become less profitable the longer they are worked. In answer to the question, then, whether annexation will pay, it can hardly be said that the prognosis is favourable. If by "paying" is meant covering the cost of governing the country in a hand-to-mouth fashion, then the answer may possibly be in the affirmative. But this is not what is meant in a commercial sense by "paying." Calculating people do not occupy a country merely for the pleasure of governing it. In a commercial sense, then, it may be safely predicted that Upper Burmah will not prove a profitable investment for the three millions or so that has been spent in acquiring possession of it. Whether it will prove a paying acquisition politically is another question, and one which a very wise man might well hesitate to answer.

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*THE MONTH.*

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PARLIAMENT will be prorogued on the 12th of August. The present month has not been an uneventful one in Parliamentary annals, although nothing very startling has transpired. The Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry into the claims of the Uncovenanted Civil Service commenced its sittings at the beginning of the month, and the latest news, as we write, is that the Committee intends to submit its Report without calling for evidence from India. A number of witnesses, however, on leave from India, have been examined. Cashmere has occupied attention, and on the 2nd instant Mr. Bradlaugh expressed himself dissatisfied with the explanation which had been given to the House by Mr. Smith relative to the deposition of the Maharajah of Cashmere, and he therefore moved the adjournment of the House. He maintained that false charges of misgovernment and incapacity had been made against the Maharajah, and demanded a judicial or Parliamentary enquiry into the action of the Indian Government. Sir John Gorst, in reply, reiterated the numerous instances of misgovernment in Cashmere that had led to that action, and, while contending that every effort had been made to keep the Maharajah on his throne, he insisted that the Government was, in the interests of the people of Cashmere, bound to put a stop to the misgovernment and the misery that it entailed. On a division Mr. Bradlaugh's motion was negatived by 226 to 88.

Mr. Stanhope, in bringing forward the Army Estimates, announced the acceptance by the Government of the proposal of Lord Hartington's Committee to establish a Naval and



Military Council to discuss all matters affecting the War and Marine Departments; and on the 9th instant Mr. W. H. Smith announced the intention of Government to abandon the Land Purchase and Tithes Bills, also the proposal to amend Procedure. It will, of course, be understood that these Bills are merely dropped *pro tem.*, as, owing to the opposition with which the Government has been met at every step in its endeavours to legislate on these measures there was no probability of their being further dealt with this Session. In fact in mapping out its programme for the Session the Government did not take into consideration the amount of obstruction it was liable to meet with. The Radicals have evidently learnt the art well from their Irish allies, although it was not much further than a decade back that the Liberals—for at that time they had not developed into the Radicals as we understand them at the present day—were the first to complain of these tactics. Mr. Biggar was, in those days, the champion obstructionist, and he and Mr. Parnell managed to make things pretty lively. The latter, indeed, is reported to have said, at a meeting in London in 1877—referring to his party and their policy of obstructing the Government: "If we only had ten men, we could stop all their work." As this is precisely the policy that has been adopted by the combined Radical and Irish party, it is not to be wondered at that Government should have been unable to fulfil all its projects.

The India Councils Bill still hangs fire, and according to Reuter it is probable that it will be dropped altogether, owing to persistent opposition. The small body of agitators who constitute the "Indian Agency"—headed by the indefatigable Mr. Digby—have certainly done their work thoroughly. But we doubt whether they are acting in the best interests of their constituents in thus opposing a measure which—however incomplete it may appear to the irreconcilables—concedes more than they are likely to get for some time to come, if Lord Cross's Bill is dropped. We may be wrong, but we fancy that if there be any truth in the report, the dropping of the Bill will not so much indicate a giving way on the part of the Government to

the opposition of Bradlaugh, Digby & Co., as to the conviction that it is useless to fritter away the time of the House to no purpose, for the benefit of those who live by agitation. The position puts us somewhat in mind of a cartoon published in *Punch* some years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was stumping the country on the Franchise ticket. "What be I to get by this?" says a specimen of the genus 'Hodge' to the Grand Old Man, who is endeavouring to pound into a somewhat thick head the glorious privilege of possessing a vote. "That, my man, is beside the point altogether. The question is: 'What do I get by it?'"

The Bill for the cession of Heligoland to Germany, after having passed the Lords, has been read in the House of Commons for the first time. It has had, like all its predecessors, to run the gauntlet of fierce opposition, and one would think that some vital portion of the British Empire was about to be surrendered, instead of the authority over an insignificant rock given up in return for a very substantial *quid pro quo*. So far as the Opposition is concerned the feeling is evidently one of sentiment, and the substantial benefits that will accrue to England appear to be entirely ignored. On this latter point Mr. Stanley, who is certainly entitled to speak with more authority than sentimentalists at home—and who, as we remarked last month, is not likely to under-estimate any advantage gained from Germany—points out that, by this agreement with the latter, British colonists would be enabled to breathe in the heart of Africa; whereas, before this compact was entered upon, he was very doubtful whether colonization would prove a success. Pressure has been relieved, ill-feeling removed, and England will now possess a "glorious tableland" in the heart of Africa. That is, of course, provided the Bill passes, of which, we think, there can be small doubt. Should it fail to pass England will have much to regret in the future.

On the other hand public feeling appears to have run pretty high in Germany regarding the concessions made to England in Central and Eastern Africa, and, according to the telegrams,

it found loud and emphatic expression in Cologne, both during the proceedings of the German Colonial Society and at the ensuing banquet; and some of the journals openly complain that they were hoodwinked and made to mislead public opinion as to the true character of what seems to have been a very serious demonstration at Cologne. Dr. Fabri, who has devoted great attention to the question of colonial policy, declared that the general jubilation with which the Anglo-German Agreement had been greeted in England itself had produced the very opposite effect in Germany. The two points upon which he laid special stress were the surrender of Zanzibar to England, and the non-surrender of Walfisch Bay by England to Germany. "Without this bay," he said, "South-West Africa is practically worthless to Germany, and, on the other hand, the transference of Zanzibar to the English, far from removing all cause of misunderstanding and strife between them and the Germans, will only tend to accentuate the friction of their commercial and political rivalry." From this it will appear that Germany, or, at least, some Germans, fancy themselves aggrieved by the terms of the Agreement. The fact is that pessimists of either country are viewing the matter in the most gloomy light that presents itself to their jaundiced eyesight; but there is no reason to think that these bickerings will affect the issue either way, or in any way tend to upset the *entente cordiale* that exists between the two countries.

The Home Revenue returns for the first quarter of the current financial year are satisfactory, and, compared with the corresponding three months of the previous year, show an aggregate increase of £1,146,000. This increase is chiefly distributed over Customs, Excise and Stamps, and tends to prove the elasticity of the revenue. In Mr. Goschen's Budget speech it was estimated that the Customs would lose about £1,710,000 by the lowering of the duties on tea and currants, while it would gain considerably on foreign spirits, and that the Excise would gain on spirits and lose to the extent of £180,000 on silver plate—the result of all which would have been a small

decrease of revenue for the quarter, instead of a very substantial increase. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer succeeds in producing another Prosperity Budget, we suppose it will be said that the nation is once more "drinking itself out of its difficulties." There may, of course, be a falling-off in subsequent quarters, but so far the financial aspect is satisfactory.

Prominent amongst the social and literary events of the month stand out the marriage of Mr. H. M. Stanley, and the publication of his anxiously-looked-for book, *In Darkest Africa*. The telegraph has brought the news of the former event, and everyone will combine in wishing the intrepid explorer every happiness in his wedded state. The book has not yet reached India, and so we have to fall back upon the reviews in the English papers, to hand by the last mail, for the brief outline we present to our readers. It has been favourably received, and it is said that Mr. Stanley's narrative of his adventures, privations, sufferings, trials, dangers, and discoveries during his heroic quest and rescue of Emin is as moving and enthralling a tale as ever was told by man. Stanley has been accused of under-estimating the value of the services rendered by the rest of the expedition, and of unduly lauding himself at the expense of others. We are glad to have the authority of the *Times* in stating that, in the book itself, no trace of such self-laudation is to be found. The *Times'* reviewer says that the story "is told with so genuine a modesty of temper, so transparent a fidelity to fact, so generous and eager a desire on the part of the leader of the expedition to give their due meed of praise and recognition to each and all of his subordinates, not excepting the humblest of his African followers, that the critic's task becomes one of unstinted admiration of the almost unexampled greatness of the deeds accomplished and the profound ethical interest of the narrative which describes them." With the main outlines of the story as told in the book, we are, of course, well acquainted, and what it is that Mr. Stanley's labours have determined is also pretty generally understood. Readers of the book will therefore have presented to them the study of a familiar theme treated by a

master of literary expression, and they will have a continuous, instead of a fragmentary narrative of deeds of endeavour and endurance, enhanced by all the interest with which picturesque and realistic detail can surround them.

In a despatch from Lord Salisbury to the French Government, dated the 29th May, regarding the Newfoundland Fisheries Question, his Lordship said that French Commanders could not be allowed to take the law into their own hands against British fishermen, but must refer all cases in dispute to Commanders of British men-of-war who were on the spot. It will be remembered that the greatest excitement was said to exist, some little time back, in Newfoundland over this question, a report which, according to Reuter, was denied by Sir William Vallance Whiteway, the Premier of Newfoundland, who is now in England for the purpose of conferring with the Imperial Government on the subject. Meanwhile nothing further has been heard, except that the Commander of the British cruiser *Emerald* has withdrawn his marines from Baird's lobster factory which had been seized and shut up. It must have been an embarrassing necessity that induced the Commander of the *Emerald* to seize an establishment owned by a British subject, and that the act caused much excitement we are quite prepared to believe, although it was, perhaps, exaggerated. It is satisfactory to learn that both the British and French Governments are doing their best to effect a compromise. The French undoubtedly possess treaty rights of fishing for and drying cod-fish, conceded to them by the Treaty of Utrecht, and subsequent treaties include the rights to catch and can lobsters, and this is where the difficulty comes in. If the rights granted to the French are exclusive, then no Newfoundlander may catch lobsters, or set up a lobster factory, on the west shore—over which the latter treaties extend and where Baird's factory was apparently established. It will thus be seen that the question is a sufficiently complex one, more particularly when it is taken into consideration that the Newfoundlanders also have notions of their own, and may refuse to abide by any decision come to between the two Governments.

The French appear to be making themselves more unpopular than ever in Egypt by their refusal to discuss the proposal for the application of the economies resulting from the conversion of the Debt. The attitude of France in this matter—as well as in others—is considered detrimental to the true interests of Egypt, and there is said to be marked re-action in favor of British influence in Egypt. Correspondence on the subject is pouring in from all parts of the country, and a correspondent at Dakhaleeyah says that “all agree that France offers words, but not facts,” and he insists on the rights of the natives to the benefits arising from the Conversion, as they have sacrificed all to pay the debt and to raise the loan for the Conversion.

The American Silver Bill—or, as it is sometimes called, the Republican Caucus Bill—has received the signature of President Harrison, despite the opposition of the Democrats, who have not hesitated to characterise the Bill as a vicious and dangerous piece of legislation, calculated to debase and inflate the currency. The two salient points of the present Bill are, so far as we can gather from the various conflicting telegrams received from time to time during the past two months, that it will utilize every dollar of the silver product of the United States; and the second, that the instant silver is on a parity with gold, that instant there will be free and unlimited coinage of silver; or, in other words, the United States Government will continue to buy up silver bullion to the value of four and a half millions of dollars per mensem until silver reaches its normal value of 16 to 1. To meet this large withdrawal of silver, Treasury Notes will be issued, redeemable, on demand, in coin, and to meet this demand silver bullion, purchased under the Act, may be coined by Government to the full amount of the Treasury Notes so issued. These, in substance, are the provisions of an Act which has been rendered very difficult to understand owing to the complex features introduced, and the many discussions that have taken place on mere matters of detail, and which have tended to obscure the real issues. It is pretty certain that, had our American cousins not taken

the lead in the matter, we should have had no further silver legislation for some years to come. The experiment is a bold one. Its immediate effect on Exchange in this country has been felt already. What its future effects will be remains to be seen. There are not wanting those who predict a repetition of the crisis of 1873, resulting in a fall in silver which will shake trade all over the world.

Although the Bulgaria of to-day is very far removed, politically speaking, from the Bulgaria of 20 years ago—then under the direct dominion of the Turk—it is still as much an element of discord as it ever has been ; and until the fact is recognised that its external security is intimately bound up with its freedom from internal intrigue, it will continue to act as the stormy petrel of Eastern Europe—not on account of any direct aggressiveness on its own part, but by the opportunities it affords its enemies—and friends—great and small, of coming to an issue over the so-called Eastern Question. These opportunities are afforded by the continual intrigues that are being carried on against the authority of the *pro tem.* ruler and the ease with which conspiracies and kidnappings are organised. The execution of Major Panitza furnishes a fitting climax to a case in point, but it is a dangerous thing to teach a people that acts of clemency or sternness are due, not so much to the strength of character of the ruler, as to the pressure brought to bear by his advisers. The news of the execution, though it was somewhat unexpected, does not appear to have shocked Europe—but it has stirred up a great deal of ill-feeling in Bulgaria itself. For Major Panitza it is impossible to feel much sympathy—although every tribute may be paid to his courage and fortitude. Like most inveterate gamblers—political or otherwise—he played for high stakes, but, unlike some of his equally unfortunate brethren, when he saw the game was played out, he took his reverses as a man. He had been under sentence for some time—and on a previous occasion a telegram announcing that he had actually been executed was received in this country. But at last strong pressure was brought to bear upon Prince Ferdinand, who yielded and signed the final warrant. Few

will be inclined to blame the Prince for his refusal to commute the sentence ; for although he might have enhanced his character for amiability, he would have also incurred the censure of a very strong and influential party in Bulgaria, and would most certainly have drawn upon himself the undying enmity of Stambouloff. True it is he risked the disapproval of Russia, but he has received the unanimous support of the Austrian official journals. Between friends and enemies Prince Ferdinand has a difficult course to steer, and a strong hand at the helm, such as Stambouloff has proved himself—so far—to be is a first necessity. The object of both friends and enemies is to set Bulgaria by the ears, and to steer a middle course without allowing a chance to either requires a wise ruler.

The revolution which has been brewing for some months past in the Argentine Republic has at last come to a head, and severe fighting is being carried on between the Government and the rebels—in which the latter, so far, seem to have gained some slight advantage. Revolutions are of such frequent occurrence amongst these South American States that were it not for the commercial interests involved they would excite but little comment. Since 1870, however, the Argentine Republic has managed to steer pretty clear of 'rows,' and this somewhat lengthy period of peace seems to have been devoted to rash speculation, and the raising of loans by the Government until the 'outs' have been no longer able to restrain themselves, and have become clamorous for their share of the plunder, and its necessary adjunct,—a change of Government. The present revolution is said to be a military one, and the navy has joined the insurgents. If this be true it would appear that the civil population is standing by the existing Government, and opposing the troops by those methods of street warfare at which the peoples of these Republics have become such adepts. General Campos—who was recently imprisoned by the Government for complicity in a conspiracy—was rescued by the insurgents, and placed in command of these forces, while President Celman, who fled at first towards Rosario, made a stand at Nova Palermo, and a fierce engagement



seems to have been fought at the latter place, in which it is said that the President's forces were repulsed with heavy loss—the rebel forces also suffering severely and losing two of their leaders, Major Campos and Colonel Marmendia. The fighting in Buenos Ayres itself has also been of a severe nature, and now that some of the chief rebel leaders have been killed, it is probable that the position will become more difficult, for these leaders exercised a certain amount of control over their troops. Now that that restraint is removed, we may safely predict that the rebels will commit excesses, if opportunity offers, which might have been kept under by a strong and popular leader, such as Major Campos. Already more than a thousand lives have been lost in the streets of Buenos Ayres alone, and nothing but a decisive blow, struck by one side or the other, will put an end to the indiscriminate slaughter that appears to be going on. The latest news is to the effect that a British gun-boat has arrived at the mouth of the River Plate, but although her presence may have a moral effect, it is doubtful whether she can do much beyond affording a place of refuge to the English residents. From the mouth of the Plate to Buenos Ayres is a long distance, and even when the gun-boat arrives off the city, she will not be able to get very close in on account of the shoal water.

APEX.

CALCUTTA, 29th July 1890.



# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 11.—SEPTEMBER 1890.

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## *THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.*

No. 1.

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It will be impossible, for some years to come, to arrive at any very accurate estimate of what Great Britain has gained by the recent Agreement with Germany regarding the relative positions of the two countries in East, South-West, and West Africa. For good or for evil that Agreement has been entered upon, and the future depends, mainly, upon the great chartered companies upon whom the work of opening up the territory acquired will fall. At the same time we can, with the text of the Agreement before us, and the aid of good maps, judge pretty fairly how we stand at present, and it will be our endeavour to set forth, in this paper, present results so far as we can ascertain them by a careful study of the subject from such material as is available. And the first thing to be done in attempting to arrive at a clear understanding of the position is to brush away all preconceived opinions as to what *might have been*, and to accept things as they stood before the signing of the Agreement. It may be true—and we believe it is true—that, as Commander Lovett Cameron points out, we had in 1876 the fairest opportunity of easily opening up a vast continent to British trade, and of adding whatever portion of

it was not then legally in the possession of other civilized nations to our Empire." It may also be true that we lost through apathy the opportunity of securing in 1885 our interests in Kilimanjaro, a region of "beauty, productiveness and healthfulness which culminates on one huge ridge and two snow-clad volcanic cones." The British Government, we are told, was anxious that "such a fine sanatorium, so near a coast which we were compelled to watch over, should not be lost to Great Britain." But capitalists were shy. Sir William Mackinnon's disappointment about the Lakes Road and his failure to obtain support in his previous actions on the Zanzibar littoral were fresh in the public mind, and Manchester men and London audiences alike derided the feasibility of our "working" East Africa. Meanwhile the Germans, more fully alive to the 'feasibility,' acquired Kilimanjaro, and when their acquisition became known in England there was a tremendous outcry, and the magnitude of our interests in the Zanzibar countries was suddenly realized. But it is too late at this stage, to harp upon what might have been done; suffice it to say that our opportunities were allowed to slip, and, considering how negligent the British public has been until comparatively recent years, it is, we think, satisfactory to know that by the terms of the Agreement we are now better off than ever we were before; and that we have secured our fair and proper share in Eastern Africa, "a share rightly proportionate to the acquisition of Germany and the extension of French power in the Indian Ocean."

Our native fellow-subjects are extremely fond of terming the British, "land grabbers," and we have frequently heard the question put, "What right have the English or the Germans in Africa at all?" Before proceeding to discuss the terms of the Agreement we may briefly indicate what it is that render our occupation of African territory not only justifiable but highly desirable. To a British explorer, Mungo Park, the world owes the discovery of the Niger River, and after the victory of Waterloo, when our power of colonial and commercial expansion was freed from the fetters which had, during the Thirty Years'

War so greatly curtailed it, expedition after expedition was sent to the Niger regions, while Captain Tucker set out to explore the Congo. Cape Colony and the Mauritius had already fallen into our hands owing to the Napoleonic wars. Early in the present century Captain Owen surveyed the eastern and western coasts of Africa and hoisted the British flag at Mombasa, which was afterwards handed over to the Sultan of Zanzibar. Captain Owen also did his best to secure Delagoa Bay to Great Britain ; but his treaties were upset by the award of Marshal MacMahon in 1875. England, too, was the first European nation to send explorers across the Desert of Sahara to Central Soudan. Then again from 1850 to 1873 David Livingstone sketched out the main features of South and Central African Geography, and before he could complete his work Burton had discovered Lake Tanganyika ; Speke and Grant had discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and had first traversed the debateable land between these two lakes which has been the subject of recent contention between Germany and ourselves. All this, alone, without counting the good work done in later years by Stanley, Sir Samuel Baker, Hamerton, Playfair, Rigby, Churchill and Sir William Mackinnon, afford, we think, sufficient justification for the presence of the British in Africa to-day. It was Great Britain that gave the impetus to African exploration, and without detracting from the work done by explorers hailing from other countries, we think it can be claimed that in the preliminary task of civilizing Eastern and Western Africa, Great Britain has done far more than her fair share. That we cannot point to still better results is not the fault of those energetic explorers who at a time that there "was only one nation alive" in tropical and Southern Africa, planted her flag and extended her authority in every direction. At that time the scramble had not commenced. Germany held not a square inch of African territory. France had abandoned many of her coast stations. Portugal and Spain were dormant, and the Dutch had surrendered, for money, their possessions on the Gold Coast. Had the opportunities then afforded been promptly seized, British trade

and British influence, to-day, would have permeated the entire continent. But British merchants were apathetic, and even Lord Beaconsfield, when the wealth and capabilities of Central Africa were explained to him, and our rights and duties in that locality set forth, declined "to revive a prerogative of the Crown which had fallen into desuetude" by granting a charter to a Company which would have undertaken the civilisation and commercial development of Central Africa.

It would appear that the magnitude of our interests in Africa has never been fully realized until some other nation had managed to forestall us. Thus we find that while our Consul-General, Sir John Kirk, was using his best endeavours to increase our hold on Zanzibar, the Germans had quietly been allowed to establish a protectorate behind—or, as it was then considered, in the middle of—the dominions of the Sultan. The strip of the mainland, nominally, at least, under the authority of the Sultan, extended along the coast from  $0^{\circ}10'$  to  $10^{\circ}24'$  south latitude, or between Somali Land and the Portuguese territory of Mozambique. The inland boundary of this strip was undefined; and it is part of this coast line that is required to be ceded absolutely to Germany under the new Agreement; the Sultan receiving an equitable indemnity for the loss of revenue arising from such cession. The establishment of a protectorate by Germany on the mainland stirred up public feeling in England. Sir William Mackinnon came once more to the fore; Government was strengthened by public opinion, and a fair slice of Equatorial Africa was secured, after all.

Other nations, too, were watching the extension of British and German influence, with jealous eyes, and soon a regular scramble ensued. The Portuguese first awoke from their lethargy, and attempted to revive their obsolete claims, and to put forward new ones, which never had the slightest foundation in fact. All this culminated in the recent trouble with the bumptious little kingdom, when Lord Salisbury, backed by public opinion throughout the country, plainly showed that the British were, at last, alive to their interests, and intended to maintain them. The King of the Belgians founded the International

Association, which sent out expedition after expedition, with very little success until the services of Stanley were secured, and he became the executive head of that section of the main scheme known as the "Comatè des Etudes," in which capacity he concluded many treaties for the Belgians with the chiefs living on the banks of the Congo—and laid the foundation of the Congo Free State. M. de Brazza, commissioned by the French Government, negotiated some important concessions for France on the West Coast; and here again the apathy displayed by British officials was remarkable. Cameron points out that at that time France was willing to have given us the Gaboon in exchange for the Gambia, when a cry was raised by a few interested persons that we were about to cede an ancient colony. The 'cry,' unlike that recently got up in favor of the retention of Heligoland, was only too successful, and to-day we see the result. The Gambia, cut off from the interior by the extension of the French Colony of Senegal, is rapidly dying of atrophy, and the greater portion of the trade still remaining to Bathurst is carried on by the correspondents of French houses; while French influence is predominant in countries "sacred to the memory of Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton and Landor." The "Colonial fever" was, too, fast spreading in Germany. German explorers planted their flag on territories that had never known the name of Germany; and the Cameroons, Namaqua and Damara land were proclaimed German territories on the strength of so-called treaties; often in direct violation of agreements previously made with British subjects. In the East, however, the British displayed more energy. The Germans viewed our progress with apprehension, and the cry of "*das Hinterland*," of which we have heard so much of late in connection with the Agreement, was raised. *Das Hinterland* meant, to the Germans, all Central Africa lying between the coast line leased to the German East African Company and the Congo Free State. How this claim, if allowed, would have affected British interests we shall show later on.

It is evident that some mutual and binding agreement between the Powers most interested was absolutely necessary

if the work of civilization was to make any progress, commensurate with the vast sums of money being expended. The claims of Germany for *das Hinterland* could not be allowed in their entirety—more especially as *ein Hinterland* was claimed for Witu also, thus cutting off the British Company from all extension northward. The continuation of the line of demarcation claimed by the Germans would also have given them the greater portion of Uganda, and access to the Nile Valley would have been closed to the British. By the terms of the Agreement these evils have been averted, but, as is but just and right, Great Britain has had to sacrifice something in return for concessions which her own negligence had placed it in the power of Germany to refuse. As Sir Henry Percy Anderson points out in his despatch to Sir E. Malet, dated 28th June last, the delimitation of the spheres may not correspond with the desire which has been expressed in some quarters that an uninterrupted British sphere should extend through Central Africa, but it must be remembered that the realization of this idea was already impracticable when the negotiations commenced, Germany and the Congo State being riverain throughout the large territory comprised in the eastern and western shores of Lake Tanganyika. Traders will rely for their security as to freedom of passage on the terms of the VIII Article, which give ample guarantees for untrammelled communication between the British spheres both by land and water.

Article I of the Agreement defines the spheres in which the exercise of influence reserved to Germany and England in East Africa is bounded. The German territory is defined, to the north, by a line which, commencing on the coast at the north bank of the River Umba runs direct to Lake Jipe; thence, taking a more northerly direction, it skirts the northern base of Kilimanjaro and runs direct in a north-westerly direction until it strikes the Victoria Nyanza a little above the first parallel of south latitude. Thence, crossing the lake on that parallel, it follows that parallel to the frontier of the Congo Free State, where it terminates. Within the British sphere, however, lies Mount Mfumbiro, and so the boundary line is

deflected to the southward to exclude that mountain, returning, however, after Mfumbiro has been skirted, to the original parallel, so as to terminate at the point above-named.

To the south the German territory is defined by a line which, starting on the coast at the northern limit of the province of Mozambique, follows the course of the river Rovuma to the point of confluence of the Msinje; thence it runs westward along the parallel of that point till it reaches Lake Nyassa; thence striking northward, it follows the eastern, northern, and western shores of the lake to the northern bank of the mouth of the river Songwe; it ascends that river to the point of its intersection by the 33rd degree of east longitude; thence it follows the river to the point where it approaches most nearly the boundary of the geographical Congo Basin defined in the 1st Article of the Act of Berlin; from that point it strikes direct to the above-named boundary, and follows it to the point of its intersection by the 32nd degree of east longitude, from which point it strikes direct to the point of confluence of the northern and southern branches of the River Kilambo, and thence follows that river till it enters Lake Tanganyika.

To the west the territory is defined by a line which, from the mouth of the River Kilambo to the first parallel of south latitude, is conterminous with the Congo Free State, while, to the east it is bounded by the Indian Ocean.

The sphere in which the exercise of influence is reserved to Great Britain is bounded—To the south by the above-mentioned line running from the mouth of the River Umba to the point where the first parallel of south latitude reaches the Congo Free State. Mount Mfumbiro is included in the sphere. To the north by a line commencing from the coast at the north bank of the mouth of the River Juba; thence it ascends that bank of the river and is conterminous with the territory reserved to the influence of Italy in Gallaland and Abyssinia, as far as the confines of Egypt. To the west by the Congo Free State, and by the western watershed of the basin of the Upper Nile.

In order to render effective the delimitation Germany with-



draws in favour of Great Britain her protectorate over Witu. Great Britain engages to recognize the sovereignty of the Sultan of Witu over the territory extending from Kipini to the point opposite the Island of Kwyhoo, fixed as the boundary in 1887. Germany also withdraws her protectorate over the adjoining coast up to Kysmayu, as well as her claims to all other territories on the mainland, to the north of the River Tana, and to the Islands of Patta and Manda.

By Article XI of the Agreement, Great Britain undertakes to use her influence to facilitate a friendly arrangement, by which the Sultan of Zanzibar shall cede absolutely to Germany his possessions on the mainland, comprised in existing concessions to the German East African Company and their dependencies, as well as the Island of Mafia. It is understood that His Highness will, at the same time, receive an equitable indemnity for the loss of revenue resulting from such cession. Germany engages to recognize a protectorate of Great Britain over the remaining dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar, including the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, as well as over the dominions of the Sultan of Witu, and the adjacent territory up to Kismayu, from which her protectorate is withdrawn. It is understood that if the cession of the German coast has not taken place before the assumption by Great Britain of the protectorate of Zanzibar, Her Majesty's Government will, in assuming the protectorate, accept the obligation to use all their influence with the Sultan to induce him to make that cession at the earliest possible period in consideration of an equitable indemnity.

These clauses of the Agreement refer only to East Africa, and in that portion of the Dark Continent the question of our boundaries as regards Germany is satisfactorily cleared up. To quote the words of Sir Percy Anderson, "the immense area reserved to British influence is, from its extensive coast line, with its valuable harbours, to the western watershed of the Upper Nile, made conterminous with specified territories; no gap is left on the boundaries. The German sphere is equally protected." We shall have something further to say regarding the other spheres in our next issue.

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\* *IN DARKEST AFRICA.*

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IN reviewing a book such as Stanley has just given to the world the ordinary commonplaces with which it has become customary to preface a literary notice may safely be omitted. A story so fraught with interest and so full of romance, mystery and suspense as that of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, could not fail to prove of abounding interest, told in any shape or form; but, as portrayed by such a master of literary expression as Stanley, the result is a book so full of thrilling incident, romantic description and dangerous situations as to at once enchain the attention of the reader. The tale is not a new one. It has been given to the world already, in parts; and has spread over three years. But the volume is now complete, and we have before us a story such as it would be difficult to discover in the annals of history.

The book opens with a prefatory letter to Sir William Mackinnon, who did so much towards promoting the expedition, and in this letter occurs one of the most remarkable passages in the volume. We cannot forbear from quoting it. Stanley writes :—

You who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will understand better than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back again in civilization, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Con-

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\* *In Darkest Africa ; or, the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. (London : Samson, Low, Marston, Searl & Rivington.)

strained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitude that I would confess his aid before men. A silence as of death was around me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated with fatigue and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long lost Rear Column.

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The story commences with the suggestions first made in 1886 regarding the possibilities of conveying relief to Emin. For twelve years Dr. Emin lived and laboured in the Equatorial Province before he became known to the world. Then the report of the increasing difficulties and dangers of his position, and his need of help and support was first published in England, and as soon as his wants were understood, it did not take long to rouse a wish to send him aid. In a letter dated July 22nd, 1886, Emin says:—

I am still waiting and hoping for help, and that from England, whose philanthropic spirit will, I hope, keep her true to her ancient traditions, notwithstanding the rise and fall of Governments. . . One or two caravans are all that are necessary, and I believe they could easily reach me from the east coast direct or from the north-east corner of the Victoria Nyanza, . . . and it must not be forgotten that if I knew that help was coming to me from that direction, I could easily push forward one or more stations towards the east, and thus stretch out a helping hand to any caravan coming to my relief.

It was thought in England, when this letter was received, that all that was required by Emin was ammunition. However, it was thoroughly understood that he was in sore straits, and towards the end of 1886 preparations were made to collect porters at Zanzibar, to which port the necessary outfit and ammunition were despatched with all speed. The question of routes still remained to be decided. Stanley, as we know, had all along been in favour of the Congo route, but many African authorities opposed his views, and there was, up to the very last, a hope that one of the east coast routes

would be chosen after all. It was not until Stanley reached Cairo that the decision was finally made, and it was resolved to take the Congo route and to secure the services of Tippoo Tib. Stanley, in writing home at this time, said :—

It is the relief of Emin Pasha that is the object of the expedition—said relief consisting of ammunition in sufficient quantity to enable him to withdraw from his dangerous position in Central Africa in safety, or to hold his own, if he decides to do so, for such length of time as he may see fit. . . . The expedition is non-military—that is to say, its purpose is not to fight, destroy, or waste. Its purpose is to save, to relieve distress, to carry comfort. Emin Pasha may be a good man, a brave officer, a gallant fellow, deserving of a strong effort of relief ; but I decline to believe, and I have not been able to gather from anyone in England an impression, that his life, or the lives of the few hundreds under him, would overbalance the lives of thousands of natives and the devastation of immense tracts of countries which an expedition strictly military would naturally cause. The expedition is a mere powerful caravan, armed with rifles for the purpose of ensuring the safe conduct of the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and for the more certain protection of his people during the retreat home. To enable the expedition to effect the relief of Emin with the least harm to a soul native or foreign and to ensure a larger certainty of success, the Congo route was selected.

We need not follow Stanley on his voyage from Egypt to Zanzibar, or through his rapid journey round the Cape to the mouth of the Congo, which was reached on the 18th of March 1887. From this point the chief interest in the book begins.

On the 19th of March the expedition began to move up the Congo, but the rainy season and flooded rivers rendered the march extremely difficult, and it was not until the 22nd April that Stanley Pool was sighted. Then the expedition was mustered, and it was discovered that 57 men had deserted, taking with them 38 Remington rifles. Of bill-hooks, axes, shovels, canteens, spears, &c., over 50 per cent. were missing—all in a 28 days' march. Very promising this—at so early a stage. The expedition was now reduced to 737 men. On April 30th the *Florida* was launched and the embarkation commenced. It may be useful for future reference to note that from this

point the expedition was divided into seven companies, officered as follows :—

					Company.
E. M. Barttelot	...	Major	...	No. 1	Soudanese.
W. G. Stairs	...	Captain	...	„ 2	Zanzibaris.
R. H. Nelson	...	„	...	„ 3	„
A. J. Mounteney-Jephson	...	„	...	„ 4	„
J. S. Jameson	...	„	...	„ 5	„
John Rose Troup	...	„	...	„ 6	„
T. H. Parke	...	„	and Surgeon	„ 7	Somalis and Zanzibaris.

On the 1st May the start was made from Stanley Pool, involving a river voyage of about 1,100 miles to Yambaya. Stanley thus describes the voyage :—

The days passed quickly enough. The earlier hours presented to us every morning panoramas of forest land, and myriads of forest isles, and broad channels of dead calm water, so beshone by the sun that they resembled rivers of quicksilver. . . . Seated in an easy chair scarcely 40 feet from the shore, every revolution of the propeller caused us to see new features of foliage, bank, trees, shrubs, plants, buds and blossoms. We might be indifferent to, or ignorant of, the character and virtues of the several plants and varied vegetation we saw ; we might have no interest in any position of the shore, but we certainly forgot the lapse of time while observing the outward forms, and were often kindled into livelier interest whenever an inhabitant of the air or of the water appeared in the field of vision. Those delightful views of perfectly calm waters and vivid green forests with every sprig and leaf still as death, and almost unbroken front line of thick, leafy bush, sprinkled with butterflies, moths and insects, and wide rivers of shining water will remain longer in our minds than the stormy aspects which disturbed the exquisite repose of nature almost every afternoon.

From the middle of March to the middle of May was the rainy season, and the “stormy aspects” consisted of thunder, lightning and rain, which latter poured with tropical copiousness.

After various delays, owing chiefly to the incompetence of the steamers, Stanley and his expedition reached Yambuya, where the vexed question as to who should take charge of the

Rear Column was settled. After some discussion Major Barttelot, as senior officer, was appointed to the post, which was second in importance only to that of Stanley, while Captain Jameson was appointed second in command. An entrenched camp was established, with these two officers in command, and a force of 120 men; while Stanley himself, accompanied by Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke, Mr. Mounteney-Jephson and 414 men, left on the 20th June for the Albert Nyanza. Leaving the Rear Column, therefore, stationed at Yambuya, we accompany Stanley on his journey.

It was on the 28th day of June that Stanley and his party entered the dense forest beyond the utmost bounds of the clearings of Yambuya, and from that day until the 5th December they marched through the forest bush and jungle without ever having seen a bit of green sward "of the size of a cottage chamber floor." Stanley writes :—" Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forest, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, with varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker and slighter shade." This dense forest into which Stanley so boldly plunged was, be it remembered, an absolutely unknown region, opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilized men for the first time. The march through the forest regions of the Ituri river was marked by famine, frequent fighting with the natives, sickness and all manner of hardships. The dogged endurance and firm will which enabled Stanley to overcome these terrible obstacles and to infuse into his European associates and native followers that unselfish bravery by which they overcame all obstacles, and finally reached their goal, will be better understood as the tale unfolds itself.

We need not follow Stanley in his march through this frightful region of forest wilderness and devastated land; beset by famine, sickness, treachery, desertion and cowardice. It is a daily record of toil and endurance; but naturally it forms rather tedious reading. Suffice it to say that on the 1st December the expedition quitted the deadly, gloomy forest and gazed

upon the gratifying sight of a fairly varied scene of pasture land and forest, of level champaigns and grassy slopes, of valleys and hills, rocky knolls and softly-rounded eminences, a veritable land of hills and valleys, that drinketh the rain of heaven "This then," writes Stanley,

was the long-promised view and the long-expected exit out of gloom! Therefore I called the tall peak terminating the forested ridge, of which the spur whereon we stood was a part, and that rose two miles east of us to a height of 4,600 feet above the sea,—Pisgah, Mount Pisgah—because after 156 days of twilight in the primeval forest, we had first viewed the desired pasture lands of Equatoria.

Stanley proceeds to describe, with some humour, the proceedings of his followers on reaching this desirable region. They thought their troubles were over—with how much truth we shall soon see. Having occasion to repair the roof of one of the villages in which they were encamped a man mounted the top of the house and was seen to gaze earnestly around. He then roared out, loud enough for the entire village to hear: "I see the grass land. Oh, but we are close to it." The others derided, but it proved to be the truth, for upon an ancient crone of the village being captured—very much against her will, be it said,—she, after much coaxing, informed the weary travellers that they were in Indesura, and that the Ituri river ran close by.

From the 1st to the 13th the history of the expedition is one of constant fighting and skirmishing with hostile tribes, but on the 13th the Albert Nyanza was really sighted, and Stanley encamped on its banks the following day. Stanley was, however, much disappointed at the prospect before him. The scene he looked upon was very different to what he had anticipated. No means of navigating the rough waters of the lake were procurable and no news of Emin could be obtained. The expedition therefore removed to Ibwire on the border of the forest, where the first duty that lay before them was to employ every soul in the building of a stockade, within which the necessary buildings could be constructed at more leisure.

By the 18th of January the stockade of Fort Bodo was completed, and the next duty was to extricate Nelson and Parke

from the clutches of the Manynema, into whose hands they had previously fallen; to bring up the convalescents, the *Advance*, steel boat, the Maxim gun and 116 loads of stores from Ipoto. For this duty Lieutenant Stairs was detailed, and his instructions were to proceed with one hundred rifles to Ipoto, "to see what has become of Nelson, Parke and our sick men, and, if living, to escort every man here." On the 8th February the party returned. Surgeon Parke was the first to arrive, looking wonderfully well; but Nelson, who suffered from sore feet, and entered the fort an hour later, was prematurely old, with pinched and drawn features, with the bent back and feeble gait befitting an octogenarian. The accounts given prove that the stay of these officers at the Manynema village required greater strength of mind and a moral courage greater than was needed by Stanley's party during the stormy advance across the grassland, on the first journey to Lake Nyanza. They were not inspired by energising motives to sustain or encourage them in their hour of suffering from physical prostration, sickness, and the wearying life they had led among those fearful people, the Manynema; whereas Stanley's party had been borne up by the novelties of new scenes, the constant high pitch of excitement, and the passion of travel and strife. They suffered from the want of the common necessities of life day after day, while Stanley had revelled in abundance.

Of life at Fort Bodo Stanley writes :—

Life at Fort Bodo, on the whole, has not been unpleasant except for Captain Nelson and myself. It is true we have fretted, and never been free from anxiety respecting the whereabouts and fate of our friends. We have also been anxious to depart and be doing something towards terminating our labours, but circumstances which we cannot control rise constantly to thwart our aims. We have therefore striven to employ every leisure hour towards providing unstinted supplies of food, in the hope that fortune will be good enough to veer round once more in our favour, and bring Barttelot and our friends, Jameson, Ward, Troup and Bonny, with their little army of men, to Fort Dodo, before our second return from the Nyanza.

It was on the 2nd day of April 1888 that the expedition once more set out on their journey to the Albert Nyanza. They



now had their steel boat, in twelve sections, which had been brought up to Fort Bodo by Lieutenant Stairs. Of this portion of the journey, Stanley writes :—

The advance guard scanning the tract and fully lessoned in all the crooked ways and wiles of the pigmies, and aborigines, picked up many a cleverly hidden skewer from the path. At some points they were freely planted under an odd leaf or two of phrynium or at the base of a log, over which, as over a stile, a wayfarer might stride and plant his foot into a barbed skewer, well smeared with dark poison. But we are too learned now in the art of African forest craft, and the natives were not so skilled in the invention of expedients as to produce new styles of molestation and annoyance.

On the march Stanley heard the first news of Emin that had yet reached him. From one of the tribes Stanley gathered that about two months after he had passed the spot on his return from Lake Nyanza a "white man called '*Malleju*,' or the *Bearded One*, reached Katonzas in a big canoe, all of iron, with a tall black tree in the middle, out of which came smoke and sparks of fire." The chief of the tribe sent his runners to the lake to announce the arrival of "*Malleju's* brother," and thus was the news of Stanley's second arrival announced to Emin.

Stanley meanwhile moved on towards the lake, and on the 29th April encamped about a quarter of a mile from the shore, not far from the bivouac ground occupied on the previous occasion, on the site of old Kavilli. During the afternoon the steamer of Emin made its appearance on the lake, and at 8 P. M. after reaped salutes from rifles, Emin Pasha himself walked, into camp accompanied by Captain Casati and others. Of this interview Stanley writes :—

I shook hands with all, and asked which was Emin Pasha? Then one rather small, slight, figure, wearing glasses, arrested my attention by saying in excellent English: "I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. Stanley; I really do not know how to express my thanks to you."

"Ah, you are Emin Pasha. Do not mention thanks, but come in and sit down. It is so dark out here we cannot see one another."

And at this point we must leave the reader for the present issue; not from any desire to adopt the methods of the serial

tale writers, who make it a custom to always leave off at some most interesting point of their narrative, but because the exigencies of space have to be considered.

\* Of the Rear Column we have purposely omitted all mention since we left it stationed at Yambuya. That column has its own sad tale to tale. How the promised porters did not arrive at Yambuya, how treachery arose in the camp itself, how Major Barttelot was shot, and the rear portion of the expedition plunged into a thoroughly disorganised state. That story we shall endeavour to embody in the continuation of our notice.

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## THE PEARL-DROP OF INDIA.

No. 1.

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THE history of a country that is rising in commercial importance, and that is flattered by such epithets as the "emerald gem," and the "cinnamon isles" on account of its industrial pursuits should prove of considerable interest to my readers. As to who the first settlers in the island were is an open question; and being unable by the process of induction, even with the materials at my command, to arrive at any definite conclusion, I leave it in its perplexing condition by simply mentioning that the Burmese, the Chinese, and the Indians are each claimants to the honor of first settlement.

In the Ramayana there is mention made of a battle having been fought in this island between Rama and Rawana. Major Forbes and Mr. Turnour, two distinguished Ceylonese antiquarians, have fixed the site of this battle somewhere in the neighbourhood of Newara Ellia, but whether this position has been accurately defined or not I am unable to authenticate or deny. But it is generally supposed to be fabulous. Be it as it may, Sakya Muni, or Gautama, also Gaudama, known as the modern Buddha, finding the religion of the island degenerating, visited it with the purpose of restoring to it its pristine holiness. There are many miraculous events connected with his visit, chief among them is his having intuitively known the particular places hallowed by the touch of his ancient ancestors.

*Wijya.*—It is also stated by the followers of Buddhism that Wijya, the founder of the subsequent royal dynasty, landed in

Ceylon on the very day that Buddha died (B.C. 543). This prince was the son of a king of modern Bengal, being driven from home by his father for his misconduct, along with a host of associates. He tried to land somewhere on the coast of India, but meeting with opposition, directed his course towards Ceylon, where he was permitted a safe landing. No sooner had he thoroughly settled himself than he married the daughter of the chief of the island. This alliance fortunately turned out a happy stroke in his life. He secured the confidence and love of his consort, and through her instrumentality succeeded in putting an end to all the chiefs of the country, and placing in their stead his own comrades, thereby securing for himself supreme power and absolute sway over the island. His reign lasted for 38 years, and he unfortunately died childless, but not without having secured a successor.

*Punduwasa*.—Sometime before his death, Wijya finding himself without an heir, and not wishing the rule of the island to pass into the hands of another family, wrote his father to send over his younger brother, Punduwasa. This his father willingly did, more so as he had forgiven his son after having become cognizant of his achievements. Although the new monarch arrived a year after the decease of his brother, he found the throne ready for him, which he occupied without opposition. One of Wijya's ministers, a man of sound principles, high sense of honor, true fidelity, and sincere devotion to his master, is credited with the above act of security. In accordance with the will of Wijya, Punduwasa married a cousin of Sakya Muni, by whom before his death he was made father of a baker's dozen—ten boys and three girls. *Umansit* was one of the latter. I mention her name only because she plays an important part in the next reign. *Abhaya* succeeded his father. According to prophecy it was asserted that after the decease of Punduwasa, an offspring of *Umansit* would destroy all her brothers and dethrone *Abhaya*. Superstition led to its belief, and the princes, in order to secure themselves, had their sister closely confined; but to no purpose. She soon fell in love with a young prince and agreed to marry him. Rather than be put

to shame and have to suffer disgrace, which Abhaya knew perfectly well would be the outcome of a refusal, he consented to the marriage upon the condition that, should Umansit's first issue be a boy, instantaneous death would be his fate. It so happened that her first born was a boy. Equal to the occasion, Umansit's clever nurse, the same woman through whose intervention and help her marriage had been effected, lost no time in quickly substituting a female infant in the place of the boy, thereby intercepting the murder. The fraud was discovered, but the infant being under the protection of the priests, all Abhaya's endeavours towards its discovery proved futile.

*Pundukhabaya* was the name of the ill-fated boy, who, when he grew up, found himself at the head of a large and powerful army. He lost no time in waging war upon his cruel and heartless uncle whom he ultimately, but not easily, de-throned. Ceylon on the accession of Pundukhabaya rapidly merged into a period of peace and tranquillity, and its capital, Anuradhapura, was greatly improved by extensive public works. Roads were made, buildings renowned for architectural and artistic beauty, some of which are still in existence, were constructed, tanks and canals were excavated for purposes of cultivation, villages and towns started up in districts never before explored, "and the country was divided into districts over each of which Civil and Judicial Officers presided."

*Tisso*.—During the reign of this sovereign Buddhism was placed upon a very firm basis in Ceylon (300 B.C.) It was effected in the following manner:—Dhammasoko, a religious Buddhist King of India, on the receipt of presents from Tisso, consequent upon a treaty to be entered into with him, acknowledged them by a similar return, coupled with the advice to him "to take refuge in Buddha, his religion, and priesthood." Besides, he sent over to Ceylon his son Mahanindo, a Buddhist high priest, in the company of Tisso's ambassador. Mahanindo met with a right royal welcome, which encouraged him to preach his religion fearlessly among the people. He had always a host of hearers, and in the course of a very short time succeeded in ordaining numberless priests, establishing colleges, erecting

temples, and thereby finally installing Buddhism as the religion of Ceylon. At the request of the women of Ceylon a priestess was sent for by Mahanindo, his sister. She made large conversions and got many to join her as nuns. At this period also a branch of the famous *bo* tree, sacred to Gautama, and under which he assumed his Buddhahood, was planted in Anuradhapura. It flourishes to the present day at the Maha Wiharo, and its wide and far-spreading branches afford shelter to thousands of monkeys and other animals.

*Tisso* was not backward in publicly proclaiming himself a follower of Buddha; and in honor of his faith he had many sacred edifices raised for its propagation. Some of these still continue, especially those of the Thoparamya Dagobah. His reign was very peaceful right through.

*Surratisso's* rule is chiefly noted for the conquest of Ceylon (256 B.C.) by Sena and Gutiko of Malabar, whom, with a large body of cavalry, of which they were the leaders, he had taken into his service. Securing the confidence of *Surratisso's* own soldiers, these Malabarian Generals revolted. *Suratisso* finding himself altogether abandoned ended his life. But Sena and Gutiko, after dividing the country equally between themselves, did not long hold sway; they met their match in *Asela*, a prince of the royal family, and were defeated by him; and so Ceylon passed into the hands of the natives. *Asela* on the other hand did not reign long, when *Elaha*, another Malabarian general, at the head of a mighty force, entered Anuradhapura, defeated him, and became supreme. *Elaha's* treatment of the people was anything but lenient. His arbitrary rule, and the manner in which he deported himself, especially towards royalty, caused all the princes to fly to a part of the island called Rohona, held at the time by *Giamono*, a distinguished personage, whose military tactics and martial abilities were popularly estimated as of a high order; and being naturally of a lenient and amiable disposition *Giamono* secured for himself a large number of followers and supporters. So after *Elaha* had enjoyed a firm, lengthened rule, and when he was on the brink of old age, and his power was declining, he met a powerfu

opponent in Giamono, who had now, as the leader of a large and revengeful force, waged war on him which resulted in his (Elaha's) overthrow and death, by Giamono himself. Declared king, Giamono's reign was distinguished by religious reforms. A pious and enthusiastic follower of Buddhism, his first and principal measure was the strengthening of his religion. He built many temples for this purpose, and next dug many tanks of immense sizes. The architectural excellence of the former and the dimensions of the latter are proofs of his piety and benevolence. Even to the present day there stands, somewhat in ruins, a building that is said to have been supported by 1,600 pillars: a great number of these are still standing, while those that have fallen continue to mark the spots on which they stood. This monarch is also noted for his charitable disposition, of which he gave proofs by the erection of hospitals and dispensaries. He was none the less alive to the security of life and property, to ensure which he appointed officers and magistrates throughout the length and breadth of his possessions.

*Walagambahu.*—Passing over a few reigns of unimportance we come to that of Walagambahu (100 B.C.) The principal events during the term of his rule are the invasion of the island again by the Madabarians, his retirement into seclusion, and ultimate restoration after a lengthened period of privacy due to the anarchical condition of the island during this foreign rule; and last, though not least, the transcription of the sayings and sermons of Buddha into two voluminous books, popularly known as the *Pittakattaya* and *Atthakatta*; the former is sub-divided into three *Pittakas*, called the *Wineyo*, *Abidhammo*, and *Sutto-Pittako*. Walagambahu is likewise credited with the erection of the famous temple styled the *Abhayagiri*, 400 feet in height, an elevation equal to that of the "topmost pinnacle of St. Peter's."

*Anula* was the wife of the last noticed sovereign's son, whom she killed in order to reign supreme. Treacherous and cruel to the backbone, she succeeded in thus disposing of five other husbands, whom she had wedded for their looks,

and for the purpose of lustful gratification. The people at last became quite sick of her, and the result of this feeling was her dethronement and execution. Her irregularities left the country in such a deplorable state of disorder that it took fully three or four reigns of peace that followed to restore its former order.

Here ends the history of Ceylon during the era B.C.; and a writer states, upon sound and warrantable authority, *vis.*, the writings of Fi Hian, a Buddhist priest of China; those of St. Ambrose, and the accounts of Cosmos Indicoplenstes, that Ceylon flourished most and prospered best from the beginning of our era to almost A.D. 500, after which began its decline; and during the 8th century the island reached the very zenith or rather nadir of mismanagement, confusion, and ruin. It was at this period that the transfer of the capital to Polonnaruwa was effected, to the utter neglect of Anuradhapura, which, as has already been stated, was renowned for the artistic elegance, magnitude, and number of its public works. It is not to be wondered at that, in this turbulent state of affairs, there arose in all parts of Ceylon numerous bands of lawless characters, hostile towards each other, and hence continually fighting among themselves. All that was now needed was a leader to unite them together, and marshal them, while in this spirit, into one vast formidable nation; and it was some time in the twelfth century that such a leader did spring up in *Prakrama*, a youth of extraordinary attainments, military, scientific, literary, and musical. He was an expert with the bow and arrow; was well-grounded in the sciences as taught in his days; could read and write with scholarly precision; and was proficient in music lore. When *Prakrama* was ready to occupy the throne, a dispute arose between himself and his father, in consequence of the last ruler having voluntarily resigned his position in favor of the latter. The dispute terminated by the dethronement of *Vikrama*, the father. An early reconciliation, however, set matters right, and *Prakrama* quite at liberty to carry out all his plans, already formed for the advancement and prosperity of his dominions and the



happiness and comfort of his subjects. He instituted colleges (which issued Buddhist works) for the benefit of the learned priests (which he freely supplied with large numbers of Buddhist works). Roads were ordered to be formed, tanks excavated, and buildings raised. Lands were allotted to the people, and disputes between "reis and rayats" were peacefully settled. In short, all that was determined upon by this enlightened and liberal-minded monarch, he had the satisfaction of fully realising. Unfortunately, however, all is not sunshine in one's career, and there was a cloud rapidly gathering in the hilly regions of Rohona, in the shape of an opposition on the part of its queen, Subhala, which suddenly burst on Prakrama while he was pushing forward his reforms, and thereby apparently acting much to the chagrin and annoyance of the Queen of the Rohonains. But notwithstanding all her display of military tactics on the occasion of her opposition, she was defeated by Prakrama's ablest general, Rakha. After this achievement, Rakha still found himself hemmed in by Subhala's forces on all sides; and if a strong reinforcement had not been opportunely sent to his assistance, the conclusion of a good beginning might have proved disastrous to him. However, by the aid of this additional strength, Subhala was forced into submission, and would for certain have lost her life if she had not quietly resigned herself to her fate. These victories were the cause of much rejoicing at the court; and in their honor a ceremony was ordered by Prakrama to be performed at the temple, in connection with which a miracle supposed to be true was wrought. While the procession was on its way to the place of worship, a heavy downpour of rain occurred, but strange to say that while it poured "cats-and-dogs" on all sides, not even a drop fell upon the procession during its march to the temple. Rohona again rebelled, but only once more to be defeated; and this time it was placed under stricter subjection. Subhala after this loss died almost simultaneously of fear. Peace now ensued, and Prakrama having no more fear of other civil disturbances availed himself of the opportunity to still further strengthen his position.

Before his death, in 1186, he waged two wars against foreign foes, and came off victorious in both. One was against Cambodia and the other against the districts in Southern India, "called in the native annals Pandi and Solli, on the Malabar and Coromandel coast."

With Prakrama's reign completely ends the history of the independent rule of Ceylon, and commences that of the European invasion.

W. ST. J. D.

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*AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE THROUGH  
CALCUTTA—continued.*

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OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THERE is some difficulty in fixing the site of this building, by reason of the conflicting opinions on the subject. Some say it was where the Treasury was subsequently located and formed a part of it; others place it in the south-east corner of Government Place. Our readers can form an idea of its proportions from the fact that when the Dutch Governor of Chinsura came to Calcutta, on a visit of ceremony to the Governor of Bengal in 1769, there was no fit place of reception for him; he was therefore accommodated in a house belonging to a native gentleman, hired for the occasion. Warren Hastings had a small town house on the site of the present Government House, and his wife lived close by in one of the annexes situated directly to the south of St. John's Church across the street. In 1780 the land upon which the Old Government House had stood was studded with mean-looking native huts "out of town." Fifteen years afterwards, Upjohn in his map of 1795 places Government House and the Council House on the spot on which the present Government House stands. What a contrast did this misplaced economy of the English present to the magnificent and almost regal style in which the other foreign Governors lived. The French Settlement at Chandernagore boasted of a stately palace at Ghirette, in front of which was a lawn, where, according to a writer in the *Calcutta Review*, one hundred and twenty carriages were drawn up at times. The

Dutch Governor, too, had a splendid mansion in the beautiful terraced gardens of Fort Gustavas in Chinsura. General Clavering lived in the house on the corner of Waterloo Street, now occupied by Messrs. Cuthbertson and Harper, saddlers and harness-makers, and Colonel Manson lived in a house in Mangoe Lane.

#### FORT WILLIAM.

The site of Fort William (called by the natives *Killa*) and the adjacent plains were occupied in 1756 by a village, the property of the Mitra family, and by salt marshes, a favourite resort of buffaloes. A series of experiments in boring and sinking shafts made in 1836-40, under the superintendence of Dr. Strong and Mr. James Prinsep, was said to prove conclusively "that the ocean rolled its waves 500 feet beneath the surface of the fort; and in 1682 a primeval forest existed in that locality." The present Fort was commenced by Lord Clive shortly after the battle of Plassey, which, properly speaking, laid the foundation of new Calcutta. Profiting by past experience, and the events of the previous year, he resolved to make it of such dimensions as to accommodate the inhabitants of Calcutta should adverse fortune bring about another investment of the place; and permission was accorded to every one living in the settlement, as Calcutta was then designated, to build a house within the Fort; but it appears that no one availed himself of this privilege, as a residence in a garrisoned place would interfere with domestic comforts; and people preferred living in garden houses out of town. The Fort took sixteen years to build and two crores of rupees were expended upon it, of which five lakhs went to the account of "piling," in order to prevent the encroachment of the river. As a matter of course, a good deal of speculation was carried on all round, both by Europeans and natives. An idea of its extent may be formed from the fact that when Mr. Holwell was about prosecuting some defrauders, he received from an anonymous party, the day preceding the trial, a sum of one lakh of rupees as hush-money, to burke the prosecution. Holwell was a man above receiving illegal gratification: he therefore made over the entire amount to Govern-

ment. The Fort\* was originally intended to be garrisoned by 1,000 men only. The ramparts bristle with guns, and with the exception of the Semaphore Tower in the Observatory which notifies, by the descent of a ball, the mean Calcutta time, and the turrets of St. Peter's Church, nothing can be seen of the

\* Fort William stands on the banks of the river, about a quarter of a mile below the town, and is superior in strength and regularity to any fortress in India. It is of an octagon form, five of the sides being regular, while the forms of the other three next the river are according to local circumstances. As no approach by land is to be apprehended on this side, the river coming up to the glacis, it was merely necessary to guard against attack by water, by providing a great superiority of fire, which purpose has been attained by giving the citadel towards the water the form of a large salient angle, the faces of which enfilade the course of the river. From these faces the guns continue to bear upon the objects until they approach very near to the city, where they would receive the fire of the batteries parallel to the river. This part is likewise defended by adjoining bastions and a countescarp that covers them.

The five regular sides are towards the land; the bastions here have all very salient orillons, behind which are retired and circular flanks extremely spacious, and an immense double flank at the height of the berme. This double flank would be an excellent defence, and would retard the passage of the Ditch, as from its form it cannot be enfiladed. The orillon preserves it from the effect of ricochet shot, and it is not to be seen from any parallel. The berme opposite to the curtain serves as a road to it, and contributes to the defence of the Ditch like a *fausse braye*.

The Ditch is dry with a cunette in the middle which receives the water of the Ditch by means of the sluices that are commanded by the Fort. The countescarp and covered way are excellent; every curtain is covered by a large half-moon, without flanks, bonnet, or redoubt; but the faces each mount thirteen pieces of heavy artillery, thus giving to the defence of these ravelins a fire of twenty-six guns. The semi-bastions, which terminate the five regular fronts on each side, are covered by a counter-guard, of which the faces like the half-moons are pierced with thirteen embrasures. These counter-guards are connected with two redoubts constructed in the place of arms of the adjacent re-entring angles; the whole is faced and palisaded with care, kept in admirable condition, and capable of making a vigorous defence against any army, however formidable. The advanced works are executed on an extensive scale, and the angles of the half-moons being extremely acute, project a great way, so as to be in view of each other beyond the flanked angle of the polygon, and capable of taking the trenches in the rear at an early period of the approach.

This citadel was commenced by Lord Clive soon after the battle of Plassey and was intended by him to be complete in every respect; but it has since been discovered that it is erected on too extensive a scale to answer the purpose for which it was intended, that of a tenable post in case of extremity, as the number of troops required to garrison it properly would be able to keep the field. It is capable of containing 15,000 men, and the works are so extensive that 10,000 would be required to defend them efficiently, and from first to last have cost the East India Company two millions sterling. The works are very little raised above the level of the surrounding country, and of course do not make an imposing appearance, nor are they even perceptible until closely approached. This excites great surprise in natives coming from the interior who always associate the idea of strength with that of elevation, and usually mistake the barracks for the fort, which, however, only contains buildings that are absolutely necessary, such as the residence of the Commandant, quarters for the troops, and the arsenal. The interior of the fort is completely open, presenting to the view large grass plots and gravel walks, kept cool by rows of trees and in the finest order, intermixed with piles of balls, bomb-shells, and cannon. Each gate has a house over it destined for the residence of Commandants of corps and the principal Staff Officers of the garrison. Between the fort and town an extensive level space intervenes, called the Esplanade.—W. Hamilton's *East India Gazetteer*, vol. i, pp. 317-318, Art. Calcutta.

Fort from beyond the maidan. The works are built below the surface. The Fort has six gates, *vis.*, St. George's Gate, the Treasury Gate, the Chowringi Gate, the Plassey Gate, Calcutta Gate, and the Water Gate. Besides barracks for European and native troops there are the arsenal, store-rooms, and magazines. What was once the Governor's residence is now converted into a Soldiers' Institute and Garrison School. There is a Protestant Church, called St. Peter's Church, which was built in 1835, and which is commonly known as the Fort Church; a Roman Catholic Chapel (St. Patrick's) was erected in 1857, the year of the Sepoy Revolt, when there was a great influx of soldiers in Calcutta. Previous to that year there was no place set apart for holding religious service according to the Romish faith. The troops at present in the Fort consists of one European regiment of foot, one native regiment, a battery of horse artillery, and the usual complement of the garrison royal artillery. There is a military prison in a godown which has a tablet with the following inscription:—"This building contains 51,258 maunds of rice and 20,023½ maunds of paddy, which were deposited by order of the Governor-General and Council under the inspection and charge of John Belli, Agent, for providing victualling stores to this Garrison, in the month of March, April, and May 1782." The present *pukka* bazar in Fort William was completed in 1787. The new shops were all registered, and the tariff or rates which are so precisely fixed and render such nice checks as to prevent any imposition by the natives, were retained in it without the special license of the Commandant. The old bazar was composed of an irregular and confused heap of straw huts: it not only served to accumulate filth and rubbish, but proved to be an asylum for every thief that escaped the hands of justice in Calcutta. All these straw roofs were levelled and the most obnoxious drains leading from the Treasury Gate were filled up.

Previous to 1st June 1787 musshal links or torches were used to light the Fort. By an order of the Governor-General the use of these lights in the Fort was totally prohibited from that date, and lanterns with candles lighted were allowed to pass without interruption along the streets or the ramparts, if necessary.

## GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Immediately opposite the Esplanade Row, and to the extreme west of it, stands the pile of buildings known as Government House. Its favourable situation commands towards the south a view of about a couple of miles as far as the Presidency Jail and the Mahratta Ditch. It covers about six acres of land. There are two gateways to the east and west of it, each surmounted by a colossal stone lion, besides two entrances to the north and south. They are all guarded by native troops and the local police. The *élite* of Calcutta society, both European and native, who have the privilege of private *entrée* may, if they choose, enter by the gateway to the west. To obtain an idea of the taste with which the grounds are laid out one should see them on the evening of a garden party after dusk. The gorgeous shamianas and tents, with lights placed at regular intervals; the clear ringing laugh of children romping about (their elders entering with no indifferent zest into the spirit of the scene) all combine to give it an imposing and picturesque appearance.

To the liberal policy of the Marquis of Wellesley the public is indebted for Government House. His refined and polished taste in the matter of public buildings justly earned for him the name of the Augustus of Calcutta. Fond of oriental pomp and show and convinced of their effect on the people of the East, his views were those of a nobleman imbibed with large and comprehensive ideas. His principle was "that India should be governed from a palace not from a counting-house; with the ideas of a prince not with those of a retail dealer in muslins and indigo.\* The first brick was laid by one Mr. Timothy Hicky

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\* We reproduce here the account given by Grose the traveller, vol II, page 249, of the treatment accorded by the minions of Suraj-ud-Daula to Mr. Holwell and his companions on their way to Murshedabad. What a mighty change forty years of British occupation of the country had effected, when the Marquis of Wellesley assumed the reins of Government:—"They embarked in a wollock or large boat, on the 24th, and were thirteen days in their passage to Murshedabad, which is about 200 miles up the river from Calcutta. The provision was only rice and water, and they had bamboos to lie on; but as their fever was come to a crisis, their bodies were covered with boils, which became running sores, exposed to excessive heats and violent rains, without any covering or scarce any clothes, and the frons on their legs consumed the flesh almost to the bone. Mr. Holwell as a prisoner of State was

on the 5th of February 1799, and was finished about the year 1804. Captain Wyatt of the Corps of Engineers was the architect. The ground cost Rs. 80,000, the building itself thirteen lakhs, and the furniture Rs. 50,000. Bishop Heber in his *Indian Journal* says :—" Government House is the most remarkable edifice in Calcutta. The lower story forms a rustic basement, with arcades to the building, which is Ionic. On the north side there is a flight of steps, under which carriages drive to the entrance, and on the south side there is a circular colonnade with a dome. The four wings, one at each corner of the building, are connected with it by circular passages so long as to secure their enjoying the air all round from whatever quarter the wind blows. These wings contain all the private apartments, and in the north-east corner there is the Council-room, decorated like the other public rooms with portraits. The centre of the building contains two uncommonly fine rooms; the lowest is paved with dark grey marble, and supported by Doric columns resembling marble. Above this hall is the Ball-room floored with dark polished wood, and supported by Ionic pillars. Both rooms are lighted by a profusion of cut-glass lustres suspended from a painted ceiling, which having been destroyed by the white-ants, was replaced by a plain white ceiling with gilt mouldings." Here is a more recent pen-and-ink sketch of the same building taken from Newman's *Handbook*, which will amply repay perusal :—" The idea of the design is taken from Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire, which was built for Lord Scarsdale, by Robert Adam. The resemblance between Government House and this building, however, does not extend beyond the plan; and, even as regards the plan, it is only in the main fea-

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estimated or valued to Bundoo Sing Hazary, at four lakhs of rupees or £40,000 sterling. They arrived at the French factory on the 7th July, in the morning, and were waited on by Mr. Law, the French Chief, who generously supplied them with clothes, linen, provisions, liquors, and money. About four in the afternoon they landed in Murshedabad and were confined in an open stable not far from the Suba's palace. This march drew tears of despair and anguish of heart from them, thus to be led, like felons, a spectacle to the inhabitants of the populous city. They had a guard of Moors placed on one side, and a guard of Gentoos on the other. The immense crowd of spectators, who came from all quarters of the city to satisfy their curiosity, so blocked them up from morning until night that they escaped a second suffocation, the weather being excessively sultry."



ture of a central building connected by galleries with four outlying blocks, which forms wings, that any similarity exists. The internal arrangements are as unlike Kedleston Hall as are the several elevations, or the roof with all its faults, it may be considered a noble building, notwithstanding its height. The grand entrance is on the north side by a handsome flight of steps leading to a grand portico, which opens on to the first floor. It is seldom used except on State occasions, receptions; and so forth; visitors generally using the entrance underneath the stairs. The interior arrangements are admirable as far as convenience is concerned. The first floor of the central building consists of three splendid rooms; the vestibule entered from the portico, used also as a dining-room; the grand marble hall divided into a centre and two aisles by two rows of columns, beyond which is the Throne-room, opening on to a fine semi-circular verandah overlooking the grounds. The walls of these rooms and pillars are of plain white chunan, highly polished, but the coffered ceilings are tastefully decorated by Mr. H. H. Locke, the Principal of the School of Arts. The *coup d'œil*, when the rooms are lighted and filled with company is splendid."

Above these rooms are the ball-rooms, the floors of which are polished teak. The four wings, which may be considered as distinct houses, are connected with the centre by means of commodious galleries. They are every way convenient and comfortable, and are occupied by the Governor-General and his suite. The ground floor is chiefly occupied by Officers. All the out-offices are placed on the other side of the road to the north. The Council Chamber with its Offices occupies the second floor of the north-east wing.

There are a few interesting historical pictures in the building, among which may be noticed—

*Her Majesty the Queen*, in her regal robes, painted by Sir George Hayter. The picture is of colossal size, but as for the painting, the less said of it the better. *George the Third and Queen Charlotte*, at the age of about 25; a very fine pair of full-length portraits, supposed to be painted by Hudson (the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds).

*Louis Quinse* (Louis Bienaime) and his *Queen*. Very fine full length portraits, supposed to be by De la Roche. These pictures were formerly hung in the "Old Court House," and were taken from the French; as were also (from the same French ship) the exceedingly handsome chandeliers with which the Government House is furnished; and the twelve marble busts of the Cæsars, which are arranged in the aisles of the Marble Hall, probably the result of one of the successes of Admiral Watson.

*Lord Clive*, three quarter length, by Nathaniel Dance.

*Warren Hastings*, fine full length portrait, seated. Artist unknown.

*Lord Teignmouth*, full length. By Hayes.

*The Marquis of Cornwallis*, full length. By Horne, R.A. (Horne resided in Calcutta for 38 years.)

*The Marquis of Wellesley*, full length. By Horne, R.A.

*The Earl of Minto*, full length. By Horne, R.A.

*The Marquis of Hastings*, full length. By Hayes.

*The Earl of Auckland*, bust. By a native artist, from a miniature.

*Lord Metcalfe*, full length. By Hayes.

*The Earl of Ellenborough*, full length. By Hayes.

*The Marquis of Dalhousie*, a very fine full length portrait, seated. By Sir John Watson Gordon.

*The Earl of Mayo*, full length. By an English artist, from a photograph.

*Mr. John Adam*, full length, sitting. By Sir Thomas Lawrence; a fine portrait in his best style.

*Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley*, 1803. By Horne, R.A. A very valuable portrait of the "Iron Duke" when in India.

*Sir Eyre Coote*, three-quarter length. By Chinery.

*The Shah of Persia*, 1798. a full length portrait.

*Jeswant Singh*, Maharajah of Bhutpore, full length. By Augier.

*The Ameer of Cabul*, equestrian portrait. By W. M. White.

A very fine marble statue of the *Marquis of Wellesley*, by Bacon, junior, stands in the vestibule. Opposite the south

entrance is a fine brass gun captured in the Sikh war, and on either side two brass howitzers, curiously ornamented with tigers' heads and claws, taken at Seringapatam.

Opposite the north entrance is a trophy of guns taken from the Chinese, erected by Lord Ellenborough, in commemoration of the Peace of 1842.

On one side a brass howitzer, curiously ornamented, taken at Cabul, and on the other, a large ancient brass cannon taken at Hyderabad.

A. STEPHEN.

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## SOME ANGLO-INDIAN CHILDREN.

No. 3.

## LITTLE CEDRIC.

LITTLE CEDRIC is so unlike the generality of Anglo-Indian children that, had he not been born in this country, and his parents ditto, I should be afraid to place him in that category. I believe it has not yet been defined *how* much Anglo-Indian a man must be before he can justly claim the title, or whether a domicile of half a decade weighs as much as one of half a century. Hence it must be allowed that Cedric, having gone home at the tender age of one year, and returned eight years afterwards, was still an Anglo-Indian.

The way it came about was this: Cedric's mother, weary of dhobie's accounts that would not tally, and *bobachee's hisabs* that rendered the making of both ends meet a mathematical impossibility, gave up the unequal contest and left her husband to fight it out the best way he could.

Like most widowers, he took refuge among the old sights and scenes of his childhood, and by and bye found a rosy English girl to take the place of the wan, faded little wife who slept in her early grave among the *peepuls* and *neem* of his adopted country.

Cedric was nine years old at that time, and belonged to the genus 'restless' if ever a boy did.

I dare say you can put your finger on half-a-dozen at this moment, and have a vivid recollection of the Sunday he sat next to you at Church. A sharp pang runs up your shins at the remembrance of how his copper-tipped boots bombarded them, of the mud that plastered your new extensions; or, if you

are a lady, of the gathers he tore out of your skirt, and the number of times he dropped his Bible on your toes. You smiled grimly to yourself as you thought how successfully he had solved the problem of perpetual motion, and felt almost ashamed when his large reproachful eyes meet yours with the mute question, "Don't you know it is very naughty to laugh in church?"

Cedric's new mama was a kind-hearted little body, but not being on springs, nor composed of the best India-rubber, 'warranted not to wear out,' the child was somewhat of a trial to her. Probably he missed the life and 'go' of an English home and surroundings, for he lived in a constant state of looking for something to do. The first gray light of dawn found him up, and before breakfast he had helped the bearer dust the drawing-room, handling priceless Sevres and dainty Dresden with the carelessness that comes of long practice. What his mama would have said had she caught her treasures in his grimey little hands there is no telling; she was certainly horrified enough when she found him sitting on the back verandah floor, cheek by jowl with the *masalchi* cleaning the knives. She did not stop to notice how deftly he did it, giving each of them a final scrape or two in the notch cut at the end for that purpose—as he had seen the man do—but marched him off to his papa.

"What do you think of your plebian son?" said she.

The boy looked at her appealingly, but stood up for himself boldly.

"Give me something to do," he urged, "and I won't worry anybody."

"Sit down, sir!" said his father sternly. No more was heard of him for an hour, but when his father went in to dress for an important meeting he found every boot and shoe laced to the top, the laces being secured with a series of tight little knots one on top of the other. "Cedric again!" he muttered. "I shall be late, as sure as fate."

They taught him to read at an early age, and some such scene as the following was usually enacted every morning.

Mama scarcely awake would be aroused by a violent cannonading at her bed-room door.

"Are you awake, mama? I want my lessons."

"Go and have your *chota haziri* first," preparing to dress with the desperation of one trying to catch a waiting train.

"Had my bath and my *chota haziri*; want my lessons," he reiterates.

"All right, I shall be ready in a few minutes," struggling to pin her collar with a hair pin in her hurry.

"How many minutes?"

And so on, until the long-suffering mama is in the school-room.

Whether the boy had the gift of second sight, or was an intimate acquaintance of the worthy who amiably declares the whereabouts of missing tea cups at hill-side pic-nics, there is no saying, but he undoubtedly had a wonderful knack of knowing the locations of everything in the house, and was confidently referred to for missing screwdrivers and hammers, and the hundred and one things that are always being wanted, but seldom to be found. He was the kit's scavenger, in a manner, and looked up missing knives and forks, &c., that had wandered from their proper place in the *bottel-khana*. He knew the ins and outs of everything that went on in the compound too. Seeboo's baby had sore eyes, or the dhobie's boy's *mina* had been killed by Captain Smith's cook's cat; also the syce's bibi's sister was going to be married; and the *masalchi* was going to bring his grandmother. He was found at the back of the compound one hot morning, lugging along a bundle of sticks almost as big as himself.

"I found this poor old beggar woman," he explains, "trying to gather wood to cook her children's food, so I told her to sit down, and not trouble, for I could do it just as well, you know." And then with a confiding little whisper: "She is blind, poor thing."

How he managed to scrape acquaintance with all the queer people he knew was a wonder. Riding down the mall with

a young lady of his acquaintance, she was surprised to find him nodding energetically and smiling in the most friendly manner, at a seedy-looking man, with a game leg and a green shade over one eye.

"That's Mr. DeSouza," he explains; "his daughter-in-law is a wonderful woman. She helps five children, and her father (that's Mr. DeSouza) and her husband, and," in an awe-stricken voice, "twenty-five parrots, a mina, and a cat, on fifty rupees a month! Isn't she clever."

"Very; but who is that?" as a pale-faced girl, with her mother's boots on, and a draggled shawl passed by with the wan little ghost of a smile.

"That is Kitty Binks; her father was turned off the railway for drinking; but I got papa to give him another trial, 'cause they are so poor. Do you know," lowering his voice to an awed whisper, "he gets drunk sometimes and turns them all out, baby and all; and they sleep in the road or anywhere. Mrs. Binks has a lot of children: I never could count just how many; but she is a very kind-hearted woman," in an explanatory sort of parenthesis. "Should you like to be introduced to her? I can easily manage it!"

"Not to-day, I think, Cedric," she says, anxious to escape the ordeal, "it is time we returned."

Not long after his tenth birthday a little brother arrived on the scene who was a constant wonder to Cedric. Though he would not have hurt him, knowingly, for the world, the inclination to see what his eyes were made of, and how tall he looked in his long clothes was well nigh irresistible, and cost no little time and pains to circumvent. Before he was a year old, Cedric had cut all his hair off, well nigh shaved him in fact, to see if he could do it 'like a barber.' It was shortly after this episode that baby was seized with convulsions, and mama being alone sent the wheezy old bearer off for the doctor, while the ayah rushed off for hot water. Of course the fires were out, and the kettles cold; that is the normal state of affairs. Mama, distractedly wrung her hands and paced up and down crying over the child. "When would the water arrive!" Sud-

denly a wiry little figure, clad in night attire (for he had just gone to bed) appeared at the door staggering under the weight of a big kettle. "Here's the hot water mama" he cried cheerily; "I knew I could make it quicker than Waziran. Don't you be afraid; he'll soon be better." Too much relieved to notice that her best copper kettle was as black as a coal the distracted lady soon had the child in the bath, and after a little while his struggles ceased, and he lay back exhausted.

Just as it was finished the ayah came in. "Take the kettle away," cried Cedric; "I made the hot water myself."

"Did you?" asked his mother in unbounded surprise.

"Yes, it was easy enough. I had some dry wood and matches; but I could have got it quicker had I stayed to blow the fire. But I had to send Jim Binks for the doctor. Ah! here he comes!" as the sound of wheels broke the stillness.

"That bath saved him!" was the verdict of the great man. "By the bye, that was a queer messenger you sent. Looked like a Jack-in-the-green."

"I—I sent the bearer; I could get no one else."

"Never saw him, then; he must be a mile behind."

The lady looked inquiringly at Cedric; things were getting beyond her comprehension.

"Yes, that's him!" nodded the boy reassuringly; "he is rather ragged. I was going myself when the kettle was on; but I found Jim outside; his father has turned them out again, so I sent him."

"On your pony?"

"Yes; he's used to riding bare-backed, and there was no time to saddle. I am so glad you got here quick, doctor," lifting a plain, but grateful little face.

The lady's eyes filled with tears. She drew the boy to her and kissed him twice on his full red lips: "One for baby and one for me," she whispered lovingly; "you have saved his life. God bless my dear, busy little son!"

J. MAITLAND HOPE.



## BURMAH: BEFORE AND AFTER ANNEXATION. \*

No. 6.

SOME time subsequent to King Mindon Min getting tired of the iron foundry, he built a sugar factory at the foot of C road on the river side. Unlike the iron foundry, I believe sugar, of a kind, was turned out at one time, but latterly the mill had been converted into a rice mill. On our occupation of Mandalay it had, like all other works, been at a dead standstill for some years, but was held by the Engineer, Mr. Betts, for his arrears of pay, which I am glad to say he recovered from the British Government in the adjustment of the claims against Theebaw. The mill was on the whole an insignificant affair, and but for its being well stocked with telegraph wire, subsequently made use of by Government, it would hardly have been worth the while of Mr. Betts, or any one else, to hold on to it.

No attempt I believe has ever been made to utilize these properties by Government; it certainly would not pay any European to attempt to work either. The labor difficulty for the present is sufficient to render any such enterprise not only unprofitable but absolutely impossible. When the population increases and the price of labor decreases, it is possible manufacturing industries may be introduced.

Of the oil wells in Theebaw's time the earth oil only yielded him three lakhs a year, and then as a monopoly. It cannot be denied that much wild speculation has been entertained as to the ultimate chances of Burma competing with America

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*N.B.*—The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this article.—  
Ed., *Indian Empire*.

and Russia in the production of oil, but this is much more likely to prove illusory than otherwise; at any rate for the next quarter of a century. Mr. Marvin and Dr. Noetling have both written exhaustively on the Burma oil wells: one asserts that the wells at Yeangyoung are only pint-pot wells, while the other asserts that, formulating a deduction from his experience in petroleum in America, Russia and Galicia, he opined that an inexhaustible supply of petroleum would reward capable engineering methods.

Baku, before the drill went down into the sandy bosom of the Central Asian sands, was as much unknown to Europe and the world as Yeangyoung on the Irrawaddy is to-day, and who can say that when the Yeangyoung oil fields are methodically worked, they will not take their place side by side with America and Russia in supplying the world with oil.

There are extensive coal mines in Burma which, when worked, may be expected to yield a fair profit, but whether they will give much of an increment to Government remains yet to be seen. One official who undertook to solve the problem as to the result of the probable financial portion of the annexation question, gave it as his opinion that British Administration would probably pay its way well ten years hence, provided that no quarrel with China arises in the meantime.

Sir Charles Bernard gave much of his time and attention to the examination of the financial aspect of the annexation problem. He found the gross revenue in Theebaw's time was but one hundred and five lakhs, twenty-five of which would have to be sacrificed on the introduction of free trade, reducing Theebaw's maximum of revenue to eight lakhs by the abolition of transit-dues, customs and monopolies.

Notwithstanding the lawlessness reigning in Upper Burma during the last two years of Theebaw's reign, it did not affect the yearly trade between Mandalay and Lower Burma, though there were occasional periods of panic, which at no time lasted any length of time. There was, in fact, a decidedly better condition of trade in Theebaw's reign than in that of his father, King Mindon Min. Sir Charles Bernard, then Chief Com-

missioner of Lower Burma, in commenting on the figures, addressed the Government of India as follows :—

“It is perhaps worthy of note that the volume of British trade across our frontier with Ava equals 62 per cent. of the total trade across the whole land frontier of India from Kurrachee to Chittagong.” According to Mr. Hamilton’s report, 1881-1882, the value of the total trade across the land frontier of India with Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Cashmere, Tibet, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhootan, Manipur, and the tribes of the eastern frontier is valued at about £5,145,000. Our trade with Ava, it has been seen, averaged £3,224,814 a year during the reign of King Theebaw. Now that Upper Burma has been a province of the Empire for almost five years, the question arises, has the country yielded under the new *régime* a larger output of produce than hitherto? I have no statistics before me to say whether or not the expectations on this point so generally entertained in Rangoon in 1885 have been realized or not. I am of opinion that the annexation of Upper Burma will not result in the immediate and widespread increase to our trade so commonly assumed, and the new markets beyond China and in the Shan States are yet in the womb of futurity. Although the people of Upper Burma as well as of the Shan States are freed, they remain still poor and poverty stricken, and cannot become buyers to any great extent for years to come. It is a delusion to think otherwise. Upper Burma for many years to come must and cannot possibly be other, in the ordinary course of events, than a heavy expense. There are but few roads, and the construction of others will prove a heavy drain on the revenues of India for a considerable time. At one time I was of opinion that the complaints of the native Indian press regarding the probable burden the new annexation would be to the Indian tax-payers, was fairly just, but reference to the tables of figures contained in the Administration Report published by the Provincial Government, conclusively show that the surplus revenue of India has, of late years, been mainly extracted from Lower Burma. If, therefore, the actual facts are considered, it is evident the native press was not justified in making the by no means

generous or gracious assertions it did. Statistics show that close on six millions sterling was absorbed in eight years by India out of a total revenue of seventeen millions. In the same eight years less than two millions were spent on public works. This action was considered so unjust that in 1885 the Rangoonists raised a cry for separation from India, and the constituting of Burma into a Crown Colony.

ZITO,

*Author of the "Fall of Mandalay."*

### THE MONTH.

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THE statement lately made by the London *Daily News* that Prince Ferdinand was to be proclaimed King of Bulgaria early in the month was probably due to the Note, recently addressed by Bulgaria to the Porte. We should not be at all surprised to hear that the Prince had been proclaimed King, but the event has not, at any rate, taken place up to the date of writing. The Note referred to forms but a link in a long chain of incidents. Gradually, during the last years of Prince Alexander's reign, relations between Bulgaria and Russia were becoming much strained, and the old, close friendship between the two peoples was giving place to sentiments of mutual distrust. Leading Bulgarians began to perceive that it might be possible to establish friendly relations with Turkey. For some time there were no practical results, and the idea seemed to be completely abandoned following the events of 1885, when Eastern Roumelia was united with the Principality. In these events the Bulgarians proved that they were not so subservient to Russia as was commonly supposed, but at the same time they showed themselves as insubordinate as ever towards their Suzerain Power. With bad grace the Porte consented to the compromise of a personal union, and the Bulgarians retaliated by ceasing to pay the East Roumelian tribute. Practically the result was that Bulgaria's relations with Russia became positively hostile, while the relations with the Porte were not im-

proved, and the suggested *entente cordiale* with Turkey was thus postponed indefinitely, until in the autumn of 1887 it was suddenly brought forward again by M. Stambalouff in the form of a proposal to the Assembly that the East Roumelian tribute should be renewed. M. Stambalouff had great difficulty in persuading the Assembly that the pecuniary sacrifice would be amply compensated by the expected political advantages. At that time the country was in a very critical position. Russia had not merely withdrawn her support, but had assumed a hostile attitude. No other Power came forward to take its place, Prince Ferdinand had been elected in place of Prince Alexander, but his election had not been confirmed by the Porte or received the assent of the Powers in accordance with the third article of the Treaty of Berlin. Under these circumstances it was of the last importance to conciliate the Porte and gain the confidence of the great Powers. The Porte did not respond. Instead of confirming Prince Ferdinand's election, and seeking to obtain the consent of the Powers, it yielded so far to Russian influence as to make a formal declaration that the presence of Prince Ferdinand at the head of the Principality was illegal and contrary to the Treaty of Berlin. Up to the present time Turkey has made no attempt to legalize the present anomalous position, and has not even gone so far as England, Austria and Italy in the direction of establishing regular diplomatic relations with the Principality. This weakens Stambalouff, and strengthens the hands of the Pro-Russian Party who try to convince people that the Bulgarian Government, without Russian support, cannot exist for any length of time. Under these circumstances it may be easily understood how Stambalouff should make another attempt to move the Porte in the direction of obtaining official recognition of the *de facto* Bulgarian Government.

The Note contained three specific complaints: (1) That the Porte whilst so far recognizing the *de facto* Government as to accept the tribute, has not formally recognised the election of the Prince or interceded with the Powers to obtain their consent, and has not even entered into such close relations

with the Principality as certain less interested Powers have done. (2) That the Bulgarians of Macedonia do not enjoy, with regard to ecclesiastical organization and schools, the same rights and privileges as the other nationalities of the Empire. (3) That there has been a display of military force and an increase of fortified posts on the frontier. The results are as follows :—(1) Political agitators, paid by enemies of Bulgaria, have made capital out of the difficult position thus created for the Principality, and have succeeded in leading some weak-minded people to organize plots which would, if successful, have caused the ruin of the country. (2) The unsatisfactory condition of the Bulgarians of Macedonia finds an echo in the Principality, and gives rise to an agitation which renders more difficult the maintenance of order and tranquillity. (3) The armed force on the frontier strikes a blow at the accord and union which ought to govern the relations between the Suzerain Court and the vassal Principality. The requests founded on these representations are: That the Suzerain Court, abandoning its attitude of reserve, should enter into direct relations with the Government of the Principality, and should afford it that necessary moral support to which it is entitled, and that the Porte should grant to the Bulgarians in the province under the direct rule of the Sultan the rights and privileges which have been guaranteed to them by Imperial firman and international treaties. If these requests should not be complied with, the Bulgarian Government will assume that the Supreme Power withdraws all protection from the vassal Principality, and will proceed to act on its own account.

Although not exactly connected with the month, an incident occurred in Parliament in the middle of July which is worthy of notice. Throughout the week Mr. Balfour had been fighting for the Irish Estimates, and Irish members had evidently been bottling up their superfluous energy for this occasion. But a curious turn was given to the controversy by the studiously pacific attitude suddenly adopted by Mr. Parnell. On the night when the vote for the salary of the Chief Secretary for Ireland reached its second discussion, Mr. Parnell suddenly

interposed and delivered a speech which attracted much attention, and drew from Mr. Balfour the quite unwonted, if not unprecedented, acknowledgment of the moderation of its tone and weight of purport. Mr. J. Dillon had utilized the occasion to make, in a speech which lasted nearly two nights, personal attacks on Mr. Balfour and the agents of the Executive in Ireland. Mr. Parnell turned aside to deal with the Land Purchase Bill. He besought Mr. Balfour to consider, in the interests of humanity and justice, whether the estates on which the plan of campaign is now being fought out might not by some means be brought under the beneficent operation of the Land Act, and an end put to the disastrous conflict. He pointed out that in Munster and Connaught there are large tracts of land not suitable to be dealt with under the Land Purchase Act. If they were eliminated from the scheme, it would become much more workable, and would involve an infinitely less expenditure of capital. He suggested that the constabulary should be engaged in making returns setting forth the precise situation of every estate in these two provinces. Lastly he protested against any proposal to allocate local funds without consulting local authorities.

When Mr. Parnell resumed his seat, Mr. Balfour rose, and in a courtly manner expressed his sense of the value of Mr. Parnell's contribution to the debate—a contribution to which he promised the fullest consideration. He was particularly struck with the suggestion to limit the purview of the Land Purchase Bill to estates of a certain acreage, including the great pasture farms of Munster and Connaught.

The great sensation created by this incident may be judged by the fact that the Vote for the Chief Secretary's salary was passed immediately afterwards—for the first time since the Irish Party was formed, without a division. It has since been explained that the variation of this cheerful custom was due to an error. Mr. Parnell resumed his seat amidst a buzz of conversation amongst the Irish Party, who were completely taken by surprise by the views expressed by their leader. While excitedly discussing this new phase, Mr. Courtney put the question



—that the Vote for the Chief Secretary's salary be agreed to. No one objecting, the Chairman declared the vote carried, and with something like a groan of agony, the Irish Members learned that they had assisted at the passing of the Chief Secretary's salary, *namine contradicente*.

APEX.

CALCUTTA, *August 28th*, 1890.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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No. 12.—OCTOBER 1890.

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## *THE ADMISSION OF NATIVE GENTLEMEN INTO ANGLO-INDIAN CLUBS.*

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It is seldom that the disturbances of an Indian Provincial Club have a wider interest than the limits of the Club itself: the ripple scarcely ever reaches beyond the members who constitute it. People outside its narrow precincts, absorbed in their own business and circle of amusements, find little to engage their interest in the differences of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Tempests in a tea-cup though these differences be, they have their uses, as they serve to keep the station alive which would otherwise die of tedium and inanition. For, imagine the fate of a mofussil station with its dozen prosaic, business-intent, overworked officials, meeting day after day with nothing fresher to discuss than the latest official changes or the monotony of mofussil existence. But recently a question has arisen in connection with one of the Mofussil Clubs (the name of which is not necessary for the present discussion) that has certainly a wider bearing—a bearing no less important than the admission of native gentlemen into Anglo-Indian Society. The subject acquires a permanent interest in view of the avowed policy of the Government to appoint a certain percentage of native officials to appointments that have hitherto been held

by Europeans. *Mofussil society* is so dominated by its official members that it is unreasonable to suppose its tone will not undergo a change by the importation of this fresh native element. It must be acknowledged that hitherto, whatever advance the natives have made, it has been in the official world, socially they have not striven to mix, and the two classes have remained as distinct as possible. But native gentlemen who are now appointed to the higher grades of the Government service are not slow to perceive the advantages of European society, and are, in the natural course of events, ambitious to belong to it and to be received on an equal social footing. The question therefore arises: whether these social aspirations are to be satisfied, with a good grace and in a liberal spirit, or are they to be grudged? For those who can see ahead tell us that the day is not far off when there will be a very large proportion of native officials in place of Europeans who will not sue for entrance into Anglo-Indian Society but expect it as a right.

Not long ago a native gentleman, who, besides being a Statutory Civilian, is a Barrister-at-Law and an undergraduate of the Cambridge University, was proposed and seconded, and duly elected as a member of a *Mofussil Club* by the constituted Committee. This method of election being strictly in accordance with the established rules of the Club could not be questioned by anybody. But very soon it became evident that there was a strong dissentient section who, although unwilling to impugn this constitutional election, was nevertheless anxious in the future to guard against a similar *contretemps* by providing itself with election by ballot. For it was of opinion that the procedure was not strictly according to the spirit of the Club rules, which contemplated the election of Europeans only as members. Accordingly, in conformity with the rules of the Club, an Extraordinary General Meeting of the members was called, in which voting by ballot was substituted for voting by members, hitherto in vogue, with the proviso that a candidate's name was to be put up in the Club for ten days before being subjected to ballot. However much this move on the part of the conservative section (let us call it) of the Club

is to be deprecated, it must be confessed that the aversion to associate with natives in India does not rest entirely on race prejudice, but also on experience. It is most probably the growth of a long series of impressions produced by contact with natives of all classes ; and here, perhaps, is an explanation of the indifference with which natives as a rule are treated in India. A wonder is often expressed why native gentlemen are so well received in England, while in India they are, if not treated with scant courtesy, at best, tolerated. The fact is we forget the exceptions, and judge them by the mass. A well-bred native in England is better received, and on a more equal footing than he will ever be out here, and yet the average intellect and education of Europeans out here is above the home average which ought to make them more liberal. But in order to arrive at a correct appreciation of the subject, it is necessary to summarise as briefly as possible the arguments that are usually brought forward by those who oppose the admission of natives into social gatherings like Indian Mofussil Clubs. They urge (*a*) that the small body of Europeans who reside in a mofussil station ought to have at least one quasi-public place exclusively to themselves ; or in other words, free from natives ; and, as a corollary, that a Club being a social gathering where people meet for pleasure, all enjoyment would be at an end if natives were admitted, for there would be constraint on either side : (*b*) that the admission of one native, however worthy personally, would, in the natural course, lead to the admission of others who may be most undesirable as Club associates : (*c*) that native gentlemen, even if admitted as members of Indian Clubs, cannot meet us on a socially equal footing, being barred by their own social and caste customs and prejudices from mixing freely and on equal terms with us.

Whatever be the underlying reason of these contentions (and it is not difficult to discern that their roots go down deep into race differences) one thing is evident—that the time has not arrived for this social amalgamation. Any endeavour, therefore, to force it, besides resulting in signal failure, would undoubtedly leave the question worse than it was before. Race

aversion can no more be got over by dint of reasoning than by sheer force. Time must smooth the asperities if they are to be smoothed at all, and people who want to bring about an earlier reconciliation, with the best of intentions, are apt to be disappointed.

The old Greek maxim said that unequal alliances were to be avoided. No social intercourse can be said to be on a satisfactory footing that is not carried on on a level platform—or, as the mathematicians say, on the same plane—with equal advantage and sacrifice on either side ; in other words, on the sound commercial principle of “give and take.” It is evident that in the present condition of Indian society this cannot be. Natives as a rule do not enjoy society conducted on European lines. If pitchforked on European society they show pitiable constraint, and make others painfully conscious of their presence. Even those who have spent a part of their educational career in England, or who have been brought into frequent contact with Europeans in India, go back to their native habits and manners with as much readiness as an unstrung bow resumes its wonted position. This is but natural. Their habits, their amusements, their pleasures have lain in a different groove ; in fact, their social standard is diametrically opposed to that of the Europeans, and it is a rude shock to them to be made to conform to alien manners—just as much as it would be to a European to take to Indian habits and ways. We have no hesitation in saying that if there was the utmost freedom in admitting native gentlemen into European Clubs, nine-tenths of them would not enjoy the change ; for they would never feel for a moment at ease. Such being the case, it cannot but be repugnant to the feelings of Europeans to have among them those who bore and feel palpably bored.

It will then be naturally asked : why are *some* natives so eager to enter European society ; why are they so willing to be subjected to the tedium and fatigue of an uncongenial society without any ostensible gain ? The answer to this, we are much afraid, lies in a common human failing—the vain side of human nature and the inveterate hypocrisy that attaches to

it—that leads us to purchase pain and court discomfort merely for the sake of appearing well with our fellow-creatures. The native gentleman desires to associate with Europeans that he may say he has done so,—not from any genuine conviction of enjoyment resulting from it: against which there is, of course, this to be said, that no native gentleman of any delicacy of feeling will obtrude into any society where he knows that his presence is not appreciated, and where he himself is ill at ease.

Some of the reasons urged, however, will not stand the test of close examination. For example, it does not follow that if a worthy native is admitted as a member of a Club, he will introduce others of his nationality who may be objectionable characters. In the first place this is an unjust assumption to make, for the native gentleman's own estimable character would render such a contingency extremely unlikely; and in the next place, if it did happen, the Club would have ample means at its command to protect itself against such an undesirable accident. Then, again, as a part of the equal footing argument, it is frequently urged that as native gentlemen cannot, or will not, lift up the *parda* of their zenana, and introduce us freely to their female relatives, how can they expect to be received on equal terms by us, and be introduced to our ladies. There is a certain amount of reason in this, but perhaps *more of race feeling*. We are well aware that native gentlemen are labouring under very great social disabilities in this as in many other respects, and that many of the most enlightened of them, although *quite willing* to bring out their females, are yet unable to do so owing to the present condition of society—a disregard of whose tyrannical laws would mean utter social exclusion and all the hardships of isolation. Moreover, we must not forget that this attempt of the native gentleman to be admitted into European society is the first awakening of a more civilised life among them, in accordance with Western ideas, and that if we do not encourage them and meet them half-way, and in a liberal spirit, but stick at trifles, we cannot expect them to reform their social condition on European lines.

Besides, another aspect of the question must not be over-

looked in a discussion of the subject : The Government policy as mentioned above, of admitting native gentlemen into the higher grades of the Judicial and Executive Services is now an accomplished fact. There are stations even now in which more than half the higher grades of officials are natives ; and a further development of the Government policy is likely to extend this state of affairs in the not distant future. Under the circumstances, it becomes a matter for serious consideration, whether it is judicious and expedient to exclude worthy native gentlemen, who are desirous of admission, from social gatherings like these Clubs ? The immediate reason for this will occur to everybody. Our Government have thought it proper and politically necessary to invest certain native gentlemen with high official dignity ; these gentlemen come to us, as it were, with the hall-mark of respectability. Whether we like it or not they are bound, in the natural course of things, to take (in many instances) the official as well as the social lead. Do not loyalty and self-interest equally bid us receive them with good grace and on friendly terms ? Terms which will conciliate them rather than ruffle their self-love and provoke race-antagonism, than which nothing is more undesirable in the present state of transition,

These are a few of the arguments that are urged on either side of the discussion. But, as we said before, no amount of pure logic was ever known to conquer race antipathy which, as history teaches us, must be left to time and palliative treatment to heal itself ; discussions on the subject lead to no satisfactory results. They lay bare the sorest and weakest part of human nature. Their usual effect is to render more acrimonious the discussion and to embitter the feelings on either side. They open up the race question, which only wants the slightest pretext to ignite into a flame, and finally leave the matter leagues behind and altogether much worse than it was before. To avoid such discussion as much as possible, in connection with social gatherings, like Clubs, should be our aim.

In Clubs, where election rests with members, or a committee, a rejected candidate has usually the option of appealing to the

entire body of the members : besides, he knows the men who have rejected him. Such a procedure cannot but lead to ill-feeling, unpleasant discussions and unseemly squabbles—all detrimental to the harmony of the Club. A solution to this difficulty is found in the system of voting by ballot, or secret voting. It is too late in the day to advocate the cause of election to any assembly by ballot-voting. The superiority of the system has been universally acknowledged. It is, as is well known, a very old institution, and much in use among modern continental nations. "It has been employed in political, judicial and legislative assemblies, and also in the proceedings of Private Clubs and Corporations." Its advantages are therefore unquestioned in minimizing the evil effects of rejection which (in cases of Private and Social Clubs) always carries with it the sinister appearance of an invidious distinction. "The propriety of employing it in Private Clubs has never been questioned, for to the harmony of these it is essential that the votes of a few should suffice to exclude an obnoxious person ; and in view of the personal and invidious nature of the vote, it is equally essential to their harmony that the voting should be secret. A candidate for admission, who succeeds in the face of a few, though not a sufficient number of voters, could not but regard those who voted against him as enemies. But if the voting be by ballot, all he can know, if the voters keep their own counsel, is that some persons were unfriendly. It is thus left open for him to associate on friendly terms with all the members—a condition of the success and continuance of such associations."

Life is not so easy to live in tropical India that we should seek to make it more unpleasant and irksome by gratuitously creating enemies. Indiscriminate rejection of natives from Mofussil Clubs is as undesirable in the present day as their wholesale admittance. We do not advocate that all natives who happen to hold posts of trust and responsibility ought on that account to be received into European social gatherings like Mofussil Clubs ; but let each man be judged on his own merits, and admitted, or not, accordingly. Let him take his



chance on an equal footing with European candidates. And for this purpose the method of voting by ballot is eminently suited. A candidate for election may be put up for a certain period before the balloting actually takes place, and during this probationary stage, members generally would have the means of ascertaining whether he would or would not make a desirable Club associate.

J. C.

## THE PEARL-DROP OF INDIA.

(Concluded.)

*Portuguese.*—Though the Portuguese regard their invasion as dating from 505 A.D., the year on which Lorenzo d'Almeida, son of Francisco d'Almeida, the then Governor of Goa, accidentally landed on Ceylon, it was not till thirteen years after that they began really to play an important part in the affairs of the island. The death of Prakrama had thrown the country into confusion, and created many aspirants to the throne; disputes naturally arose, and it was not till after a considerable loss of blood that a man of the name of *Buwaneko* was elevated to the throne. This settlement led to a quarrel, not in respect of Buwaneko's sovereignty, but in the matter of his successor, for Buwaneko, by selecting his grandson, had aroused the jealousy of his brother, who, to use an expressive phrase, "showed fight." But Buwaneko was firm in his resolve, and, in order to have his wishes effectually put through, sought the aid of the Portuguese, had a crowned effigy of his grandson prepared, which he sent to John III of Portugal with the request that he might himself crown his grandson king of Ceylon when the proper time for it should come. Buwaneko died in 1542, a year after the despatch of the effigy, and the Portuguese king lost no time in declaring the youth in question king of Ceylon, in the manner desired, under the title of Don Juan of Lisbon. The ousted claimant, whose position was stronger than was imagined—the whole of the country with the exception of the Western coast being on his side—immediately waged war on Don Juan, who, notwithstanding the aid of the Portuguese, was completely defeated.

The Portuguese made a second attempt in favour of their nomination, but met with another defeat. The conqueror now died, and was succeeded by his son Singha, nicknamed the Lion King. In this warrior the Portuguese found a "tough customer," who was bent on effecting their expulsion. The death of Singha's father had raised strong hopes in Portugal of being able to revenge themselves, but Singha not only defeated them twice, once by land and after by sea, but considerably weakened their power. These successes so elated him that he determined to besiege Colombo. He made two attempts in this direction, but was both times frustrated—on the first occasion by a rebellion at Kandy, which he easily quelled—on the second by the advance towards his capital of a man entitled Don John, a second nomination of the Portuguese. During this engagement between Don John and Singha (of which no account is recorded) the Portuguese took the opportunity of severing their connection with the former by nominating another claimant in his place under the title of Don Philip, an act which greatly incensed Don John and forthwith converted him into a foe. A second battle ensued between Don John and Singha, resulting in the defeat and ultimate death of the latter. After this Don John turned towards Kandy, killed his rival Don Philip, and disarmed the Portuguese; but the arrival of reinforcements strengthened their position and determination to force their opponent into submission. Placing a woman, under the title of Donna Catharina, on the throne, they made a strong but fruitless attack on Don John, who not only came off victorious, but destroyed his enemies to a man.

*Dutch.*—At the conclusion of the above event we find the Dutch on the scene. Their arrival at Balticuola met with the favour of Don John; and they were likewise permitted to enter the Capital, build a fort there, and carry on a free trade in cinnamon and pepper, after they had pledged themselves to expel the Portuguese. Don John died in 1604, shortly after his marriage with Donna Catharina, the queen mentioned above. Her sovereignty was now unopposed on hereditary grounds. She was not long a widow when two noblemen

sought her hand. The murder of the one settled the difficulty of a choice on her part, and Sunnerat, by his marriage with her, was regarded as ruler. His first act was to receive into his service a Dutch naval officer, Boschhouder, as soon as he reached Kandy; and to this officer a great deal of his success is due, especially on the occasion of Donna Catharina's death in 1613, when the Portuguese, finding the Singhalese power shattered, were ready to take advantage of the opportunity. Boschhouder, by his help and conduct, turned the tide of events, which threatened to swamp the entire island and leave the Portuguese power solely on the surface. As it was they expelled the Dutch from Cottiar, near Trincomalee, and built a fort there and at Balticuola for the protection of their trade on the Eastern coast.

The death of Don John, the Sovereign first nominated by the Portuguese, afforded them the plea of laying a claim to the ownership of the island *in toto*, as, according to their assertion, it had been willed to them by Don John; and in 1630 they made attempts to enforce this claim. Sunnerat was too weak to oppose them, but he was determined not to give up without a struggle. In order to strengthen himself, he built a fort at Kandy, but ultimately lost it, and quickly retreated into the interior. In the meantime, Sunnerat's son, Singha II., was not idle—"he was harassing the Portuguese in the rear," while they were pushing forward, under the distinguished de'Saa, into the interior of the country. By this time, due to the losses during intervals of their march, the Portuguese force was considerably weakened. Singha II. saw it, and gathering his men and those of his father together, which greatly outnumbered his enemies, he rushed on, surrounded, and forced them into submission, putting to death those who would not submit. Sunnerat died soon after this achievement and Singha II. succeeded him, leaving Wigayapala, who claimed the crown as son of Donna Catharina by Don John, to seek the aid of the Portuguese.

Singha II., on the other hand, sought the Dutch, who consented to lend their aid on his guaranteeing to defray the entire expense of the expedition. Accordingly, a force, that soon after

arrived from Batavia, reduced the fortress of Balticuola and Trincomalee on the Eastern coast in 1639, surrendered Negambo and Galle on the Western coast in 1640, besieged Colombo and Jaffna in 1654, and finally invaded them, thus completely effecting the expulsion of the Portuguese; after which Singha II. was put in possession of the island. He died in 1687, after a rule of fifty years, leaving his son Suria as successor. In 1707 Suria died and was succeeded by his son Kundisala.

*French.*—Before turning to the English, it is necessary—not to lose a link in the chain of the history of Ceylon—to state that the French landed in the island in 1672, but they played such an insignificant part therein, that, beside the fact of their landing, nothing of importance has been recorded.

*British* connection with Ceylon begins with the embassy of Mr. Pybus, who was sent from Madras in 1766. The friendly disposition of the English towards the natives was liberally commented upon by this gentleman, which, however, they were unable to demonstrate when occasion demanded. Needless to say that, in consequence, they lost the faith of the king and people, while their first attempt at invasion signally failed. They were more successful in 1782, under the embassy of Mr. Hugh Boyd, despatched by Lord Macartenev, the then Governor of Madras, and still more so in 1795, when, under the leadership of General Stewart, the Dutch expulsion was completed and the British footing on the island well-established by their coming into full possession of all the Dutch settlements, *viz.*, "Trincomalee, Jaffna, Negambo, Colombo, Galle, Matura and Balticuola. Mr. North was appointed Governor of these settlements. Shortly before he joined his appointment, the reigning Kandian Prince, Rajadhir, died. Palame Talame, his prime minister, a shrewd hypocrite, placed an illegitimate son of his master on the throne, conscious that this step would enhance his power, which he could always use to his own advantage in any way he chose; and in order to better establish himself in this respect and to escape all possible chances of opposition or failure, he had the royal members of the family imprisoned; but Mutu Swamy, a brother of the queen, alone succeeded in evading this traitor, and

fled to the English. A quarrel, not very long after, arose between the English and the Kandian Government, chiefly attributable to Mr. North's refusal of a barbarous and treacherous proposal from Palame Talame. It was nothing less than the murder of the Sovereign he had himself raised, on the consideration that the English would regard him as king, but at the same time absolutely at their command and subject to their orders. The rejection of the proposal of course fomented ill-feeling and hatred, and an opportunity (the plunder of some Mahommedan merchants of Colombo) soon offered a chance for Mr. North to assert his authority. He accordingly despatched two armies—one from Colombo under Macdowell, and another from Trincomalee under General Barbut—into Kandy. Its immediate desertion placed the town in the hands of the English who appointed Mutu Swamy its king. In the meantime Palame Talame was not idle; he was gradually but effectually intercepting communication between Kandy and Colombo, and it was only after the work had been completed that General Macdowell became acquainted of his situation. The opportunity was favourable to Palame, and he again made the old proposal, in another form, to Macdowell—that is, he promised, within a stated period, to deliver up the king to the English, and to make reasonable provision for Mutu, in return for the transfer of the throne to him. The only solution of the problem, checkmated as Macdowell was, was an agreement, and having at heart the safety of his officers and troops, and indeed his own, he agreed. Leaving Major Davie—an incapable, irresolute and pusillanimous officer—in charge of the garrison at Kandy, he, with the remainder, returned to Colombo. What the consequences were of this “safe retreat is better than a shameful defeat” policy on the part of Macdowell we shall now see. Rash and precipitate Palame Talame was not; “patience is the mother of virtue,” was his motto, and, without even once betraying signs of hostility, he bided his time. It quickly arrived, when the uncautious and unsuspecting Major Davie was unprepared; an attack was made on the contingent when it was least expected; the result was a disgraceful submission, coupled with an immediate compliance with Talame's orders to quit

Kandy. Leaving behind all commissariat incumbrances but its arms, the contingent, under the command of Davie departed. On its way to Trincomalee the unnavigable condition of the river between the two towns, due to the recent rains, checked their further progress. This was a second chance favourable to Talame, and he did not let it slip. The unconditional surrender of Mutu Swamy was this time demanded and Davie acceded. The result is patent. Powerless and in the hands of a merciless tyrant, the unfortunate soldiers, and the wretched Mutu, were put to an ignominious death, the officers were led into captivity and died captives. The attack on Colombo next followed, which, with breaks and renewals, ran over a period of three years (1803-5); and the only noteworthy points in connection with it are the stout opposition the Kandians met with from Major Johnson, and his march homewards with a small force of 300 men in spite of difficulties. Taking into consideration the nature of the country he had to traverse and the resistance of his enemies, it is wonderful that he reached his destination, the fort of Trincomalee, "safe and sound." An informal agreement, that was entered into after this event, secured peace till 1814.

During all the above occurrences, Palame, it has been shown, was principal actor, Vikrama, the actual king at the time, being but a tool in his hands. Vikrama became conscious of the fact and resolved to wrench himself from the humiliating position; and when Talame proposed the marriage of his son to the king's daughter, the presumptuous proposal was "the last straw that broke the camel's back," for it was the cause of his immediate dismissal from the office of *adijar* or prime minister. Ehaylapola succeeded; and Talame retired to his own country; rebelled soon after, but was defeated, and captured, and beheaded in 1812. The new *adijar* was not successful in his office; his behaviour aroused the jealousy of Vikrama. He tried to raise an insurrection, but, being unsuccessful, fled to the English for protection and support. Sir Robert Brownrigg was then Governor.

In 1814 the English had occasion to wage war against Vikrama in consequence of his maltreating some merchants that

were trading in Kandy. A strong force, which was despatched, defeated Vikrama. His capture was soon effected, and he was sent to Vellore, where he ended his days in 1832. Vikrama was "the last scion of a family, which had governed the island for 2,300 years." The British were now sole masters of Ceylon. An insurrection or two occurred after this, but no difficulty was experienced in quelling them; and finally British supremacy was recognised throughout the length and breadth of the island.



### *PADDY O'SHEA'S STORY.*

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JUST before the battle of Waterloo, while the Prussians were retreating upon Wavre, the British were bivouacked at Quatre Brás; exhausted by fatigue, and with scanty means to satisfy their hunger, the harassed soldiery were seated round the bivouac-fire; for, with the bringing in of the wounded from the rye-fields by their comrades, the partial burying of the dead, and all the bustle and confusion that precedes the eve of battle, there were few in the British bivouac could sleep. Among our number was Private Patrick O'Shea, of the Light Company of the gallant 88th, but known to all the regiment as "gay-hearted Paddy," for he was a real true specimen of one of Erin's sons. "Come," cried a number of us, "give us a story, Paddy, just to while away time until there is sufficient daylight to enable us to get a glimpse at those devils of Frenchmen." "Och, sure, an' it's meself that's only too willing to oblige; so if you pay attention I'll try and amuse you all."

"You must know, that shortly after I joined the gallant old regiment, I was selected for servant to the Colonel, at that time Robert Hilston, who was the third son of Lord Hilston of Drummond Castle, and as fine a gentleman as ever wore the Queen's uniform. 'Now,' the Colonel says to me one morning: 'Patrick' (for you must know he always called me by that name), 'I am invited to dine with Lord Fermoy this evening, at Fermoy Castle, and I wish you to accompany me; but mind, not as my servant, I will give you a suit of clothes, and you must appear as a friend of mine; but above all, mind your manners, as there will be a number of the nobility of the

place present.' 'Bedad Sur! an' its poor father Dennis O'Shea, who's dead and gone (the Lord rist his soul), who taught me eligint manners." So, after a great deal of instructions from the Colonel, we got into his carriage, and arrived at Lord Fermoy's about 3 P.M. 'I was in dhread, my lord! says I, after lookin' about and seein' no signs of dinner, 'that I was behind time.' 'Oh no,' says he, laughing, 'we don't dine before seven, but I'm glad you've come early.' 'Seven! thinks I to myself, that's four hours frofn us yet, at laste an' I a'most perisht with the hunger, after the long ride, an' not atin a bit since eight o'clock that mornin'. That's elevin hours fasting, clear! Murther, what'll I do at all! Oh! wait till the Colonel catches me comin' out with him to dine at a great house again.

"Well, comrades, there I was, talkin' and lookin' about me for four long hours, an' I gnawed inwardly with the hunger, but av coorse I had too much manners to spake of it. At last, when I was a'most off, the door opened and in came one of the jintlemen in the red velvet small clothes, and tould them dinner was on the table. 'A canary couldn't sing sweeter,' says I to myself, listening to him. So they all got up, and every jintleman gev his arm to a lady, an' out they went in pairs, as if it was to a dance they were goin'. The dinner was there before us, laid an' all; but what I most admired, was the jintleman I before spoke of, in the red velvet small clothes, who, though they were the grandest in the company, behaved like the very lowest, takin' away the plates an' showin' the greatest attention to every one present. I took my sate among the rest. 'What'll you take, Mr. Flynn (for that was the name the Colonel introduced me by)!' says Lord Fermoy. 'Why then, my lord,' says I, 'since you're man-o'-the-house; what you have yourself must be best; an' I'll take some of that if you plaze!' So he gave me a help in. Well, I declare to you comrades, hardly had I took the second mouthful, when he looked over at me, an' 'Mr. Flynn,' says he, 'Lady Fermoy is lookin' at you?' 'Why, then, my lord!' says I, not knowin' what he was at, 'she's heartily welcome, an' a purtier pair of eyes she couldn't have to do it,' says I. So they all burst out laughin', in spite

of themselves. 'I mean to say, Mr. Flynn,' says he again, 'that Lady Fermoy will take wine with you'! 'Oh! now I twig you,' says I, 'with a heart an' a half, me lady, I hob-nob with you, if you plaze.'

"Well, comrades, while I was talkin' to Lady Fermoy, what does one of the jintlemen in the red velvet do, but slip in a hand under my elbow, an' whip away the plate from me a'most before I touched what was upon it! I could have ate him with a grain of salt! but I was ashamed to call for it again; an' before I could ask for another helpin', the whole o' what was on the table was cleared away! 'Oh murther, Paddy!' says I to myself, 'is that all you're goin' to get to-night?' But the minute afther there was a fresh dinner laid, an' they all went to work again as brisk as ever.

"Well I got another cut o'mate, an', says I, now there's hopes I'll be let ate a bit in peace and quiteness—when—'Mr. Flynn, will you do me the honor of wine,' says Lord Fermoy. 'With pleasure, my lord,' says I, bowin' down to my plate, quite man-nerly. So while I was drinkin' wine with Lord Fermoy, what should I see, only the same jintleman in the red velvet slippin' in a hand for the plate agin, an' I not a morsel of it touched. So I laid a houl't of it with the other hand. 'Aisy a while, sir,' says I, 'if you plaze; I'm not done with that yet.' Well they all began laughin', as if it were a play; so that I thought some of the ladies would dhrop off their chairs. An' then one of the jintlemen began takin' wine with me, an' another after that, so that I couldn't find time to ate one morsel before the table was cleared agin.

"'You're done for now, Paddy,' says I, 'you'll be starved alive.' Sorrow a bit, comrades, for there was a third dinner brought into 'em! 'Oh I see how it is!' says I, 'when once they begin, they never stop aitin' here.' Well 'tis a bad wind that blows nobody good. I'll get something at last; so I was helped the third time, an' I had just took up my knife and fork and was going to begin in airnest, when a jintleman, that sat close by me, said in a whisper: 'What did the ladies do to you, Mr. Flynn, that you wouldn't ax any of them to take

wine?' 'Why so, sir,' says I, 'is that manners?' 'Oh, dear, yes,' says he. So, not to be unmannerly, I began an' axed 'em all round, one after another, an' hardly had I the last of 'em done when down comes the jintleman in the red velvet, an' sweeps all away before 'im agin, without saying this or that.

"There was no help for it.

"There I sat, a'most dead. 'What'll they bring in next?' thought I. 'Twasn't long until I seen one comin' an' layin' before everyone at table a great big glassful of cowld spring water. 'Cool comfort, Paddy,' says I, 'but here goes for manners.' So I drank it; he filled it agin: and as he did I drank it to plaze him; but seein' he was goin' to fill it again, I couldn't stand it no longer. 'No more o' that, sir,' says I, 'if you plaze!' Well I thought they never would stop laughin'. But, comrades, I thought the sight would be took out of my two eyes, when I seen all the ladies and jintlemen dipping their hands in their glasses, an' 'washin' em before me face at the dinner table! 'Well, Paddy!' says I, 'such manners as that you never seen before this day, any way.'

Here Paddy was interrupted by the arrival of a mounted orderly who brought a message to say, that our sentries were exchanging shots with the French, and in a few moments the bugler had sounded the assembly.

*AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE THROUGH  
CALCUTTA—continued.*

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THE HIGH COURT.

BETWEEN the Town hall and Babu Ghât, on the banks of the Hooghly, stands the building known as the High Court. The style of architecture is Gothic, and the designs were executed by Mr. Walter Granville, late Architect to the Government of India. The building was completed in 1872. Its site was formerly occupied by the Supreme Court, and, after the latter was dismantled to make room for the new structure, the Court sat temporarily in the Town hall. "The idea of the building appears to have been taken from the Town Hall at Yprès, with such modifications as were necessary to adopt it to the purposes for which it is designed." There is a splendid colonnade in the lower storey of the south front; the capitals of the pillars are constructed of sculptured Caen stone. It is surmounted by a massive tower, under which is the principal entrance and staircase; beyond this again is a quadrangle, the centre of which is ornamented with a fountain, beautifully set in a mass of foliage and fern, and playing occasionally in obedience to the humour of the native keepers. The carriages of the public enter by the east gate, facing the Attorneys' and Barristers' Chamber, where also is the private entrance for the Judges who sit in the Original Side of the High Court; the other Judges enter by a gate to the west. The ground floor is mostly occupied by the offices. On the upper floor are the Courts, seven in number, the retiring rooms for Judges, the Judges' and the Bar Library, the Pleaders' rooms and the Attorneys' Association rooms. On the third loft are the offices of the Admi-

nistrator-General of Bengal, of the Receiver of the Court, of the Legal Remembrancer, and of the Advocate-General of Bengal. The following portraits, some of which were formerly placed in the Grand Jury room of the late Supreme Court, adorn the Judges' Library :—

*John Herbert Harrington, Esq., C.S.*—full length portrait.

*The Hon'ble Charles Burny Trevor, C.S.,* Officiating Chief Justice—full length portrait.

*The Hon'ble John Russell Colvin, C.S.* (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces)—full length portrait.

*Sir Edward Ryan, Chief Justice*—full length portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shel.

*Sir Lawrence Peel, Chief Justice*—by Grant.

*Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice*—half length, by Davis.

The undermentioned full length paintings in oil are distributed in the several Benches :—

*Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice*—by Toffany.

*Sir Henry Russell, Chief Justice, by Chinery, and another by Kettle.*

*Sir John Anstruther, Bart., Chief Justice.*

*The Hon'ble Shumboonath Pandit* (the first Native Judge who sat on the Bench of the High Court).

*Sir William Burroughs, Bart., Chief Justice*—by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

*Sir Francis Workman Macnaughten*—by Chinery.

The High Court was established in 1862, by a Royal Charter, which incorporated the Sadr Dewani Adalat with the then existing Supreme Court. It is presided over by a Chief Justice and Puisne Judges, consisting of members of the Civil Service, Barristers-at-Law, and one or two Native gentlemen, generally selected from the bar.

In order to form a tolerably accurate idea of the constitution of the High Court one must go back to the beginning of the 18th century, and review the established legal machinery of the period, together with the vast changes which the requirements of the times rendered imperative. We have already noticed in its proper place the Mayor's Court in the settlement

of Calcutta and the tribunals subordinate to it. Abuses had in course of years gradually crept in and defiled the fountain-head of justice, under which the country groaned for half-a-century or more. The leaven of corruption was permeating deeper and deeper the whole superstructure of the law, and it was at this critical juncture that the ministry of Lord North undertook the Herculean task of clearing the Augean stable of its administration, and of removing the refuse and putrid matter which had collected there—partly through inadvertence and partly through the influence exercised by the ruling power. For a brief period, however, the remedy proved worse than the disease. It was not a spasmodic attempt at legislation such as has marked the proceedings of the august Houses of Parliament in later times. In 1772, when the administration of civil and criminal justice in the provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa passed into the hands of the British, Warren Hastings, and the members of his Council, drew up a plan which led to the establishment in Calcutta of a Court of Last Resort—called the Sadr Dewani Adalat, and presided over by three or more members of the Council—to entertain appeals from the Provincial Courts in civil suits exceeding in value Rs. 500. In the year 1773 the enactment known as the Regulating Act was passed, and a considerable change effected in the constitution of the Indian Government. By that Act a Supreme Court of Judicature was established in Calcutta,\* consisting of a Chief Justice and three Puisne Judges,†

\* "The Supreme Court of Judicature in Calcutta consists of a Chief Justice and two Puisne Judges, nominated to their situations in India by the King. Its cognizance extends to all British subjects, that is, natives or the descendants of natives, of the British Isles, in India, and to all inhabitants within the parochial limits of Calcutta, as enclosed by the Mahratta Ditch, beyond which, however, the Suburbs now extend. In suits to which the natives are parties, the Judges are enjoined by Act of Parliament to respect the usages of the country; in matters of inheritance or contract the rule of decision is to be the law acknowledged by the litigant parties; should only one of the parties be Mahomedan or Hindu, it is to be the law acknowledged by the defendant. Criminal offences are tried by a Jury consisting exclusively of British subjects; in trials of a civil nature, the Judge decides both the law and the fact. The Supreme Court also tries criminal charges against the Government servants and civil suits in which the Government or its servants are concerned."—Walter Hamilton's *East India Gazetteer*, Vol. I, pp. 324—325, Art. "Calcutta."

† The following (which is fact) will, we think, furnish some amusement to our readers:—When the Judges of the Supreme Court, who had come out with very strong notions of the oppression to which the people were subject, landed at the Chandpal Ghât and saw the natives with their legs bare, one of them said to the others:

who, besides being made independent of the Governor-General and his Council, were armed with extensive civil and criminal jurisdiction, so ill-defined, that what was meant to confer a boon on the dusky millions of Bengal, led to incalculable complications, and thus proved a national calamity, and there was a Court of Chancery and a Court of King's Bench combined in one. The same Act which created that tribunal, on the lines of English Common Law and Equity Courts of Chancery, had also given birth to a political power by raising the status of the Governor to that of Governor-General, who was assisted by a Council composed of four members, but without defining the limits of either. The result, as might have been expected, under the circumstances, was, that the Judicial and Political authorities were arrayed against each other as two hostile factions. The Judges of the new Court, with the Chief Justice, Sir Elijah Impey, at their head, arrogated to themselves supreme authority not only within Calcutta, but they attempted to extend its jurisdiction over the whole of the Company's territory subject to the Presidency of Fort William. Under the sanction of law the greatest outrages were committed on the person and property of the Indian subjects of the Crown—outrages, the bare perusal of which, even at this distance of time, sends a thrill of horror through us—even the unique position of the Governor-General and the Members of his Council was not sufficient safeguards against attacks on their personal liberty. But for the temper and moderation of Hastings, which averted a resort to force, a civil war would certainly have followed. The extract given below from Lord Macaulay's Essay on *Warren Hastings* will give some idea of the internal calamities that menaced the peace of Bengal in 1780:—

"A reign of terror began, of terror heightened by mystery: for even that which was endured was less horrible than that which was anticipated. No man knew what was

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"See, brother, the oppression to which the people have been subject. The Supreme Court was not established before it was needed. I hope our Court will not have been six months in existence before these poor wretches will be comfortably provided with shoes and stockings."



next to be expected from this strange tribunal. It came from beyond the black water, as the people of India with mysterious horror call the sea. It consisted of judges, not one of whom was familiar with the usages of the millions over whom they claimed boundless authority. Its records were kept in unknown characters; its sentences were pronounced in unknown sounds. It had already collected round itself an army of the worst part of the native populations: informers, and false witnesses; common barrators, and agents of chicane, and, above all, a banditti of bailiffs' followers, compared with whom the retainers of the worst English sponging-houses, in the worst times, might be considered as upright and tender-hearted. Many natives, highly considered among their countrymen, were seized, hurried up to Calcutta, and flung into the Common Gaol, not for any crime, even imputed, not for any debt that had been proved, but merely as a precaution till their cause should come to trial. There were instances in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the grip of the vile alguazils of Impey. The harems of noble Mahomedans, sanctuaries respected in the East by Governments which respected nothing else, were burst open by gangs of bailiffs. The Mussulmans, braver and less accustomed to submission than the Hindoos, sometimes stood on their defence, and there were instances in which they shed their blood in the doorways while defending, sword in hand, the sacred apartments of their women. Nay, it seemed as if even the faint-hearted Bengalee—who had crouched at the feet of Surajah Dowla, who had been mute during the administration of Vansittart,—would at length find courage in despair. No Mahratta invasion had ever spread through the province such dismay as this inroad of English lawyers. All the injustice of former oppressors, Asiatic and European, appeared as a blessing when compared with the justice of the Supreme Court.\*

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\* The baneful influence which the Supreme Court, with its elaborate system of legal machinery, exercised over the morals of the natives of Bengal, may best be learnt in the following quotation from a contemporary writer: "It is in Calcutta that the effect of the intercourse between Europeans and the natives is in any degree

"Every class of the population, English and Native, with the exception of the ravenous pettifoggers, who fattened on the misery and terror of an immense community, cried out loudly against the fearful oppression. But the judges were immovable. If a bailiff was resisted, they ordered the soldiers to be called out. If a servant of the Company, in conformity with the orders of the Government, withstood the miserable catchpoles, who, with Impey's writs in their hands, exceeded the insolence and rapacity of gang-robbers, he was flung into prison for contempt. The lapse of sixty years, the virtue and wisdom of many eminent magistrates who have, during that time, administered justice in the Supreme Court, have not effaced from the mind of the people of Bengal the recollection of those evil days."

The strained relation in which the political party and the executive were placed to each other could not continue long without a complete collapse of the entire machinery of the administration. Happily, for the interests of the community entrusted to their charge, the genius of Hastings came to the

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visible, as there alone an indistinct sort of link may be discerned between the rulers and the people. The lowest and poorest European and the Native-born Christians and Portuguese do in some slight degree mix with the natives in their ordinary concerns and amusements, just sufficient to produce a very inconsiderable change in their manners and character. The establishment of the Supreme Court, and the intercourse between the natives and the lowest officers of that Court, must be considered another course of the same nature, but by these causes their morals have not been in the slightest degree improved; on the contrary, they have learned all the mean arts of European chicanery, imposture, and litigiousness, in addition to their aboriginal stock, without acquiring a particle of plain dealing, firmness, independence of spirit or useful knowledge. They appear to imbibe only those principles of the European character which tend to impair the mildness and simplicity of their own, and whenever, in the behaviour of the natives, insolence, ill-nature, coarseness (brutality or drunkenness—qualities hostile to their natural character) are observed, the change may be invariably traced to their intercourse with low Europeans. . . .

"Little morality is learned in a Court of Justice, and notwithstanding the severity of the Police and of the English laws, it appears probable that the morals of the native inhabitants are worse in Calcutta than in the Provincial districts. This is not to be attributed solely to the size, populations and indiscriminate society of the Capital, but in part to the Supreme Court, every native connected with which appearing to have his morals contaminated by the intimacy. In mentioning this evil it is not intended in the remotest degree to attribute it to any individual, or body of men, or to speak with disrespect of the institution itself, but merely to mention a fact which has probably been remarked by every Judge who ever sat on the Bench. Within the last forty years the natives have attained a sort of legal knowledge, as it is usually denominated, consisting of a skill in the arts of collusion, intrigue, subordination and perjury, which enables them to perplex and baffle the magistrate with infinite facility."—W. Hamilton's *East India Gazetteer*, Vol. I., pp. 324 and 325, Art. "Calcutta."

rescue. With a mind steeped in worldly wisdom and fertile in resources, he hit upon an expedient, which, to quote Lord Macaulay, was "nothing more or less than a bribe," by which the rapacity of Impey was propitiated, and a reconciliation effected between the contending factions. "All's well that ends well." He was offered a seat on the Bench of the Sadr Dewani Adalat on a salary of Rs. 8,000 per month, removable at the pleasure of the Government of Bengal, a compromise which he greedily accepted without demur, on the implied—if not tacit—understanding, that he would in future abstain from exercising his supposed prerogatives as Chief Justice. That he betrayed his colleagues was an insignificant matter with a man blessed with an elastic conscience. The sop had the desired effect, "the bargain was struck, Bengal was saved, an appeal to force was averted; and the Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous."

This is neither the time nor the place to sit in judgment on the comparative demerits of the two principal actors in that disgraceful business, nor are we disposed to enter into a discussion on the character of Sir Elijah Impey. History has already pronounced its verdict on the moral depravity of a judge who has not inappropriately been compared to the notorious Jefferies, although a filial hand has done its best to remove the obloquy which fastened on the father as a willing and useful instrument in the hands of Hastings. Mrs. Fay, the authoress, relates an amusing anecdote of the state of things in her days, which will bear repetition as being characteristic of the Chief Justice's temper and independence of spirit in maintaining the power of justice against the East India Company then supreme over every other power: On Mr. Fay's expressing some apprehensions, lest his having come out without the leave of the East India Company, might throw some obstacles in the way of his admission to the bar here, Sir Elijah Impey indignantly exclaimed: "No, Sir, had you dropped from the clouds with such documents, we would admit you. The Supreme Court is independent, and will never endure to be dictated to by any body of men whose claims are not enforced by supe-

rior authority. It is nothing to us whether you *had* or *had not* permission from the Court of Directors to proceed to this settlement; you came to us as an authenticated English barrister, and as such we shall, on the first day of the next Term, admit you to *Our Bar*." There exists a strong jealousy between the Government and the Supreme Court lest either should encroach on the prerogatives of the other. The latter, at about this time, committed Mr. Naylor, the Company's Attorney, for some breach of privilege, who, being in a weak state of health at the time, died in confinement.

The triumph of the Chief Justice, however, was short-lived, he did not long enjoy the fruits of the dishonest compact, for we find that two years afterwards, by virtue of a Resolution emanating from the Home Government, the superintendence of the Sadr Dewani Adalat was resumed by the Governor-General and his Council. In 1801 a further change was introduced into its constitution, by which it was enacted that the Court should consist of three Judges, the Chief Judge to be selected from the members of the Supreme Council and two Puisne Judges from the Covenanted Civil Servants of the Company. Four years later, the office of the Chief Justice was also thrown open to the latter. After further changes had been effected in its *materiel*, the number of Judges was fixed to four, with equal powers, and that arrangement lasted till 1862, the last year of its existence as a separate Institution.

The Supreme Court calls up many reminiscences of the past; of the immense fortunes made by lawyers in days when the number of attorneys permitted to practise in it was limited to twelve only, who shared the spoils by keeping alive the flame of litigation among the people, who were already averse to submit their disputes to an amicable settlement. In one instance alone was a deviation made from that rule; it was in favour of a nephew of the great Commentator on the Laws of England in recognition of the eminent services rendered to the cause of jurisprudence by his uncle. An early writer says: "A man of abilities and good address in the law, if he has the firmness to resist the fashionable contagion, gambling,

need only pass seven years of his life at Calcutta to return home in affluent circumstances, but the very nature of their possessions leads them into gay connections, and, having for a time complied with the humours of their company from prudential motives, they became tainted, and prosecute their banes from the impulses of inclination." There is a story extant of a Portuguese who spent Rs. 40,000 in a lawsuit against an American in 1789.

The jurisdiction of the High Court extends over Bengal, Behar and Orissa, containing a population of about 65 million souls. There being no separate Department of Justice under Government the work of the Court is judicial as well as administrative, the former is divided into two classes—*Original* and *Appellate*. In its Original Jurisdiction, it takes cognizance of all cases that come before it as a Court of First Instance, and is limited to the Town of Calcutta. In its Appellate Branch, it hears all appeals from the decisions of the bench in the Original Jurisdiction and from the Mofussil; but it also acts as a Court of Revision and Reference in confirming capital sentences, &c., &c., for which purpose separate benches are appointed composed of one or more Judges. For administrative purposes the Court acts by Committees.

FORT WILLIAM COLLEGE OR WRITERS' BUILDINGS,  
Was intended as a residence for young civilians, or writers as they were denominated in former days. Copying was originally the duty entrusted to the young man during that probationary period. The premises were rented by Government from the well-known Barwell family for the accommodation of writers, when they were transferred thither from their old quarters in the Fort. Mr. G. Barwell, who was a member of Council in 1780, retired to England with a fortune of 80 lakhs, with which "he purchased an estate (Stanstead in Sussex) and a seat in Parliament (Winchelsea). The parent of the family, familiarly known as "Old Barwell," was Governor of Calcutta in 1750, and for upwards of a century afterwards his descendants filled some of the most important offices in the civil and military services. They were renowned sportsmen and

well known on the Turf; but we look in vain for the name in the Civil or Army List of the present day.

The Indian Civil Service, now one of the grandest and most respectable in the world, was then associated with merchants' clerks and with transactions of a highly questionable character. The former were sent out to serve their apprenticeship to the craft and mystery of the Company's trade. On their arrival here the young writers used to engage the services of a *banian*,\* or broker, who, from being their servant, soon rose to be their master, and such was the influence he exercised over his employers that the latter could not sever the connection during the entire period of their stay in the country; a community of pecuniary interests led them to enter into a life-long engagement. The writer being without funds, he was glad to obtain assistance from a native carrying on private trade, in which a civilian embarked almost as soon as he gained his appointment. The banian supplied him with funds for the purpose and appropriated to himself the largest share in the profits,

In 1675 orders were sent out by the Court of Directors that civilians should serve an apprenticeship for five years, receiving, however, ten pounds a year, for the last two years, and then be promoted to the grades of "writer," "factor," "merchant," and "senior merchant," respectively. They were also to be instructed in the exercise of arms, so that in the event of any of them displaying an aptitude for military establishment, they were entitled to hold a commission. Sometimes however the servants of the Company combined a duality of appointments in their persons, for when, in 1686, a squadron of ships was sent to Bengal to fortify Chittagong and establish a mint there, with six hundred infantry on board, there were no officers to command them, as members of council were expected to take up that duty on active service. As we have seen, Job Charnock, who was a civilian, was appointed Admiral and Commander-in-

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\* Of the *banian*, Bishop Heber gives the following description :—Several boats again came to board us, in one of which was a man dressed in muslin, who spoke good English, and said he was a *sarkar* come down in quest of employment, if any of the officers on board would entrust their investments to him, or if anybody chose to borrow money at 12 per cent. In appearance and manner he was no bad specimen of the low usurers who frequent almost all seaports.

Chief. In 1600, however, we find the India Company requesting in their charter "that no gentleman might be employed in their charge." Strange request, indeed. Perhaps they had experienced the free-and-easy style of living of some of the "hard-bargains" of the Company, who took no interest in their work, but lived as drones of the factory.

The following scale of allowances given to these officers of the Company will, perhaps, not be out of place, as it shows how matters have considerably changed since the early days of the British rule in India. It will be seen that married civilians were paid a higher rate for diet allowance than their unmarried brethren, and that when there was a paucity of vacancies, civilians were permitted, and even recommended, to return home with an allowance of half their allotted salaries until such time as suitable posts fell vacant for their employment. The scale of allowances granted to servants whose offices had been abolished or who were out of employment was laid as follows :—

	Sicca Rs.
For a Senior Merchant, not married ...	800 per month.
Do. do. married ...	1,000 "
Do. Junior Merchant, not married ...	600 "
Do. do. married ...	800 "
Do. Factor not married and quarters ...	300 "
Do. do. married ditto ...	500 "

The Resolution of the Governor-General in Council, in the Secret Department of Inspection, dated 27th June 1785, contained, among other rules, the following items :—

(1.) The offices held by and the established allowance granted the civil servants above the rank of writers were to be considered as a full compensation, and in lieu of all other allowance, in consequence of which the old allowances of salary, diet-money, palanquin hire, family allowances, and house-rent were abolished.

(2.) Writers on this (Bengal) Establishment were, in lieu of these old allowances to draw Sicca Rs. 100 per month, and to have quarters in the new building (two to each house) till

they should have been appointed to an office, the salary of which, exclusive of the established allowance, exceeded Rs. 300 per month, when their right to quarters were to cease.

(3.) The office hours were declared to be from 9 o'clock to one in the forenoon, and from 7 o'clock to 9 in the evening, from April to September, and from 10 till 2 in the forenoon and 7 till 9 in the evening, from October to March. We also find that the commanders of the Company's freighted ships were, in 1779, permitted to receive the following allowances for the passage and accommodation of persons proceeding to India :—

For Factors and Captains, each	... ..	£ 100
For Writers, Lieutenants and Ensigns, each	... ..	£ 80
For every Cadet, entertained at the commander's table by the commander's consent or the Company's consent	... ..	£ 60

If any commander were found to take any further sum than what was allowed by the Resolution, he was to forfeit and pay to the Company, for the use of Poplar Hospital, treble the sum so exacted. The commanders were, however, permitted to receive, but upon no consideration to demand, a larger sum than the undermentioned, for the passage and accommodation at their table of gentlemen proceeding to or returning from India at their own expense :—

For a General Officer	... ..	£ 200
For a Member of Council or Colonel	... ..	„ 150
For a Lieutenant-Colonel	... ..	„ 120
For Senior and Junior Merchants and Majors, &c.	... ..	„ 100

The Company's servants were permitted the use of *dastacks*, or passports, to trade, as a mark of personal favour. It was with a view to reap the advantages of these *dastacks*, concerned in the clandestine trade which the broker carried on on his own account that he attached himself to the Writer. By this means the trade, to the extent of lakhs of rupees, which were entered in the public registers in the name of a civilian drawing only Rs. 50 or Rs. 100 per month, was actually the property of the money-lender, the civilian receiving as his share of the spoils an eighth, a quarter, and sometimes a moiety, of the profits for lending his name to these



nefarious practices. At other times the *dastacks* were openly and unreservedly sold for a lump sum, varying from Rs. 25 to Rs 200. The President could not put his veto on these transactions, as he himself set the example of speculation on a magnified scale—he durst not point to the ‘mote’ in his brother’s eye while there was a ‘beam’ in his own. On one occasion he had to refund to the Nawab three lakhs of rupees for losses sustained by him by the indiscriminate misappropriation of passports. During the first half of the last century the Court of Directors, in their despatches, denounced, in the most emphatic manner, no less than twenty-five times, these underhand dealings, and the strictest orders were issued to refund the Customs dues of which the Native Government had been defrauded, and to send home the perpetrators of the fraud by the first ship. But the leaven of corruption had permeated to the lowest stratum of the Service, which had become rotten to the very core; no one was found so innocent as to cast a stone at his neighbour. The pious indignation of the Court of Directors was innocuous as a toothless serpent. The bitter waters spread till the abuse attained colossal proportions, and it was publicly complained of in Suraj-ud-Daula’s Court that he had “a very long *dastack* account to settle with the English, who had thereby defrauded the revenue of a crore-and-half of rupees in fifty years.”

Before the introduction of the competitive system of examination, the young men sent out to this country, as members of the Covenanted Civil Service, received their nominations direct from the Court of Directors who had indisputed patronage of those appointments, and, as might be supposed, their *protégés* were either their near relatives or connected with these friends outside the pale of the Direction. It was a very close preserve, indeed, which admitted of no encroachment, and the *esprit de corps* was maintained intact. If this system of exclusiveness had its drawbacks, it had its corresponding advantages as well, which, in the long run, preponderated over the other, as the British rule of a hundred years conclusively proves. Haileybury College was the *alma mater* of the civil servants of those days. After completing the ordinary course of training

prescribed there, they entered into covenant and were drafted out to India. The majority of them, when they set their foot on the Indian soil, were raw, beardless youths, hardly out of their teens, and unacquainted with the ways of the world. But it was with the help of such materials as these that the fabric of a mighty empire has been built. In the absence of facilities at home for acquiring a legal training and a knowledge of the Oriental languages to qualify them for an Indian career, a college was established here for their special benefit, called the Fort William College, with a staff of competent teachers. So far it answered its purpose remarkably well, but the location of it in Calcutta was an unfortunate circumstance. The temptations to which the young men fresh from school were exposed for squandering large sums on horse-racing, gambling, dinner parties, &c., were too great to be resisted. For such frivolities exorbitant amounts were raised by the help of brokers, at ruinous rates of interest, and the result, as might have been anticipated, was disastrous in the extreme.\* The banians sucked the life-blood of the unsuspecting Civilian who sometimes contracted obligations that were never redeemed, even at the close of a life long sojourn in India.

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\* The Government grants a princely allowance to their Civil servants; but, large as it is, it does not always suffice for the expenses of the Juniors, many of whom on their arrival set up an extravagant establishment of horses, carriages and servants, and thereby involve themselves in embarrassments at a very early period of their lives. To support this profuse mode of living they are obliged to borrow from their dewan, generally a married native, who seeks the advancement of his family through the influence of his debtors, whose extravagance and dissipation he encourages until their difficulties are almost inextricable, while the Civilian remains in an inferior situation. The debt to the dewan continues to accumulate, and when higher appointments are at length reached, it requires years to clear off the incumbrances of his juvenile thoughtlessness. Of late these responsible situations have been rendered of still more difficult attainment, by the determination of Government to regard extravagance as an essential drawback from the claims of all candidates for offices of trust. Those who are incapable of exercising self denial at the commencement of their career, have only themselves to blame if they are denied that confidence in the strength and integrity of their characters, which everyone seeking important public trusts ought to possess; nor can the Government sacrifice the duty it owes to the people, through any consideration for the interest of incautions servants. Instances of this species of insanity (for it deserves no other name) are now rare, compared with what they were at an earlier period of the British acquisitions, and, notwithstanding the multiplied temptations, a very great majority of those who arrive at the higher stations wholly escape the contagion, and are distinguished by the most unsullied integrity of character. Whenever a deviation has occurred it may invariably be traced to the imprudence of the young man on his first arrival and his subsequent slavery to his dewan.—Walter Hamilton's *East India Gazetteer*, Vol. I., p. 323.

Writers' Buildings is spoken of in 1780 as being "a monument of commercial prosperity." No doubt it was, with this slight difference, that the prosperity was one-sided; the leeches who clung to their victims not only made for themselves hay while the sun shone, but did a good bit of business besides for the relatives who stuck to the coat-tails of a Civilian throughout his Indian career. Could the past tell its tale when *Qui Hye*-ism held high festival, the very walls of the building would echo the uproar of midnight orgies; lamp-shades and *sorais* being used as champagne glasses, in the absence of the legitimate cup; when young gentlemen preparing for their "little go" relieved their graver toils with such harmless amusements as secreting snakes in their teacher's sideboards and introducing jackals between the sheets of his bedding to the great horror of the staid Dominie. The Fort William College was established in 1800 by the Marquis of Wellesley; it was located in the premises lately occupied by *The Exchange*, and in the building immediately to the west of it, across Council House Street, which were connected by a gallery. Some of the rooms were occupied by the professors attached to the college, foremost among whom were Dr. Buchanan, the Vice-Provost, and Dr. Carey. It is now, however, some years since the Institution has been abolished, and its duties have been taken up by a Board of Examiners appointed by Government for the purpose. The Writers' Building is at present occupied by the Bengal Secretariat, the offices of the Executive engineer are now located on the north of the Dalhousie Square.

#### KIDDERPUR.

*Kidderpur* is situated to the south of that portion of Tolly's Nallah which is crossed by Hastings' Bridge. At a little distance off this bridge there was another of brick, a much older structure, called Surmans, after Mr. Surman, a member of Council, and one of those who composed the Embassy to Delhi in 1716. To the south of it lay Surman's garden, where he probably resided. It will be ever memorable as the spot where Governor Drake and his cowardly associates took rest on their way to the shipping, when they treacherously gave up the

fort to the enemy in 1756. To the south of this garden, again, and adjoining its wall, was a pyramid, which marked the boundary of the village of Govindpur, the limit of the Company's colony of Calcutta. Kidderpur, as its name imports, was named after General Robert Kyd, Chief Engineer in the Company's Military Establishment. The East Indian sons of the General, James and Robert Kyd, were foremost among the ship-builders of their time, and in 1818 launched from the dock, there the *Hastings*, a vessel carrying seventy-four guns, the only line of battle-ship ever built in Calcutta. It was built by private subscription among the merchants and afterwards sold to Government.

The General was distinguished for botanic researches, and at Sibpur, across the river, he laid the foundation of the Government Botanic Garden, in the centre of which a marble urn was erected to his memory. He gave his name to Kyd Street, in the city, where a portion of the premises occupied by the United Service Club is located now.

James Kyd died in Calcutta, on the 26th October 1836, and lies buried in the Scotch cemetery at Karaya in the suburbs. He wrote a tract exhorting East Indians to imitate his example, and either follow an honorable profession or take to handicraft as a source of livelihood, instead of depending on Government support and favour. He was held in high estimation by his class, who deplored his death as a public loss.

With the experience of American Independence before them, the English viewed with great alarm the growth of the East Indians as a separate and powerful community, the prevailing impression being that, in process of time, they would join the natives and drive the English from the country. Various plans were seriously hit upon to counteract the influence of the Eurasians, or country-borns, as they were sometimes termed. They did not mix freely with Europeans, but lived in an atmosphere of native associations, hence this revulsion of feelings. There was a single boarding school in Calcutta, in 1780, exclusively for the benefit of East Indian children. Their females, however, could not shake off the habits contracted from

their mothers, and were more fond of smoking *huka* than attending to learning. They were inordinately fond of gaieties, and patronized the theatre in a liberal spirit, dressing in magnificent style, and "affording, by their sparkling eyes, a marked contrast with the paleness and langour of the European ladies." The glorious deeds, however, of such men as Kyd, Bailey, Skinner and others prove conclusively what success and genius combined with iron will and strength of character could achieve, notwithstanding "the depressing influence of European caste."

To Colonel Watson, of the Engineers, doubtless belongs the honour of being the first Englishman who established the first dry and wet docks in Bengal. His keen perception showed at a glance the favourable position of the Bay of Bengal in regard to the countries lying to the east and west of it, and he saw that if his countrymen aspired to be the masters of the Eastern seas, their marine must be placed on an efficient footing. In 1769 and 1770 two vessels only had been launched, but Calcutta had hitherto mainly depended for its ships on Pegu. On the Eastern and Western coast—Bombay having had docks so early as 1735,—Watson saw the advantages and facilities which Kidderpur possessed for constructing, repairing, and equipping men-of-war and merchantmen, and he applied to Government for a grant of land which was forthwith conceded. The devastations caused by Haidar Ali in the Carnatic roused the Government to exertions. In 1780 there was not a sufficient number of vessels to carry food-grains to the people of the South, visited by famine, but good came out of evil. Roused to the immediate necessity of helping the famished population, Watson commenced his work forthwith. The next year he launched the "*Nonsuch*" frigate of 36 guns. It was constructed solely by native artisans under his personal supervision. For the next eight years he spent his time and fortune in the undertaking, and in 1788 launched another frigate, the *Surprise*, of 32 guns. By this time, however, his resources failed him, and after having sunk ten lakhs of rupees on the works, he was obliged to give them up.

commerce made rapid strides ; credit revived and within twenty years thirty-five vessels, aggregating 17,020 tons, were built ; from 1781 to 1821 the total number was 237, which cost upwards of ten millions sterling. At Fort St. Gloucester, between 1811 and 1828, twenty-seven vessels, aggregating 9,322 tons, were built, and in 1801 a ship of 1,445 tons, the *Countess of Sutherland*, was built at Tittagarh on the outskirts of Barrackpur.

Another account says that Mr. Waddell, the Company's master-builder, first erected docks in Calcutta in 1795, and that he had then the same yard in Kidderpur which afterwards became the property of the two brothers, Messrs. James and Robert Kyd.

An amusing incident is related in connection with Watson's docks. It appears he had erected a wind-mill in their vicinity, but as it overlooked the zenana of a native gentleman the latter sought for and obtained a decree to have the wind-mill pulled down. A writer quaintly remarks that it was a suit of *Wind-mill vs. Nuisances*.

#### THE KIDDERPUR MILITARY ORPHAN SCHOOL

Was established in 1783 by Major Kilpatrick. It was located at first at Howrah, but it was removed to its present premises about 1790. "Kidderpur House" is a splendid building, and possesses one of the finest ball rooms in Calcutta. It was originally the property of Mr. Richard Barwell, a member of Council during the administration of Warren Hastings, but in 1788 it was purchased for Rs. 75,000. It has for a century proved to be of inestimable benefit to the daughters of a large number of deserving officers of the late Bengal Army. In former days European ladies had a horror of the Indian climate. Even Lady Teignmouth refused to come out to India with her husband ; in consequence, Kidderpur was the harbour of refuge where weary bachelors, whether young or old, and men in want of wives found rest, and made their selections of partners in life, at balls given expressly for that purpose, often travelling a distance of sometimes 500 miles down the country to attain that object. *Apropos* of these balls

the following advertisement, taken from the *Calcutta Gazette* of 1810, will be found interesting:—

"*The General Management of the Military Orphan Society* having found occasion to form some arrangements for the better regulation of the monthly dance given by the Society to the daughters of officers at the Kidderpur School, notice is hereby given that no persons whomsoever will, in future, be admitted to this entertainment without producing a Printed Card of Invitation.

"The gentlemen in His Majesty's Military and Naval Service, the gentlemen in the Civil and Military Service of the Honorable Company, and the gentlemen resident in Calcutta, not in the service of His Majesty or the Company, and all other persons of respectability, will invariably, upon application to Mr. John Howard, the Head Master of Kidderpur School, be furnished with tickets of admission to the dance for themselves and families, agreeably to such list of names of persons to be invited as may accompany the application for the tickets. The application should be made to the Head Master two or three days before the dance takes place.

"The dances at the Kidderpur School for the ensuing four months are, by the rules, to be held as under-mentioned, namely:—

*For November 1810:*

On Monday the 12th and Monday the 26th November.

*For December 1810:*

On Monday the 10th and on Monday the 31st December.

*For January 1811 and February 1811:*

The second and last Mondays of each of these months."

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

IN his search for other worlds to conquer, Genius in his rambles has shown us many mysteries connected with the pen, the press, and paper and it is astonishing what great effects small causes will produce. A slight blow on a can of dynamite will produce disaster, but no greater than when a lithographic printer shifts a stone in a press without due regard to the paper beneath, harmless in itself, but by this shifting is rolled up, and the first impression breaks the stone in pieces. What letter-press printer exists who some time in his life has not seen a forme carelessly and loosely locked, and seen several days' composition made into *pi*, and many an artist, with a glass of water on his working desk, has spilled it over a nearly finished crayon by moving a stone a trifle.

A very great mystery occurs to the printer when a stone breaks, and all he has done is merely placed the stone, in winter time, near the stove, to make it sufficiently warm to print from, but the stone gets heated too quickly, or somebody in the printing department wrings his sponge and drops a little cold water on the stone, when the printer, who only placed one stone to dry, has many to cool. If not broken at the time sufficient to fall to pieces, when locked in the press one or two revolutions will transmit the well-known and ever-to-be-dreaded sound of multiplication applied to lithographic stone.

Some time ago a waif, parentage unknown, was making the rounds of the trade journals, stating that a fine stone was broken by reason of its back being covered with a sheet of paper for preserving a drawing thereon; then a piece of it became loose in lifting, and in shifting the stone into the press it rolled up as hard as iron, and the stone, forty by sixty inches, and worth a thousand dollars, broke at the first impression.

Who has not seen where the benzine used in washing rollers was poured into the sink for safety, and a boy, on quitting work at night, would wash his hands, light the gas, and throw the burning match into the sink, and if the benzine had not been washed out or evaporated what else but a disastrous explosion, and perhaps conflagration, could in reason be expected? And the daily papers still chronicle great fires, with fearful losses of



life and property, attributing its origin to unknown causes. Spontaneous combustion has ceased to be one of the mysteries ; hence the pile of dirty rags, made so by carbons, such as turpentine, lampblack, benzine, alcohol, and oils wiped from type and machinery, should never be allowed to accumulate either in the printing establishment or paper warerooms.

A job has been transferred and printed in six colors, for instance, forty-five thousand sheets, where the blue plate was printed in flesh color and the flesh color in blue, and was not discovered until, printing the blue last, the face of the figures were noticed to be in blue. Take out the faces and print a new blui sh gray thereon, and the defect will not only be remedied, but the addition will be saved, especially if the accompanying mistake of printing the sky a flesh color had not been discovered.

There are a great many little mysterious chemical processes also unknown to printers and manufacturers, and they should not always be held responsible for some of these mishaps. Sometimes drawings and etchings, especial Crayon drawings, when properly and well etched, will not always take the ink freely and easily as they do at other times. All printers like to work when the drawing is sucking the ink from the roller freely, and with the thinnest film of ink a good, sharply-defined, black impression can be obtained. But the feelings of the printer are not pleasant if with good rollers and good ink the impression is flat and the color hungry. The cause is purely a chemical one, generally, beginning with the water the stone is polished with ; sweeping over the stone, even in a wet condition. with a sweaty hand ; using the water that has been used before, and is in the grain-ing box—the sand and the stone is grained with ; even a sheet of paper the stone is rubbed off with, may cause all the trouble.

### DACOITY IN UPPER BURMAH.

[Owing to the sudden and unexpected absence ON BUSINESS, of our correspondent *Apex* from Calcutta, we are unable to give our review of "The Month" in this issue. We therefore substitute the following article, which gives some interesting facts regarding Dacoity in Upper Burmah.—ED.]

AT present the only dacoit chieftain of any consequence on the Upper Chindwin is *Boh Hla*. He has held his own from the day General Prendergast crossed the old frontier; he never disturbs the tranquillity of the country as long as he is left alone, but the minute you send a force after him he generally lets the people who are pursuing him know that he is monarch of all he surveys in the northern waters. Government finding this out have wisely left him alone for the last eight months. Lieutenant Daly, of Shanland, while in the Kindat subdivision sent word to Boh Hla in the early days that he would meet him alone at a certain place mentioned, and treat with him, granting free pardon as was the case in those days, but the bold ruffian would not listen to the overtures of any one. Mr. Stewart, Assistant Superintendent of Police, with a body of mounted police, in March 1889, went after him and found him located in a stronghold well fortified with grain and provender of all sorts for man and beast. When Mr. Stewart came a little closer Boh Hla fired in person, and shot Mr. Stewart in the back, wounding him severely. After Stewart's return to Kindat, Mr. Lloyd, District Superintendent of Police, and one Jemadar of the 10th Bengal Infantry, a fine, handsome, soldierly-built fellow, with a company of men, went in pursuit to retaliate Stewart's mishap; unfortunately the poor Jemadar was wounded seriously, and the ball that struck him

was meant for Mr. Lloyd. The Jemadar subsequently died in Meingyan: he was also shot in the back. The next expedition went out on the return of Lloyd's party, commanded by Lieutenant Young, 2nd-in-command of the Upper Chindwin Battalion. No great result was effected, except that the dacoits were shifted to fresh fields and pastures new. The last party that went after Boh Hla was Lieutenant Budd of the Chindwin Battalion. He started his party from Pantha, a station about 10 miles north of Kendat; in February last, and proceeded to the Wuntho State, where the great Boh Hla is ruralizing. Whether this state will eventually become the property of England or not is questionable at present. The Sawbaw pays tribute to the tune of Rs. 40,000 per annum, while the old Sawbaw of Tounghdoot pays only 300 rupees per annum. It is true the territory of Tounghdoot is small in proportion to Wuntho. Tounghdoot territory begins about two miles above the village of Mein Yah on the right bank of the Chindwin and about 4 miles north of Paunghbin; it extends as far as the village opposite Humbaline. Measuring the Tounghdoot territory by river, it would be about 42 miles in length. A complete jungle with hills 5,000 to 6,000 feet altitude at the back. The Tounghdoot Sawbaw is related to the Wuntho Sawbaw, and also to the Kantee Sawbaw, by marriage, Kantee being the northern terminus of Chindwin navigation, better known as the water-falls. The country above Moungh-Kan is sparsely settled and the villages very far apart. Plantains of a good quality grow wild on both banks of the river. The *Ficus elastica* grows spontaneously north of Moungh-Kan, but the system adopted by the Shan inhabitants in extracting the rubber is very novel indeed. The majority of the rubber comes across country to India as they find a much better market for it. The Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation, Limited, a short time ago, purchased a small consignment at Humbaline. A good quality of jade stone is shipped by bamboo rafts to Moonywah; also paddy in large quantities. A large raft will have 14 houses on it, carrying about 600 baskets. The people dislike shipping by steamer for reasons best known to themselves, and all attempts to induce them to ship by the method have proved futile.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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VOL. III, No. 1.—NOVEMBER 1890.

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## *TARIFF LEGISLATION IN AMERICA.*

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FAITHFUL to its promise, the Republican party has succeeded in effecting a complete revision of the American Tariff, and has by the passing of the M'Kinley Bill through the Senate, introduced into the United States what is said to be the most drastic system of Protection yet devised. Secretary Blaine is, it need hardly be said, a thorough-going Protectionist; he is also, and has for years been, a strong believer in close commercial relations between the United States and the Central and South American Republics. The position taken by Secretary Blaine, as we understand it, was that these Central and South American nations should not be allowed to export their sugar to the United States, free of duty, unless they were prepared to make some concessions in return. The Republican party pledged itself to the country to revise the tariff on protection lines, correcting inequalities and reducing the burdens of taxation. In conformity with this pledge, and in the face of a solid Democratic free-trade opposition, the Republican House passed the M'Kinley Bill, and its action has now been upheld by the Senate. The Act is, in many respects, an excellent one, and not the least of its excellent features is the placing of sugar on the free list. The duty on sugar has been in some degree protective, but to a vastly larger extent it has

been purely revenue in its character. To give American sugar producers all needed protection, the bill provides for a bounty, but the American consumers are to be saved a burden of taxation amounting to between forty and fifty millions. In the absence of details we may presume that the new issues raised by Mr. Blaine regarding reciprocity have been allowed to stand over for future settlement.\* These reciprocity suggestions deserve the careful and serious consideration of Congress. Mr. Blaine bases them upon the report upon customs union adopted by the Pan-American Congress, which recommended the negotiation of reciprocity treaties "upon such a basis as would be acceptable in each case, taking into consideration the special situations, conditions and interests of each country, and with a view to promote their common welfare." Chili and the Argentine Republic did not join in these recommendations, but this was because they did not believe that concessions made by these Governments would secure favourable responses on the part of the United States. Mr. Blaine clearly shows that the United States would be the greatest gainer from the proposed reciprocity. The combined imports of Chili and the Argentine Republic alone in 1888 reached \$233,127,690, of which the United States contributed \$13,000,000, England \$90,000,000, Germany \$43,000,000 and France \$34,000,000. More than eighty-seven per cent. of South American products have been admitted into the United States free of duty, the little more than 12 per cent. of imports paying duties being raw sugars and the coarser grades of wool used in the manufacture of carpets. On the other hand the South American Republics tax heavily nearly everything exported from the States. Under such circumstances the advantage to America of reciprocity is too evident to be disputed. Should Chili and the Argentine Republic see a disposition on the part of the United States to

\* Since the above was put in type we have learned that the reciprocity provisions come into force on 1st January 1892, being delayed to give time for reciprocity negotiation. The tin ore duty of 4 cents per ton comes into effect on 1st July 1893, with the proviso that unless the production of the United States mines exceeds 5,000 tons of block or pig tin in any one year before 1st July 1895, then block or pig tin shall be admitted free. The inland tobacco tax is reduced from 8c. to 6c. per pound, and all dealers' licenses are abolished. Among the prohibitory sections is a provision that after 1st March 1891, no imported article which copies or simulates the name or trade-mark of any domestic manufacture shall be admitted.

favourably consider advances which they might make. Then would, we believe, at once fall into line with the other free Republics. Mr. Blaine's suggestion is that in order to escape the delay and uncertainty of treaties, the President be authorized to declare the ports of the United States free to all the products of any American nation upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports free of all taxes the articles which shall be named by Congress. This done, if treaties are then deemed necessary or advisable they can be negotiated. Secretary Blaine has evidently given the matter most careful study, and his suggestions therefore deserve the most careful consideration.

The Tariff Question is not a new one, and probably no Governmental policy has been so much a matter of discussion, dispute and legislation as has that which is involved in the question of levying duties on imports. No less than forty different Tariff Acts have been passed by the United States Congress, some of them, of course, of minor importance—to say nothing of the numerous bills which have been formulated, only to fall. And yet the supreme question that has been before the country recently, dividing political parties more sharply than any other, has been the tariff. There have been, from the beginning almost, two policies—protection to American industries on the one hand, and free trade on the other, though for the first quarter of a century it cannot be said that the lines were clearly and distinctly drawn. Washington was inaugurated President on 30th April 1789, and at the first session of the first Congress perhaps the most important Act passed was that which was approved July 4th, 1789, entitled, "An Act for levying a duty on" goods, wares and merchandize imported into the United States. The purpose of this Act was clearly expressed in the following preamble:—

Whereas it is necessary for the support of the Government, the discharge of the debt of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on goods, wares and merchandise imported.

This preamble contained the three propositions, on one of which, at least, all subsequent tariff legislation has since been

based ; first, that duties shall be levied for the support of the Government ; second, that they should be laid for the support of the public debt ; and third, that they should also be laid for the encouragement and protection of manufactures. The free trader, pure and simple, would dispute the entire three propositions, and would have revenues raised by direct or by internal taxation. The American free trader would permit a duty for revenue or, as he phrases it, "a tariff for revenue only ;" but he denies the necessity of a tariff for "the encouragement and protection of manufactures." The policy adopted at the first, however, was the protective policy, and it is not uninteresting to trace how subsequent legislation has weakened this policy on the one hand or strengthened it on the other.

The real tariff controversy may be said to have begun with the passage of the Act of 1816, by which the whole tariff system was remodelled. It laid both specific and *ad valorem* duties, the latter ranging from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 30 per cent. For the first time the minimum figure was introduced as applied to cotton cloths of a certain description, and as applied to cotton twist, yarn and thread. The events which led to the war of 1812 placed such restrictions upon commerce that the accustomed channels of exchange and production were pretty thoroughly blocked. And the war tariff of 1812, which was designed to increase the revenues, accomplished but little in this direction since the importing trade was practically destroyed. This state of affairs naturally gave an enormous stimulus to numerous industries, the products of which had been previously imported, and establishments for the manufacture of cotton goods, woollen cloths, iron, glass, pottery and other articles sprung up with unprecedented rapidity. The war and the restrictive measures which led up to it were the equivalent of extreme protection. The consequence was the rise and growth of a considerable class of manufactures, whose success depended largely on the continuance of protection after the war closed, and on the adoption of measures for limiting foreign competition. There was a strong feeling that the new industries should be assisted, and the result was the series of enactments in 1816, which, taken together, may be regarded as the first distinctive protective tariff. The Act

of 1824 was more thoroughly protective than those of 1816, and passed both House and Senate by a somewhat close vote. For some time after the enactment of the tariff of 1816 there was little demand for any increase of duties, and there were circumstances which tended to lower rates. The harvests in Europe were bad, and American food-products were in extraordinary demand, while prices were high. On the other hand the prices of manufactured goods were comparatively low. Imports, especially from England, were heavy. But a financial crisis on both sides of the Atlantic in 1818 and 1819, taken in connexion with good harvests in Europe, changed the entire situation in the United States, and the demand for increased protection to home industries, which would create a home market, began to be emphasized, and the result was the protective tariff of 1824, which changed the whole system of duties. Meanwhile a strong anti-protection sentiment was growing in the South, which rendered necessary a further revision—which was made by the Whigs and National Republicans, by an immense majority both in the House and in the Senate—on protective lines. It was then purposed to put the protective system in a shape that would prove to be permanent. It levied high duties on cotton and woollen goods, iron and other articles to which protection was meant to be applied; but on articles not produced in the United States either low duties were imposed, as on silks, or no duties at all, as on tea. It was this Act which led to the famous nullification contest of that year, the outcome of which was the Compromise Act of March 2, 1833, which remained in force till 1842. The Tariff Act of 1857 was the most purely free trade measure that the country has ever known, and was made on the ground that the revenue needed to be reduced. It was certainly successful in effecting such reduction, as the state of the Treasury showed when the Republicans came into power in March 1861. That condition was in itself a sufficient comment on the effect of a Tariff for revenue only, and it is noteworthy that the two disastrous crises of 1837 and 1857 occurred, the one under the operation of the Compromise Tariff of 1833, the High Tariff Act of 1842 restoring prosperity; the other following the ten years depression which succeeded the Low Tariff Act of 1846, the Free Trade Act of 1857 tending to precipitate it.



The Tariff of 1857 resulted disastrously to the federal treasury and the receipts were inadequate for the payment of the annual appropriation by Congress, and as a result the Government was steadily incurring a debt and disastrously affecting public credit. Early in 1860, Mr. Morrill brought in a bill increasing the scale of duties, in order to meet this treasury deficit, and on the 10th of May 1860 the bill passed the House. The Senate, however, was under the domination of the slaveocracy—which was devoted to the free trade theory—and the Finance Committee of that body, under the lead of its chairman, was able to defeat its consideration at the first session of the 36th Congress. In the presidential campaign which followed, and which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, the tariff question was second as an issue only to that of slavery in the Territories. The Republican platform was pronounced in favour of a protective tariff, while both the Democratic platforms were equally pronounced in favour of a purely revenue tariff. It is hardly too much to say that the protective tariff plank contributed more than any other single factor to the Republican victory of that year. When, however, Congress met in December for its second session the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The need of some action in order to secure money to carry on the Government was emphasized by the fact that the Secretary of the Treasury could secure no better terms for a loan of \$1,500,000, a part of which was needed to pay the interest on the public debt due January 1st, 1861, than 12 per cent. discount. The Senate was no longer under the dominance of the Democracy. Most of the senators had left their seats and were engaged in setting up the Confederacy in open rebellion against the United States authority. The Morrill Bill passed the Senate on the 20th of February 1861, by a strict party vote. This Act was distinctively and avowedly a protective measure. It restored specific duties and was framed for the purpose of encouraging and developing American manufactures and industries. Mr. Blaine, in his *Twenty Years in Congress*, says:—

The passage of the Morrill tariff was an event which would almost have marked an era in the history of the Government at that time.

tion had not been at once absorbed in struggles which were more engrossing than those of legislative halls. It was, however, the beginning of a series of enactments which deeply affected the interests of the country, and which exerted no small influence upon the financial ability of the Government to endure the heavy expenditure entailed by the war which immediately followed. Theories were put aside in the presence of a great necessity, and the belief became general that in the impending strain on the resources of the country, protection to home industry would be a constant and increasing strength to the Government.

To come down to more recent times, the most prolonged and persistent attempt to revise the tariff on free trade lines that has ever been made, was that which occupied so much of the time of the 50th Congress. President Cleveland started the movement by devoting his annual Message in December 1887 almost entirely to the question of the tariff; and following the line of his Message, Mr. Mills, for the Ways and Means Committee, brought in a bill which struck squarely at the principle of protection, and was, in every sense, an anti-protective measure. It eventually passed the House by a vote of 162 to 149—nearly a strict party vote. The Senate passed a reductive measure, and the term of the 50th Congress expired without action. The Morrison and Mills bills are matter of too recent history to need discussion in the present article. The Mills Bill and President Cleveland's Message presented the issue squarely, and on this issue the campaign of 1888 was fought. There could be no mistaking the verdict. Free trade was repudiated; protection was endorsed. The issue was never more clearly presented, and the verdict of the people was given after a full and fair discussion. It was a verdict of approval of a revision of the tariff on protection lines in advance of such revision. The outcome is to be seen in the Bill that has recently passed the Senate.

It was not, of course, to be expected that a measure so drastic would meet with approval at the hands of nations affected thereby. Austria, for instance, a country in which protection reigns paramount, is one of the first to cry out, and popular feeling is, we are told, running very high. The chief subject of complaint seems to be that the Austrian mother-o'-pearl

industry has sustained a severe blow, by which thousands of workmen are threatened to shortly be deprived of their means of subsistence. According to the mail papers :—

With a very few exceptions the Austrian Press discusses the matter in a tone of indignation, and even semi-official organs speak of it as though the United States Legislature were going to pass the protectionist measure merely for the purpose of taking the bread out of the mouths of poor European women. They add to the mischief by clamouring for State intervention, and thus foster the belief in the omnipotence of the State. Petitions and memorials have consequently been pouring in at the Government office, and the Austrian Minister of Commerce has now invited the Governor of Lower Austria and the Vienna Chamber of Commerce to send him reports on the state of the mother-o'-pearl industry.

Germany shows no sign of a withdrawal of the regulations which prohibit the importation of American pork into that country. But, on the other hand, the question has arisen whether the importation of American beef—as well as pork—into Germany should not be prohibited. Canada will, doubtless, be affected to a considerable extent, and there are not wanting those who predict that the Act will, in its effect on the Dominion, prove a disintegrating force. But it is satisfactory to note that this view is not upheld to any great extent, and the Prime Minister of the Dominion has recently given a very sufficient reply to those croakers who are always reiterating that Canada is bent upon throwing in her lot with the United States. Another Minister, in the course of a recent speech, is reported to have said :—

We can find a market in England, the West Indies, Australia, China and Japan for the products excluded from America by the M'Kinley Bill. We are not going to become humble American citizens at Mr. Blaine's dictation, nor will we sacrifice our British birthright and Canadian privileges.

The English press is, as a matter of course, highly indignant at the action taken by the United States. According to the *Times*, this action represents "the *maximum* of blind interference with the natural course of trade." Now we do not recognise the right of any country to call in question the course taken by our American cousins. American citizens cannot

be expected to be very deeply interested in the losses to be borne by the tin plate manufacturers of South Wales, or the button monopoly of Vienna. With regard to tin plate, it may be asked why, if tin can be reduced from the ore, in the States, at a cost of \$2.15 per ton, as against \$4.44 in Cornwall, there is any need for a protective tariff on tin plate. The answer, from the American point of view, is all-sufficient. The American Protectionist might reply something after this fashion :—

“In order to promote the enlarged working of our own tin mines, and the rapid development of the manufacture of tin plate in this country, for one thing. We imported, during the calendar year ended December 31 last, 742,135,684 pounds of tin plate, invoiced at a total valuation of \$21,726,807. That twenty-one million dollars and over, which now goes yearly to enrich the British trust, which has practical control of the tin plate manufacture of the world, can all be kept in this country by being paid out for the wages of tin miners, workmen in iron mills which make the plates which are the basis of sheet tin, and to the employes in the manufacture of the tinned plates from these sheets and block tin. This will give several thousand more men employment, and add that many more to the population that must be fed by our farmers. The free traders who are opposing the tin duty are putting themselves in the attitude of working in the interests of the tin trust, one of the most monopolistic of British syndicates. They are bringing up the old arguments they used over a score of years ago, when steel rails were selling at \$160 a ton, when it was proposed to put a duty on steel rails and establish their manufacture here. Steel rails are now worth only about one-fifth of the price then. American made ones are the best in the world, and sell as cheaply as English rails; and their manufacture employs thousands of stalwart workmen who otherwise would not be employed—and who, with their wives and families, form a not inconsiderable proportion of the population to be fed by our farmers. The same result will follow the imposition of a protective duty on tin plates.”

## *LIFE AND ITS ORIGIN.*

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ONE of the most intricate and important problems in Biology is that of the origin of life. It has attracted the attention and won the patient investigation of numerous scientific men, but in spite of all their efforts no satisfactory solution has hitherto been arrived at. What is life? How did it originate? These are important and interesting questions. We shall endeavour in these pages to give the general reader some of the results of scientific labour.

At the very outset we are met by the difficulty of defining life. This, of course, arises from the fact that it is more difficult to define properties than things, and the difficulty is enhanced when the property varies in different things. To use Dr. Mandsley's words: "It is desirable to examine into that which is generally deemed to constitute the speciality of life. Now it is certain, when we consider the vast range of vitality, from the simple life of a molecule or cell to the complex life of man, that valid objections may be made to any definition of life. If it be wide enough to comprise all forms, it will be too vague to have any value; if narrow enough to be exact, it will exclude the most lowly forms. The problem is, to investigate the conditions of the manifestation of life. A great fault in many attempted definitions has been the description of life as a resistance or complete contrast to the rest of nature, which was supposed to be continually striving to destroy it. But the elements of organic matter are not different from those of the inorganic, whence they are derived and to which they return; and the chemical and mechanical forces of these elements cannot

be suspended or removed within the organism. What is special is the manner of composition of the elements; there is a concurrence of manifold substances, and they are combined or grouped together in a very complex way. Such union or grouping is, however, only a further advance upon, and by no means a contrast to, the kind of combination which is met with in inorganic bodies. Life is not a contrast to non-living nature, but a further development of it. The more knowledge advances, the more plainly is it shown that there are physical and chemical processes upon which life depends. Heat is produced by combustion in the organism, as it is in fire; starch is converted into sugar there, as it is in the chemical laboratory; urea, which is so constant a product of the body's chemistry, can be formed artificially by the chemist; and the process of excitation in a nerve, on the closure of a constant stream, appears to be analogous to the process of electrolysis, in which hydrogen is given off at the negative pole. The peculiarity of life is the complexity of combination in so small a space, the intimate operation of many simultaneously acting forces in the microcosm of the organic cell."\* Before proceeding further let us turn to a few of the definitions of life given by some of our leading thinkers.

Says Herbert Spencer: "Life is, the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences."† Or in a more complete form, "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations."‡

"Life," says George Henry Lewis, "is a series of definite and successive changes both of structure and of composition which takes place within an individual without destroying its identity."§ Again: "Life is the functional activity of an organism in relation to its medium. Every part of a living organism is vital as pertaining to life; but no part has this life when isolated; for life is the synthesis of all the parts."¶

"Life," says Virchow, as quoted by Dr. Büchner, "is a peculiar and, indeed, the most complicated form of mechanical

\* *Body and Mind.*

† *Principles of Biology.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Problems of Life and Mind.*

¶ *Ibid.*

action, in which the usual mechanical laws act under the most unusual and most varied conditions, and in which the final results are separated from the original causes by such a number of intermediate links, that their connection is not easily established."\*

It will be seen from the above that life is not an entity, a something existing of itself apart from matter, but the result of a certain condition of matter. Life is never found apart from matter. Matter and life are inseparably connected.

Now, there was a time when no life existed upon the earth ; when, as all students of geology are aware, the earth was in a molten state. Gradually, in the course of ages, as this fiery mass cooled down, and the precipitation of the surrounding watery vapours took place, organic life became possible, and made its appearance. It has been found, moreover, from examination of the various strata composing the earth's crust, that in the older strata vegetable and animal organisms are in an imperfect and less developed condition than those in the later. Going down the scale of organic existence we first meet with life in the protoplasm, or as Huxley has called it, the physical basis of life. Protoplasm is a colourless jelly-like substance consisting of albuminoid matter. In its simplest form we have the movera, or minute globules of jelly, and yet without any functional organs. It is thus that, when we come to the borderland where the inorganic blends with the organic, we meet with life.

How then does life originate ? Before going into this question let us see whether there are any additional elements in the organic world which are not to be found in the inorganic. "Chemistry has established, beyond any doubt," says Dr. Büchner, "that life contains in its material substratum not a single element not to be found in activity in the inorganic world. Chemistry has also succeeded in separating organic structures into their elementary constituents, like inorganic bodies."\* In the same tone Tyndall says : "The matter of the animal body is that of inorganic nature. There is no

\* *Force and Matter.*

substance in the animal tissues which is not primarily derived from the rocks, the water, and the air."\* Similarly Huxley writes: "Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up; in consequence of that, continual death is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter."†

We have now seen from some of the leading scientific authorities that there is no elemental distinction between the organic and inorganic worlds. This will help us the better to understand the question of the origin of life.

Since the seventeenth century the question whether life originated spontaneously or not has occupied the attention of a long line of scientific men. It was prominently brought forward by Francisco Redi, and after him numerous others kept it to the front. Among the many names might be mentioned those of Needham, Buffon, Drelincourt, Spallanzani, Schulze, Schwann, Graham, Schroeder, Dutsch, Tyndall, Pouchet, Pasteur, and Bastian. Some of these are in favour of *Biogenesis*, i.e., that life can only come from pre-existing life; and others of *Abiogenesis*, or *Archebiosis*, i.e., that life may sometimes originate from the action of the various forces of matter. The experiments on which these conclusions are based are many and extremely interesting, but it is not our intention to refer to them here; and, indeed, it would be impossible to do so satisfactorily owing to the limited space at our disposal. But the results arrived at are not satisfactory, and the theory of *Abiogenesis* still remains in the realm of the unproven. One absurd theory advanced was that germs of life found their way to our earth with some meteoric matter thrown from some other planet. This suggestion, besides being absurd in itself, is no solution of the question at issue, but merely a removal of the difficulty from our own to some other planet. Among recent experimenters Dr. Bastian claims to have proved that living organisms come into existence from non-living matter, and he has given his interesting experiments in his volumes entitled

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\* *Fragments of Science.*† *Lay Sermons.*



the *Beginnings of Life*. Professors Huxley and Tyndall, however, affirm that so far as experiments go they are in favour of *Biogenesis*. But they believe that spontaneous generation did take place ages back in the dawn of life. This belief, says Tyndall, can be scientifically justified. Herbert Spencer is of opinion that life originated by natural causes.

But, it might be urged by the upholders of the 'germ theory,' if life could originate spontaneously then, why not now? Dr. Bastian himself says: "If such synthetic processes took place then, why should they not take place now? Why should the inherent molecular properties of various kinds of matter have undergone so much alteration?"\*

Leaving out of sight those who claim to have proved that life does thus originate, let us briefly consider the validity of the argument. Says Professor Oscar Schmidt: "To any one who holds open the possibility that, even now, animate may be evolved from inanimate existence, without the mediation of progenitors, the first origin of life in this natural method is at once self-evident. But even if the proof were given, which never can be given, that in the present world spontaneous generation does not occur, the inference would be false that it never did occur. When our planet had reached the phase of development in which the temperature of the surface admitted of the formation of water and the existence of albuminous substances, the quantitative and qualitative conditions of the atmosphere were different from what they now are. A thousand circumstances now beyond our control, and as to the possible nature of which it is needless to speculate, might lead to the production of protoplasm, that primordial organism from the atoms of its constituents."† The great German scientist Haeckel has pointed out that before the formation of the enormous masses of carbon produced by the action of vegetable life, and embedded beneath the earth's crust, those formations must have existed under other conditions in the atmosphere, probably as carbonic acid. The atmosphere must have therefore been different to what it is now. He furthermore urges that, from

\* *Beginnings of Life*.

† *Doctrines of Descent and Darwinism*.

geological, physical, and other reasons it may be inferred that the atmosphere was different in density and electrical conditions. It must be noted, moreover, that carbon plays a very important part in the composition of organisms.

In conclusion we may say with Mulder, that all life has resulted from molecular forces. Spontaneous generation though not conclusively proved by experiments, will, as Mr. W. S. Lilly says, no doubt be subsequently shown to be true. Reason and philosophy both favour this view of Life.

### *THE COLLIERY MANAGER IN INDIA.*

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ANY person who has visited the European coalfields, and seen on what an extensive basis the mining for coal is carried on, the enormous engine-power and the extraordinary depths of the pits, would, after his experience, were he to pay the Indian coalfields a like visit, look with surprise, not unmixed with contempt, upon the contrast afforded between the two. With such facilities as the mines of this country afford it would be a source of wonder to him why mining should be so much behind the times, both in the manner of 'winning' the mineral and the quantity of coal raised. It is not to the difficulties in Indian mining that we must look for the reason why this branch of industry is carried on on so comparatively small a scale, but to the question of labour, the backbone of mining; its complete absence from any legal control or any Labour Act; and also to the heavy rates of freight, which prevent a more rapid development.

Besides her other endowments, Nature has given to India seams of coal which for size have no comparison. From 14 feet to 100 feet thick are worked by shaft or quarry. With seams such as these, for the most part totally devoid of gas and only 50' to 400' of cover, the Colliery Manager with a fair technical education has rarely to exercise great ingenuity and deep mining knowledge in surmounting difficulties, but still the Indian colliery calls for a certain class of men to be able to work it profitably, and cope with its many unseen disadvantages. These men are to be had from the country itself.

Shareholders or Managing Agents of the large Coal Companies have a rooted idea that the successful working of a colliery can only be a *fait accompli* when a certificated man, brought out from home on a large salary, is put in charge. Trial in more than one case has proved the fallacy of this idea. Admitted that he is a good man, practically taught in English mines, and certificated as to his knowledge. He comes out here, great on ventilation and gas, and early finds his knowledge of these two important subjects in a great measure superfluous. He is placed over labour the nature of which is completely foreign to him, and finds that the getting of this labour is upheld on a basis of which he must be the sole support, since every surrounding colliery, working on the principal of catch and take who can, does its utmost to take away his men.

Conscientious though he may be in his endeavours, he sees with impotent rage the natives taking advantage of his inability to speak the vernacular, the consequence of which is a great skulking of work, and robbery from all sides. So isolated, too, is each colliery, that he must look to himself for assistance in any emergency whatsoever, and he finds that not only has he to be Manager, but also his own architect, mechanic, engineer, pitman, and very often cooly-driver.

In stating that trial has more than once demonstrated that the usual run of certificated men brought out to act as Managers have proved a failure, the reason can be accounted for in their training in the English collieries, which is completely one-sided and departmental, their attention probably having been given more to gas and ventilation than to a variety of technical subjects more useful in an Indian mine. Now a man trained practically on an Indian colliery has been compelled by force of necessity to rely upon himself, and he is generally found more capable of acting promptly in an emergency. His knowledge of mining in its most difficult details may not be so thorough as that of the English colliery-trained man, but for a good all-round man he is, and has been proved, superior. Not that it is any disparity to the latter, but a mere matter of force of circumstances, one

being trained, as stated, by hard necessity, the other by departmental position. The latter will in all probability make as good a Manager in time, but as the *modus operandi* is so different to what he has experienced, he has in a sense to start and learn afresh, and until he has mastered the language and the people he will find he has made little headway in an economical development of the colliery under his charge.

The mining labour lies wholly in the hands of Babus, and it is to them that the Manager has to look for an increase in the number of men. Should the colliery have a large zemindary, the trouble in getting labour is greatly reduced, as a number of men can be got from the taluks, who are in a manner compelled to work; but in a colliery that has little or no zemindary, labour has to be brought in from outside. It is the manner of bringing in this labour, by a system abhorrent to an European Manager, but to which he is compelled to resort, that acts as a tug-string to the advance of collieries in this country. In not being able to rely upon any legal redress or any Labour Act as a support, should his men be enticed away by other collieries, the Manager, whether he likes it or not, is forced to do as others do, and bring labour in by bribery.

To the native establishment then is entrusted this work, which in itself leaves a number of openings for *chilakyism* and rascality to come into play. Unless a strict impartiality is exercised, a faction will arise in this department, and excuses and complaints will flood the Manager's ears. Should he listen to them without enquiry, believing in all that is told him, the whole *regime* of the colliery will change, the attendance list of miners will gradually get shorter, surface labour will not be obtained when wanted; and why? Because systematic robbery is being carried on through the labour. To not one of his men can he trust. Their system is laying complaints against one another, making each other out a thorough rogue, yet aiding and abetting one another.

In some collieries the output is done by contract, the large Coal Companies not only employing Native but also European contractors. In such cases the Manager has very little to do.

his work mainly consisting in taking care that the contractor fulfils his agreement of giving so many buckets, or raising so many tons a day. It is a noticeable fact that, as far as the European contractor is concerned, he is a man practically trained in India, hence he is able to show good results, knowing and understanding his labour. He is really the mainstay of the colliery. Also it is a noticeable fact that these Companies who have Managers of long-standing Indian experience will not employ contractors.

The Indian miner is a very poor sample of the working genus. Taking his average daily attendance: he works for 15 to 18 days out of the month the year round, the rest being spent in poojahs, purubs, marriage or burial ceremonies and skulks. Naturally hardy, he is capable of cutting a ton a day, but owing to his lazy temperament and happy-go-lucky habits, his average is barely half a ton, so that to raise sufficient coal it is necessary to house twice the number of men that would be required were each man to cut his daily quantum honestly and regularly. With three or four of his companions, together forming a *cuttie*, or gang, they take it in turn to cut the coal, which is raised to the pit head under the name of one man, and the number of buckets cut between them is entered on a slip of paper or tip. The amount paid they divide among themselves.

As regards the amount of work a miner should do, a Manager can make no rule. He is bound by the wretched system prevailing to allow him to be a free agent, for fear that should he put any restraint on him, he will take up his traps and bolt to the nearest colliery. Going down the pit at nine or ten o'clock in the morning, he comes up at whatever time he deems fit, usually about 4 P.M., but he is not so energetic as to start work at once; an hour or two must be spent in passing the hookah round, and telling family yarns or concocting some new method of out-doing the Sahib for *korakie*.

Difficulties sometimes arise owing to the various castes—most collieries have a sprinkling of three or four, Santals, Bowries, Bhounias and Konvas, but Santals and Bowries predominate. These two never can work together amicably. They

are always eager for a quarrel on the slightest pretext in a pit; and it is always best, if a sufficient number of pits are working, to allow each caste a separate pit, to prevent clashing in the distribution of buckets or tubs and the raising of their coal in turn. Of the two, taking the average cutting, the Bowrie will be found the better man; although he is not so powerfully made as the Santal, he is not given to skulking so much. A Santal miner when he means work will cut his  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons in a day, but his cutting is spasmodic and cannot be depended upon, whereas a Bowrie does do his average on the whole regularly. The latter is more amenable to reason too, and is better entrusted with any important cutting than the former.

An Indian miner's peculiarities and superstitious fancies are often a source of annoyance and expense. A few months ago, a *dowrah* of new houses was built for about fourteen Santal men on a piece of *dunga*, or uncultivated land, adjoining the colliery. Shortly after they laid a complaint about living on that land, as there was a ghost running about in the night and they felt frightened. However, if the Sahib would give them a rupee, they would make poojah and pray to their Thakoor, or god, and have the ghost hunted away. Being new men, such black-mailing had to be put up with, and the rupee was given. No more was heard of this ghost till the rains set in. At this time sickness always more or less prevails, and two of their children died one after the other. The ghost had sprung up again they said, and they would not stop there. On being asked as to whether they had seen the ghost. Yes, it was a big thing in the shape of a man, with a large head and large flaring eyes. They begged and prayed to be allowed to shift their houses. "Sir," they said, "we will leave all our pots and pans and our cattle and run away, but we will not live there." Reasoning with them was out of the question. It was evident that their superstition was too much for them and that they were more fools than knaves, so the loss occasioned by building the new houses had to be borne, and they were demolished on condition that they made their own houses with straw and rollers, which they did willingly. Now, instead

of living in good brick houses, they live in a camping condition, in houses made gipsy fashion (*kooriahs*). The ghost has not appeared again.

Once a year or so, just before the sowing of their rice commences, gangs of these men of all castes—but the Bowries seem to be fonder of this trick than the others—take a trip to the surrounding collieries. They get in tow with some Sirdar or Baboo and let him have the credit of having brought new men. Probably new houses are built for them, or they are housed temporarily in *kooriahs*. If ten or fifteen men come, one of them is perhaps made a Sirdar, and a *dowrah* is promised him as soon as the pots and pans and wives of the men appear. For their satisfaction *korakie* is given, and money and carts promised to bring their things. They stop about two or three weeks, and try and get as much as they can by promising to bring more men. They are of course sent down the pit and for form's sake cut from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton a day, excusing themselves on the ground that they have not become used to the pit yet. Another excuse they make is in its absurdity unparalleled,—that when they go down a new pit they have forgotten the way to cut coal and must commence and learn afresh. As soon as they find that they cannot get anything more, they quietly disappear one night, and either try the same tricks at another colliery or go back to their own and commence work again.

An instance may be cited of the inane obstinacy of these men, on whom the working of a colliery depends. A cage pit was started a short time ago to work the bottom of two seams, and an attempt was made to get about twenty Santal miners to go down it. No, they would not go down. They were afraid. What were they afraid of? Of entering the bottom seam because the seam above was worked. To reasoning they merely shook their heads, and replied it was a *dho talla cad* (two-seamed pit), so derision was tried. They were called old women, and little children were held up to them as an example of greater courage than they possessed, since they went down the pit without any fuss or fear. This also failed, and they were told to go and work in the old pit. A few days ago the



working of the upper seam was closed as the bottom seam is better coal. All these men are down the pit now. They attempted *chilakyism* by giving little coal, because the *bukhsheesh* offered them some months back as an incentive when they were first asked to go down, was refused.

A miner gives very little, if any, of his earnings, whatever they may be, towards supporting his family. A piece of cloth girded round his loins does duty for his clothes. His wife has to work to keep herself and children, while he spends his gains in the drink-shop. To drink seems to him to be the height of happiness, and his one aim and object in life is to attain as much of this happiness as he possibly can. Every evening after coming up from the pit, he spends his money in drink, giving his wife just sufficient to get enough rice for the woman's meal. Should he, his wife, or any other miner be accidentally hurt in the pit, there is a terribly dismal howl sent up to the heavens: one woman starts and every other woman takes it up all in one tone. The person if really wounded is of course at once put under treatment, but the lamentations of the rabble are not for the sufferer, for each expects a share in the forthcoming drink. *Bukhsheesh* is wanted to allay their grief, and a rupee or two is generally given by the Manager. An easier method to assuage their grief (?) cannot be found, but what is more important, at least to a suffering European, is that it stops their howling, which has neither the advantage of being blood-curdling or musical. Should death by accident occur, the howling may be more prolonged, but the same treatment is its remedy, only in this case it is more serious to the colliery, as it usually occasions the closing of the pit or pits for a day. The miners will not go down, for the deceased's family give a feast and a big drink, and all are welcome. This of course relates to castes. Should a Santal die, the Santals don't go down, likewise the Bowries; but sometimes they both deem it a fitting opportunity for a holiday and a jolly good drink.

A Sirdar was commissioned to get eggs from the surrounding *dowrahs*, for which he was entrusted with a rupee. Probably thinking that the spending of this sum would be of greater

benefit to himself than going round to each house purchasing eggs, he decided on a thorough good 'drunk.' The enormous quantity of the vile stuff, which goes under the name of *mod*, that he must have swallowed, resulted in his being found dead. He had literally drank himself to death. This is not the only case of death through excessive drinking. The manner in which they pay homage to Bacchus may prove interesting. Their drink, *mod*, is made out of rice. Large *culsies*, or jars, are filled to the brim with it, and each *culsie* has a hole near the bottom. They all sit round in a circle; one man brings a *culsie* round; each takes his turn by putting his mouth to the hole, or drinking from his hands, and does not stop swallowing till he is completely out of breath, or until he has become so intoxicated as to be unable to drink any more.

Surface labour, although more fully under the control of the Manager, has still much left to be desired. The natives manipulating engines are so careless and destructive that it is only after one or two heavy fines they wake up to the fact that bolts and nuts and brasses are made for other uses than hacking to pieces. By nature intelligent, they make good workmen, but what is very annoying to a Manager is that they continually want to be urged on. They will do whatever work they are put to, but unless personally superintended, they will, through their love of talking, take twice as long as is necessary, and probably in the end make a bad job of it. Unless specially ordered, they will never attempt to repair any leakages in pipes or replace a broken bolt, so that it is necessary to keep an eye on every thing. Surface labour is classed as follows:—

*Vicemen*.—Rs. 16 to Rs. 20 per mensem. These men are, as a rule, very intelligent, and make capital lathe workmen. All repairs to engines and boilers and their fitting-up are entrusted to them. Those who have learnt their work on collieries, their attention being directed to machinery from youth upwards, generally turn out good men.

*Blacksmiths*.—Rs. 10 to Rs. 16 per mensem. Good workmen. Their work usually consists of repairing miners' tools, buckets, tubs, &c.

*Carpenters.*—Rs. 8 to Rs. 16 per mensem.

*Fixed Coolies.*—Rs. 5 to Rs. 7. Men employed in a general capacity; fixing and repairing pumps, pipes, &c., assisting vicemen and blacksmiths and doing the heavy work of the colliery.

*Engine-driving Kalassies.*—Rs. 8-0 to Rs. 16-0

*Pump-driving Kalassies.* — „ 5-8 to „ 7-0

*Boiler Kalassies.* — „ 5-0 to „ 7-0.

One man is given to each boiler. He works for twenty-four hours and is then relieved by another man. A watchful eye has to be kept over these men, as they are apt to become careless and cause danger to the boilers by allowing the water to run down. A boiler explosion happened a short time ago in a native colliery. On the cause being enquired into, it was found that the Kalassie had loaded the safety valve with a stone, filled the boiler up with water, and fallen off to sleep.

*Pit-head Sirdars.*—Rs. 5 to Rs. 7.

Work is also carried on by daily payments, or *hazree*, but this consists merely in work as occasion requires, with the exception of Banksmen, who get annas six for twenty-four hours' work, and truck women three annas day and night work. The loading of wagons is usually done by contract.

The manner of winning the coal in the Indian coalfields is usually done by Pillar and Stall. The natives are more familiar with this method than any other. A successful attempt at Long Wall system, however, was made by Mr. William Foster in Messrs. Apcar & Co.'s colliery at Ramjumlinpore on a 4' seam. It is not feasible in the large seams at present worked owing to absence of packing and the expense that would be incurred in timbering. The miner commences his work by first grooving the bottom of the coal. He then drives wedges in on the three sides, splitting the coal which he brings down with his crowbar. In first starting from the pit bottom, levels are driven by footage, 6' x 6' being the usual measurement allowed, for which from eight annas to twelve annas a foot is paid, care being taken in large seams that 2' to 3' feet of coal is left on the roof as a support. The work is then continued by step work, another gang of

men working behind those driving, widening and cutting bottom coal.

Coal is raised to the pit head—*By Gin or Whin*: The rope is attached to a horizontally winding drum which is driven by gangs of women; an old and primitive method fast dying out. In petty native collieries and some large collieries where numerous pits have been sunk, this style is still to be seen. *By Engine Power*: In 6 maund buckets. *By the English style*: In cages raising 10 cwt. tubs.

Should the outcrop of the seam be in the colliery, an incline is made by which the miners can walk down into the galleries. The coal is brought to the surface in buckets or large lumps, carried by women or the men themselves. It is a peculiar fact that a miner prefers descending into a pit by a steep decline than by the easier method of bucket or cage, and where there is an incline men are more easily obtainable.

I have endeavoured by relating these few experiences to give an insight into an Indian colliery and the nature of the labour employed. It will be seen that a Manager has much to put up with, and that his post is by no means an enviable one.

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### DISGUISED AUTHORS.

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NO precise reason can be given for authors writing under fictitious names. It is probable that many who adopt a *nom de plume* have some object for so doing peculiar to their state of mind at the moment of sending their first book into the world. Not many authors are very sanguine as to the success of their first work; they are apt to believe that even though the publisher has accepted it, public critics and friends may not be quite enthusiastic as to its merits. It is, therefore, often thought better by the author to publish the book anonymously or under a feigned name, for it is easy and delightful afterwards to confess to being the author of the book when everybody is talking its praises, should it prove a hit. It is by no means unfrequent for an author to use a fictitious name to prevent his or her whereabouts being discovered, when it is desirable to keep the same unknown. Most people, in spite of that oft-quoted adage of Shakespeare's, have a great depth of belief in a name, and always consider themselves sufficiently ingenious to fabricate a more striking and easily-remembered name than that given them by their godfathers and godmothers. In some cases this is correct enough; but as often as not it is totally unnecessary.

It is worth noting how very usual it is for writers to hide themselves under some pen-name when attempting for the first time a style and subject out of their ordinary line, such as Scott did when he quitted poetry and took to his prose romances. If a poet writes prose, he frequently disguises the authorship; and it is a very common occurrence for a prose writer, who bursts out in a volume of verse, to sign some feigned

name. But in spite of all that may be conjectured on the subject of the reasons why fictitious names are used, there are cases where no suggestions can be made as to motive. Why are some excellent writings merely signed by a single letter of the alphabet? How is it that there are books, essays, poems, all sorts of writings of very great merit, without any name or initial, the author being as unknown and dead to the public as are those who sleep in quiet but beautiful corners of churchyards, with nothing but an ever-green mound to mark that some one rests beneath. Happily the names of authors of many unsigned great books have crept out. "Friends in Council" and "Vestiges of Creation" originally appeared without an author's name, but the authors of both are now well known.

Fictitious names in fiction are by no means confined to the pages of the stories, for authors of this kind of literature seem very fond of giving a made-up name in place of their own. Most people know that Edna Lyall stands for Miss Ada Ellen Bayley; John Strange Winter for Mrs. H. E. B. Stannard; Artemus Ward stands for Charles Browne; George Eliot for Marian Evans, and Cuthbert Bede for the Rev. Ed. Bradley. Does every one know that Rita is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Otton von Booth; Ouida of Madame Louise de la Rame; Max Adeler of Charles H. Clark; Josh Billings of H. W. Shaw; Sam Slick of the Hon. T. C. Haliburton; Marie Gaston of Alphonse Daudet; Holme Lee of Miss Harriet Parr, and Sarah Tytler of Miss Henrietta Keddie? Almost everybody knows that A. L. O. E. stands for "A Lady of England," but some may not be aware that this lady is Miss Charlotte M. Tucker.

Here are a few more of the names which occur most frequently in one's reading: Hans Breitmann stands for Charles Godfrey Leland; Country Parson and A. K. H. B., Rev. Dr. Boyd, St. Andrews; Christopher Crayon, J. Ewing Ritchie; Bab, W. S. Gilbert; Edward Garret, Isabella Fyvie Mayo; Girl of the Period, Mrs. Lynn Linton; Marian Harland, Mrs. Terhune; H. H., the late Helen Hunt Jackson, whose romance "Ramona" has done for the American Indians what Mrs. Stowe has done for the slaves; Professor Hoffman, Angelo J. Lewis; Ascott R. Hope, Robert Hope Moncrieff; Henry Irving, J. H.

Brodrigg; Johnny Ludlow, the late Mrs. Henry Wood; Helen Mathers, Mrs. Reeve; L. T. Meade, Mrs. Toulmin Smith; Owen Meredith, Lord E. R. Bulwer-Lytton; Joaquin Miller, C. H. Miller; New Writer, Lewis Morris; Cornelius O'Dowd, Charles Lever; O. K., Olga Kireet, now Madame Novikoff; Pen Oliver, Sir Henry Thomson; Oliver Optic, W. T. Adams; Max O'Rell, Paul Blouet; H. A. Page, Alexander H. Japp; Pansy, Mrs. S. M. Alden; Phiz, Hablot K. Browne; Rob Roy, John Macgregor; S. G. O., the late Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne; Hesba Stretton, Sarah Smith; Annie Thomas, Mrs. Cudlip; Toby, M. P., Henry Lucy; Mark Twain, Samuel L. Clemens; Uncle Remus, Joel Chandler Harris; Verax, Henry Dunkley; Elizabeth Wetherell, Susan Warner.

Most of our poets, both great and small, have at some time appeared under the disguise of a *nom de plume*; but the list of those who make a regular practice of doing this is a short one; Lady Wilde, a society poetess, is known to be the authoress of poems signed Speranza. Mary Berwick stands for Adelaide Anne Procter, and Barry Cornwall for Bryan Waller Procter. One would hardly have credited Longfellow with having signed himself Joshua Coffin.

There are many cases on record of women adopting a man's name, for the sake, no doubt, of giving their works extra weight. George Eliot, Currier, Ellis, and Acton Bell (the Bronte sisters) and Georges Sand are fitting illustrations.

To works of a practical and instructive nature authors usually sign their real names, but there are exceptions. Cavendish (on Whist) is the *nom de plume* of Henry Jones; "The Battle of Dorking" is by Colonel Chesney; and "Religion and her Name," by Archbishop Whately, and not by a John Search. J. Arbuthnot Wilson stands for Mr. Grant Allen; and Stonehenge (on Dogs) for the late J. Walsh. Thomas Carlyle wrote of himself in "Sartor Resartus" as Herr Teufelsdröckh; and Charles H. Ross sketched himself in the character of Ally Sloper. Mrs. Valentine delights our babies as Aunt Louisa; William Combe related the tours of Dr. Syntax; and Joachim Heinrich Kampe has interested everybody with the remarkable adventures of the "Swiss Family Robinson."

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*SCIENCE NOTES.*

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WHAT long strides in physical progress would be made if one was reared with reference to giving his body the best care possible! As it is, many a man spends more vital force in digesting his eight o'clock dinner than he does in attention to his business, and many a woman spends more nerve, vigor and strength in contending against the bad conditions imposed by unhygienic fashions than she spends in any useful walk in life. If she would only contend against them with reference to freeing herself from their bondage, it would be to some purpose.

Nature is inexorable, and any violation of her laws, whether done in wilfulness or ignorance, will surely meet with punishment. The laws which govern digestion are just as stern as those of gravitation. If a person does not suffer immediately from abusing his stomach, there will be a cutting-off of the digestive facilities later in life. The stomach, liver, heart, lungs and kidneys are the organs most likely to give out, for they are the ones most subject to abuse, particularly the first two. How many people are there who are perfectly well, who do not have headache nor stomach-ache and are perfectly free from all manner of pain, who get up every morning brimful of energy and elasticity? If we would take our constitutions as nature gives them to us, and, instead of tearing them down by dissipation and neglect, would make it a part of our daily lives to cultivate vigor and vitality, increase our strength and husband our physical resources, we might go on improving until we were fifty years old, for a well-cared-for



brain grows until that time, and why not the bodily vigor as well? Instead, we begin very early to draw upon our reserve force and are sometimes bankrupt at twenty-five or thirty.

Nature gives us at the outset a large reserve of strength and vigor. The lungs are capable of taking in and exhaling sixteen times as much air as is done in ordinary, quiet breathing. The heart, stomach, liver, skin and every other organ of the body has corresponding reserve vigor. This surplus is designed to tide us over emergencies, and not for every-day use. So the man who goes on creating emergencies for his stomach, liver, or other organ, will find by and by that this extra vigor is nearly exhausted. The next thing in most cases is to call on the doctor for a tonic, which merely enables him to dip a little deeper into what capacity an over-worked organ may still have left. Suppose we represent our store of vigor by a tank, the inflow for which comes from our food, and the natural outflow for expenditure is near the top. A stimulant has the effect of thrusting the outflow pipe a little lower down, and thus reducing the stock of reserve which nature had designed to hold for real need. Our tank once emptied of vital force, can never be refilled. There may be left simply a little stream of energy flowing through, sufficing for moderate, every-day needs, with nothing whatever to fall back on for emergencies.

In such a state of affairs as this, the most that can be done is to put on a stop-cock which will cut off all waste of vitality. Let the stomach and liver have as easy a time as possible; stop business and all worryment, and retrench expenditures in every way possible. Do exactly what a bankrupt man would do who had been living too rapidly and who wished to reform and retrieve his fortune so far as possible. By improved nutrition, the size of the daily supply stream can be somewhat increased; but remember that we can never get the tank full again.

We may obtain a few practical hints as to how we can give the digestive organs an easy time, by glancing at a table of relative food values and the time required for their digestion.

Rice digests in an hour and is very nutritious. A sweet mellow apple digests in an hour and half; milk in two hours. All the grains and fruits are easy of digestion and these, together with milk, make a perfect diet for man. Lean beefsteak takes four hours to digest; oysters, three and a half hours when stewed, and a half hour less when eaten raw. Roast mutton needs four and a quarter hours and roast pork an hour longer than that. What people call a light diet is really the best for everybody. It will always be necessary to walk in the straight and narrow road of physical well-doing. You will never get so well that you can go back to your sins without the penalties exacted being more severe than ever. In all your plans, consider health first; consider what is best for your body as well as what is best for your business and social condition. Since almost every thing which concerns us depends upon the well-being of the body, why should we not give it first attention from our youth up?

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One of the notable examples of popular delusions regarding bodily structure and functions, is exemplified by the belief that the third finger was selected as the bearer of the wedding-ring because a particular nerve placed this member in direct communication with the heart. Over and over again has this belief been expressed, and in the belief is found an apparently satisfactory reason why the third finger is thus honored. The slightest acquaintance with physiological science shows that the supposition referred to has not even a germ of probability. The ring-finger is supplied with nerves according to the rule of nervous supply in the body generally, and, it need hardly be said, without the slightest reference to the heart; the nerves of which in turn are supplied from an independent source and one quite dissociated from that which supplies the nerves of the hand.

Equally curious and erroneous beliefs intrude themselves into the domain of medicine and surgery. Thus, for instance, it is a matter of ordinary belief that a cut in the space which separates the thumb from the forefinger is of necessity a most dangerous injury. The popular notion regarding this region is

that an injury inflicted thereupon is singularly liable to be followed by tetanus or lockjaw. There exist not the slightest grounds for this supposition. Lockjaw, it is true, might follow injury to this part of the hand, as it might supervene after a wound on any of the fingers. But physiology and medicine alike emphatically dispel the idea that any peculiarity of structure which might predispose to the affection just named, exists chiefly in the region of the thumb. It may be that the difficulty experienced in securing the healing of wounds in this portion of the hand—owing to the amount of loose tissue and to the free movement of the part which it is almost impossible to prevent—might favor or predispose to an act of tetanus. But as the same remark may be made of many other portions of the body, it follows that the thumb-region possesses no peculiarity whatever in this respect over any other part of the frame.

One of the points which has been most hotly contested in technical as well as in popular physiology is the use and functions of the spleen. This organ, as most readers are aware, is a gland, of somewhat oval shape, lying close to the left side or extremity of the stomach. It is one of the so-called 'ductless' glands of the body—that is, it possesses no duct or outlet, as do the liver, sweetbread, and other glands concerned with the formation of special fluids used in digestion and other functions. In olden times philosophers puzzled themselves over this mysterious organ; nor was its nature rendered any clearer by the discovery of the fact that it may be removed from the bodies of the higher animals without causing any great or subsequent inconvenience, and without affecting in any perceptible degree the health of the subject operated upon. One classical authority went so far as to allege that he could find no use whatever for the organ; while another maintained that possibly it was intended to serve as a kind of packing for the other organs around it, and that it kept them from getting out of their places in the movements of the body. The idea, however, which obtained most credence was that which regarded the spleen as the fountain and origin of all the vile humors.

which rankled the blood and soured the disposition of man. We can still trace in the metaphorical expressions of our literature this ancient belief ; so that what at first were regarded as literal and true ideas of the spleen and its use, have come in modern days to do duty simply as metaphors.

Modern science, in dispelling those antiquated notions, has now assigned to the spleen a very important part in our internal mechanism. The part it plays may be thus described. The blood, as every one who has looked at a thin film of that substance through a microscope will know, is in reality a fluid as clear as water, and derives its colour from the immense number of little red bodies, the 'corpuscles,' which float in it. These red corpuscles of human blood do not attain a greater size than the 1-3500th part of an inch—that is, three thousand five hundred of these little bodies placed in a line would make up an inch in length. In addition to the red bodies, there exist in the blood a smaller number of white corpuscles, each containing a little central particle which the red ones want. From the results of the most recent researches it would appear that the red corpuscles are produced by the partial destruction of the white ones ; and that the little central particles of the white globules, when coloured, appear before us as the red corpuscles of the blood. Now the spleen is to be regarded as the great manufactory or *depôt* in which the red corpuscles are thus produced from the white ones, and in which also many of the white corpuscles are themselves developed. And it would also appear highly probable, that when the red globules of the blood have served their turn in the economy of the body they are broken down in the spleen ; their material being doubtless used for some wise purpose in the maintenance of our complicated frame.

A very common idea, but one founded on no certain or feasible grounds, is that which maintains that our bodies undergo a complete change and renewal of all their parts every seven years. The 'mystical' nature of the number seven has had an unquestionable effect in originating this opinion ; and although the age of fourteen and again that of twenty-one may

be regarded as marking the attainment of youth and manhood or womanhood respectively, yet physiology gives no countenance to the popular opinion that of necessity these periods are those of sweeping bodily change. On the contrary, it might show that the periods at which full growth of body is attained vary with climate, race, and constitution—that is, with the personal nature, and with the physical surroundings of individuals, communities, and nations. The true state of matters, as disclosed by physiology, leads us to contemplate actions and changes which are infinitely more wondrous than those involved in the idea of septennial change. For if there is one axiom which physiology maintains more constantly than another, it is that which teaches that constant and *never-ceasing* change is the lot of life from its beginning to its end.

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Writers of travels and adventure, the lecturer from foreign lands, and the stereopticon carry us along step by step amid the solitudes of the loftiest mountains, the sandy desert plains, the sterile frigid zones, among populous empires, amid the noisy clangor of business, the deafening roar of ponderous machines, visit with us prophets, priests, and kings; but the treasures and beauties of the fathomless depths of water remain as a sealed book to us terrestrial mortals, and for grandeur and sublimity, awe-inspiring wonders and horrors on horrors, all things seen above are not to be compared to what old ocean can show.

At the bottom of shallow oceans it seems like one vast plain, whose surface is unbroken by knolls or any undulations whatever. Down deep we must crawl, we cannot walk; no danger of projections or steppes here; no diversity of peak, and gorge, and plateau. On the top of the sandy surface is a slime not unlike what we see on the gravel of the slow-running inland streams. If we are not cautious, we will be mired in the Gfobigerina and the Pieropod ooze—these are rather long-legged words, we'll admit, but one cannot well avoid them occasionally—the results of a precipitation from the infinitesimal population which have spent their brief lives—long to them, of

course—in the sunshine on the surface, perhaps gladdening the eyes of naturalists and tickling the palates of their rapacious superiors, a chalky ooze, the accumulations of countless centuries, perchance a time that will be little by comparison with the dim cycles of eternity, itself so long foretold.

Oh, what a study! what means of developing the perceptive faculties of the human race, to cipher, without analogy, these vast problems of life and nature! The continuation of the chalk cliffs of England—dear old merrie England—with its accumulation of wealth, power, and aristocracy—once an abysmal sea bottom like the one to which you are invited to visit in your imagination on this occasion.

Away down in this profound depth the ooze had changed to a reddish clay. The results of a chemical reaction modern scientists are unable to approach in nicety and accuracy, but what is going on ceaselessly in the gigantic laboratories of nature, and this very remarkable product is world-wide in its distribution. Paradoxical and inconsistent though it may seem and wonderful to contemplate, on this sandy, slimy and level plain may be seen the dust blown down the throats of volcanoes and floated by the trade winds around half the circumference of the globe. Here we find the dust from Krahatva, after floating a year in the upper air, and painting a ruddy glow in a hundred sunset skies that painters have vied with each other to produce. Here falls the meteoric dust—the ashes of burnt-out meteors that flew swiftly for a thousand years through the interplanetary spaces—dust that flashed upon the vision of man in the days of the earliest empires; aye, ‘when the morning stars sang together’ in auld lang syne—mingled with the cosmic dust newly arrived from its slow journey down through the dark and silent and motionless depths of this mighty ocean, now teeming with its varied forms of organic life.

We are enraptured, awe-stricken. We stand and gaze out into the impenetrable blackness and chill which rest against us like bodies imbedded in a wall of masonry. Days may pass, months and years, and not a sound comes out of these oceanic solitudes which encompass us. No gleam reminds us that

nature is not dead. We stand a thousand years and nothing stirs ; nothing in these voiceless depths, these vast plains of death, though above us sweep the still majestic currents which bring frosts from the pole.

This mud which impedes our footsteps is the dust of centuries, which has been gathering since the ocean descended to take possession of its mysterious bed, an act which shut three-fifths of the world's surface from the observation of man. Mingled with this mud are the relics of larger creatures which have lived in the sea where the sunlight cheers its population—teeth of sharks, ear bones of whales, not the accumulations of yesterday, or of a century. These are the relics of creatures whose race have died out—tertiary whales, the representatives of past cycles of geological history. No changes take place here. Cold and darkness prevent decay. Here by the side of the wrecks of the last winter are the hard parts of the creatures which dwelt somewhere in the ages before man appeared.

Dead ruins of extinct types, we said—nay, these forms are not all dead ; the realm is still inhabited. Here are crinoids—paleozoic crinoids which have come down through all the ages of geologic history, lying here, sleeping here like inanimate organisms through the centuries, chilled into changelessness like mammoth carcasses encased in ice, still dreaming of the middle ages of the world. Here are grotesque articulates, perpetuated portraits of the quaint ancestors of the lobster and the crab, archaic fishes whose retarded development has left them ages behind in the march of progress. Few and widely scattered are these wanderers out of the world's antiquity, and they have not strayed to greater depths than three and one-third miles.

We said before no ray of light could enter here. But a phosphorescent gleam breaks through the wall of night. In yon distant corner is a fish-like form bearing a curious appendage which seems to serve him as a lantern. It sheds a ghastly glow in the thickness of this solitude. This creature, then, has use for eyes. Shut out from nature's sunlight, he has a feeble star to himself. His lantern glow reveals the presence of other

grotesque forms, without starlight and without eyes. Fishes they are, but stranger than fancy ever pictured. One has a mouth of five times the length of the body's diameter. The mouth of another opens to twice the length of the animal's body, with a bag-like pouch that would hold six bodies like his. Another has glaring eyes like, a teasaucer strained to take in the thin phosphorescence from his neighbor's lantern. Life is, even here, antique, obsolete life, which the ages have sent by a devious path astray, arriving at our time a million years behind its date.



## THE CALCUTTA NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

(AT WORK AND AT PLAY.)



THE Calcutta Naval Volunteers had an excellent opportunity afforded them during the recent holidays for taking the hot-weather kinks out of their limbs, and getting themselves into something like trim for forthcoming drill-work and exercise.

Captain Petley—ever on the lookout for opportunities to increase the efficiency of the fine body of men under his command—obtained the permission of Government to give them some big-gun and boat practice—the occasion being his bi-annual trip, as Port Officer, to False Point, on inspection duty. The new Indian Marine S. S. *Guide* was the vessel chosen for the purpose, and the accommodation provided was ample for any demand for space likely to be made. The ‘boys’ to the number of about 70 turned up in great spirits, and together with the officers and invited guests proceeded to settle down to their new circumstances as though to the manner born.

At 7 A.M. on the 18th October the *Guide* cast off from her moorings, and proceeded down under pilotage charge of Sub-Lieut. Wawn, covering the distances between the various signal stations on the river in excellent time. Shortly after leaving moorings the men were mustered on the upper deck, when Captain Petley conveyed to them an Irish hint that the trip was not to be all play—although pleasure would be combined with business. The men were then told off into divisions and

sub-divisions and watches were set, after which they began to display considerable anxiety as to the whereabouts of the chief man on board, *i.e.*, the cook. Possibly with an eye to eventualities, it had been found necessary to ensconce that important functionary behind iron bars, and we can safely say that no new denizen of a cage in the Zoological Gardens was ever such an object of attention as was that semi-clothed and greasy potentate, as he manipulated the succulent moorghi—changed strange looking materials into tempting dishes, and maintained the reputation of the Great Eastern Hotel Company for ability to supply a hungry man with a good square meal.

It was at 11 A.M.—the *Guide* then being below Fultah Point—that all hands were 'piped' to breakfast, in true man-of-war style. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the fare provided was not the usual man-of-war's fare. In fact, all the tit-bits found their way to the seamen's table, and the officers—until they 'tumbled' to the dodge, came off second best in the scramble, for every *kitmutghar* bearing a tasty dish was intercepted before he reached the officers' mess, aft, and compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to surrender his burden. When the swell of the sea from the Heads began to be felt there was not so much competition, for accumulations of hot-weather bile would not be denied, and played holy war with the intestines of some of the less sea-climatised of the 'boys'; this was especially noticeable after the Eastern Channel Light-ship had been passed, when some reluctance was displayed to attend the bugle-call for dinner.

No one, however, hove himself entirely inside out, and after the tables had been cleared, the piano was got under weigh and singing was carried on briskly until 9 P.M. The weary tars then sought their respective couches and were all supposed to be locked in innocent slumber by the unusual hour of 9-30; "Just as the fun at the Royal was commencing," as one restless member was heard to remark.

On Sunday morning, bright and early, the 'boys' were about, gazing at the low-lying, sandy beach, that was to be the scene of the day's exploits. No very special divine service

was held on this sabbath day, and each man was a minister unto himself for the time being. We have reason to believe, from the *vim* with which the guns were boused out of the hold and piled into the boats, that there were a few most energetic exhorters on board, who seized the opportunity of departing from the well-worn and awfully monotonous track of Calcutta church exhortations. The guns (two 9-pounders under the command of Lieutenant King and Sub-Lieutenant Wawn,) were dragged up the beach and brought into position in style, and were brought to bear upon a target stationed at the point of the Long Sand Flat, the range being 1,000 yards. Some excellent practice was made, and the target looked considerably disheartened by the time the men gave it a rest, and pulled off to the vessel for breakfast. After doing their best to ruin the Great Eastern Hotel Company they returned and, with renewed energy, again made things lively for the target until 4 P. M., when the guns were taken aboard and stowed, and the men dispersed to make themselves presentable for dinner.

The dinner, on this occasion, partook of the nature of a 'Function,' for in addition to the usual guests, the Port Officer at False Point and the Keeper of the Lighthouse were present, and after an extremely liberal spread had been done full justice to, some toasts were proposed by the Commander, and every man jack considered it a solemn duty to shout himself as nearly hoarse as possible in response thereto. After this some pretty tall yarns began to circulate, as did also the whiskey. Among the former one in particular struck us. It was told by a red-faced tar with a truthful countenance. We reproduce it as nearly as possible—expunging certain liberties with the vernacular as not suitable to these pages.

"Everybody knows," began the little man, "that the trade mark of a Chinese beauty is her feet. The smaller they are the higher she rises in the scale of attractiveness. But this was not always so; indeed, when I was in China it was very much otherwise. In those good old mouldy days big feet had the call.

Foot culture was the chief aim in life of the almond-eyed beauties, and a shy, young lass who could fill a 14 shoe was regarded as having fortune by the short hair,

It was a veritable big foot boom, something like the present boom in Gold that has yet to be discovered, and when a gallant young troubadour went out in the moonlight to serenade his lady love beneath the bamboo walls of the pagoda, he didn't go singing about her eyes being brighter than stars, her lips redder than the flush of the cherry, and her breath sweeter than the breeze laden with the perfume of the jasmine. Not a bit of it. He simply touched up his tomcat guitar as a bas-relief for something about big feet. When it came time for the heir to the throne to wed, emissaries were despatched to find the biggest-footed maidens in all the kingdom.

Up in the province of Rang Tang Po they struck a young thing who had literally run to feet. A regular Chinese Venus. So they transported her to Peking with great care, for her footsie-tootsies were so big she could not walk a step, or turn over in bed without the aid of a derrick, and amid great pomp and national festivities they married her to the son of the sun moon and stars, and a long line of Mongolian monarchs. Unfortunately, however, her feet were cold in ratio to their size, and one contact with the north-east corner of her big toe on the nuptial night was sufficient to give the pride of his people the pneumonia and a through ticket to paradise.

This was a dreadful blow to the 14th or 15th Tartar dynasty. The emperor did not mind the loss of his son and heir so much as the prospect of letting the large-footed lady go out of the family, for every mandarin in the kingdom at once demanded her hand and the country bid fair to be ruined by revolution in consequence. So the emperor called a council of state, and after mature deliberation it was decided that the only way to restore peace to the realm was for the emperor to marry her himself. He did so, with an alacrity incompatible with his years, and being old and infirm went to join Confucius without delay.

The heir to the throne succeeded to the hand of the young empress, and he too speedily succumbed to pedal refrigeration. And so it went on until the royal line became extinct and imperial crowns began to also decimate the nobility. Fortunately for the latter, the lady took it in her head to bathe her fatal feet in the waters of a small lake adjacent to the palace. No sooner had she plunged her extremities in the limpid waters than they froze solid, and before the consort of a long line of emperors could be extricated she herself succumbed to the malign frigidity that had congealed the blood of so many monarchs. After that the Chinese concluded big feet were a failure and went to the other extreme.

After this we thought it was time for bed, and many were the Chinese feet—large and small—which appeared to the select circle favoured with the above, in their dreams.

Monday was devoted to a boating excursion to the Light-house, in which the crews of the boats showed their powers of

endurance, especially on the return journey, when Sub-Lieutenant Wawn and his crew showed the way back to the *Guide* to Lieutenant King and his 'boys.'

The main business of the trip was now over, and on Monday evening a very successful Smoking Concert was held on board the *Guide*. The programme was of the good old English kind, allowing for plenty of choruses, which nearly blew up the awnings of the vessel. To this programme Captain Petley professed his inability to contribute, but he "set 'em up" all round, as his share of the evening's entertainment.

Nothing further of note transpired, and the inward trip was accomplished without any hitch, the *Guide* crossing from False Point to Saugor during the night. The trip was voted a great success by all who participated in it, and future outings of a like nature will be eagerly looked forward to.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



WE look with grave suspicion upon the unworthy attempts being made by certain interested parties in America to 'nobble' the Irish vote, in view of the coming elections; and can only trust that the good sense of true Americans—as distinguished from party "bosses" and wire-pulling and time-serving agencies—will lead them to discriminate between the efforts of a friendly nation to deal with the affairs of a country under its sway, and the unworthy attempts of interested parties to discredit those efforts, and to keep themselves afloat by subscriptions wheedled out of the hard-earned wages of poor Irish men and women in America. We are not concerned to say that there is no sign of approaching distress in Ireland, owing to a partial failure of the potato crop; for which, of course, the British Government is solely to blame. But there can, we think, be no doubt as to the exaggeration and misrepresentation that has been circulated by interested parties, despite the fact that the Government is fully alive to the situation and, what is more to the point, fully prepared to afford relief whenever such necessity arises. These facts are deliberately ignored in the recent "Appeal of the Executive Committee, addressed to the people of America" issued by a self-constituted Committee of time-servers and office-seekers, whose sole interest in the matter is—the catching of the Irish vote. The appeal opens as follows:—

Beyond the sea a nation shudders under the shadow of an impend-

ing calamity, and once again the awful spectre of famine haunts the Irish people. In their extremity they have turned their eyes westward, where a great nation dwells in prosperity. The generosity of the American people alone stands between the Irish and starvation. The Committee for the relief of the famine in Ireland appeals for money, clothing and provisions. It appeals to everyone, irrespective of race, religious faith, or political affiliations. Our brothers of the human race in Ireland must taste the bitterness of death unless we speedily send aid from America. There have been famines before in Ireland, and the golden stream of American generosity has always then alleviated human suffering, but unfortunately the noble charity of America has always reached its destination too late to save precious human lives, and the awful suffering endured by a wailing people.

The appeal, couched as it is in what the *Times* calls the "usual turgid magniloquence of Transatlantic electioneering literature," will doubtless fulfil its purpose amongst Irishmen in America, who will probably be content to be made faction tools, if the inducement is made strong enough. It is noticeable that throughout this appeal no mention is made of England, and no credit given her for what she has done in the way of relief in the past. The fact that a large proportion of Englishmen are willing and anxious to grant Ireland all she asks is—with strange want of foresight—entirely ignored, as is also the fact that, equally with America, England has always taken a lead in movements for the relief of suffering humanity, and is not likely, at this stage, to go back on her old traditions. That American politicians should be willing to work in conjunction with men like James Redpath—who is Vice-Chairman of the Committee—is not strange,—although Redpath openly exulted in the murder of Lord Mountmorris and expressed his hopes, at a League banquet, that English noblemen in America would run the risk of Irish bullets. American politicians may, as we have said, find a convenient tool in Redpath and men of his stamp, but will the American people think him a fit person to entrust with large sums of money, and give him an unlimited chance for "boodling?" We think not.

The American Silver Bill, so violently opposed before it became law, seems to meet with no opposition in the States now.

On the contrary the purchases under it, made by Secretary Windom, are welcomed as a relief to the tight money market. But there is apparently an occult connexion between the Silver Bill and the tight money market. We are told that, months ago, after carefully counting the votes in Congress and foreseeing that the bill would pass, a party of speculators bought up \$6,000,000 worth of silver and carried it along until the President signed the bill. This tying up of \$6,000,000 of cash assisted to cause the tightness of money in Wall Street. Up went the price of silver, and the speculators were able to lend money, at high rates of interest, upon the security of their holdings. When Secretary Windom began to buy silver, they were not ready to sell. They expect to make \$12,000,000 out of their \$6,000,000 investment, and they can already show fifty per cent. profit. As soon as silver is pushed up to par with gold, there will be lively times throughout the whole country. Meanwhile, the temporary relief furnished to Wall Street by Secretary Windom's monthly purchase has diverted attention from the silver corner which these speculators have adroitly manipulated.

The working of the new Japanese Constitution, which takes effect from the 1st November 1890, will be watched by the family of nations with unusual interest. The House of Representatives of the first Parliament, which meets then for the first time, has been chosen, and the members of the House of Nobles who are not nominated by the Crown, have been elected. The Parliament will be divided into four parties, Conservatives, the Conservative Radicals, the Moderates and the Radicals, all of which favour certain reforms, but some are more advanced than others. The programme of the Moderates is an extremely liberal one. They favour Government by party, treaty revision, and the reconstruction of nearly all the departments of Government. The Conservative Radicals differ but slightly from the Moderates in their declaration of policy. The Conservatives represent the reaction against the sweeping introduction of Western institutions, and aim to maintain Japanese individuality, and to oppose the effacement of the ancient national characteristics. The Radicals, on the other hand, advocate all the reforms



proposed by the Moderates, and a number of others as well, among them several which the authorities have pronounced illegal, such as the abolition of the law of entail in respect of the property of nobles, the abolition of the Police bureau, and the carrying of swords by policemen. Three great questions will come before the Parliament for consideration. Two of these will have reference to the reduction of taxation, which is very high, and social reform, particularly as to the judiciary. But the question of most interest to the world without is that of treaty revision. Seventeen Powers have extra territorial jurisdiction in Japan. She is denied, by the favoured-nation clause, the right to make a special treaty with any foreign Power by which she can secure privileges for herself in consideration of special grants. This last question is one of the utmost importance, involving, as it does, the question of home rule for Japan.

We are sorry to state that Lord William Beresford is about to sever his connection with the Indian Turf, and that all his valuable stud will be submitted to auction during the Calcutta meeting. There are various rumours as to why his lordship has decided to give up the sport he loves so well. It is more than probable that ill-health has a great deal to do with it, as from what we hear, the doctors say that Lord William must go home again before the commencement of next hot weather. We see that the three ponies, Bob, Bustle and Nellie, have been sold to the Maharaja of Pattiala, and it is the intention of the sporting young Raja to start a breeding stud. The animal by Bob out of Nellie should prove a pretty good one.

The Calcutta Course will be open for training from the 1st November, and we notice that stabling is now being erected. The executive really ought to see that these stables are of a more substantial character than hitherto. Surely enough is charged for the accommodation—Rs. 10 per stall we believe is the cost—and last year the stalls were put up in such a careless fashion that one well-known trainer was heard to remark, "A horse has only to shake his tail and the blooming lot comes down."

Arthur Hancock, the famous walker, must have a good opinion of Anglo-Indians. After the third night the support was so poor that he was obliged to give up the contest. We see that Captain Hayes is anxious to get up a purse for him to walk seven miles within the hour, and we hope the Calcutta sports will "ante up." There is no shadow of a doubt that it is a treat to see Hancock get over the ground when he once means it.

On Tuesday, the 22nd September, Mr. Gale, the defendant in the case "*Lord Penrhyn versus Gale*" (proprietor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Mirror*) informed the Stewards of the Jockey Club that he would apply for an injunction to restrain them if they decided to enter upon an investigation of the running of Noble Chieftain at Doncaster, prior to the hearing of the case in which he is the defendant. Some time ago an action was brought by Lord Penryhn against the paper named above for certain articles that appeared in reference to the running of his Lordship's horses. It will be remembered that the in-and-out running of the horse Noble Chieftain on several occasions has given rise to strong public comments, and in some instances the remarks concerning the inconsistency of his form have led to libel actions being instituted by Lord Penrhyn against certain newspapers, the action above referred to being one of them. It has always been asserted that the horse cannot stay a mile, and once only in his life has he won over that distance, *viz.*, at Warwick, but his opponents on that occasion were of such poor class that little heed was paid to the form. At Doncaster he was again run over a mile and easily beaten by Ransom. The pair met again, when Noble Chieftain had an advantage of 8lbs. over Ransom compared with the preceding day, and this enabled him, over the six furlongs course, to turn the tables in such a decisive fashion that Ransom was last. After the success of Noble Chieftain the public were inconsolable, and their feelings boiled over to such an extent that groans and hisses took the place of the customary cheers as the horse made his way back to the weighing-room, with Mr. Clayton at his head. Nor was the disaffection cooled in the time afforded for reflection whilst T. Weldon was weighing in, and no sooner had the "All right" been

declared than there was another outburst of bad feeling, and a rush was made for Mr. Clayton, who manages Lord Penrhyn's racing stud, and who stood near the horse. Fortunately for the gentleman in question there was a good posse of police at hand, and they surrounded him and undoubtedly saved him from the violence of the excited crowd.

John Corlett says that Jockey Club enquiries are not always productive of satisfactory results, seeing that the governing body of the Turf are not empowered to take evidence on oath. Here and there a "little man" or a trainer or jockey is "named off" as an individual not fit to associate with the votaries of the Sport of Kings, but in most instances these enquiries are either abortive altogether, or result in something like a verdict of "not proven." It has in some quarters been seriously proposed that the affairs of the Turf should be conducted by a Limited Liability Company. Such an undertaking, even if floated, would never go to allotment. The "unco' guid" would have their innings, and racing would be put down by Act of Parliament as destructive to the morals of the nation.

The croakers that were so fond of saying that there were no good weight-carrying stayers in England must now feel a bit small. What about Sheen carrying 9st. 2lb. and winning the Cesarewitch?

# THE INDIAN-EMPIRE.

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VOL. III, No. 2.—DECEMBER 1890.

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## *POLITICAL PARTIES.*

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WITHIN the past month two important decisions have been given in the Divorce Courts at Home, bearing, in one instance at least, directly on English party politics. We allude to the cases of Mr. Parnell and Lord Connemara. In our opinion it is seriously to be deplored that, the private life of the most capable of our public men should be dragged into prominence, and their public efficiency injured thereby. Few of us,—if put to the test,—could deny indiscretions. The sin consists in being found out,—or as in the instance of Mr. Parnell—in being pointed out. The theory that a man holding a responsible position should do no harm is thoroughly exploded ; but the practice that, should he be found out he must be persecuted,—for political reasons,—is, apparently, still in vogue. With Mr. Parnell's political views we have no sympathy whatever. But we recognize in him a capable leader of a party which, without his leadership, is bound to fall to pieces. This would involve serious consequences, not only to Ireland but to Great Britain in general. It would mean the disarrangement of political parties. Political parties are, of course, always undergoing change. The old terms, Whig and Tory, have neither of them ever had exactly the same meaning for very long together, and because they were not sufficiently elastic to include the

very diverse views of the different sections which were formerly arranged into two opposite groups, the newer terms, Liberal and Conservative, came into fashion many years ago. These terms served their purpose for some years. They indicated the broad difference that will always exist between the politicians who are anxious to keep things as they are, and those who are anxious to make any alterations that seem to them desirable.

But the Conservatism and the Liberalism of to-day have very little likeness to the Conservatism and the Liberalism that they have gone for to supersede. There has been a steady disintegration of parties ever since the time of Lord Palmerston. Palmerston was a Whig who managed English affairs both at home and abroad quite as much with satisfaction of the Tories as to that of his own followers. When he died, many of those followers, men like Mr. Gladstone, showed themselves Liberals of a very different stamp, and some of their colleagues found themselves far more in sympathy with their political rivals, than with their political friends.

In consequence there would probably have been a great disruption of parties twenty years ago, had not Lord Beaconsfield shown marvellous skill in building up a fresh Conservatism which, if it was his greatest triumph that he "educated" the older Tories into adopting it, prevented the Whigs from openly breaking with their Liberal associates. Lord Beaconsfield was strong enough to do without any support from the Whigs, or even from such mutinous Conservatives as Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, and he fearlessly held his ground until the unexpected crash came upon him, and the General Election showed that the people, whether wisely or not, were resolved to have an entirely different administration under Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's restoration to power on that occasion, proved to be a far less permanent matter for exultation than was expected.

The fact is—and it is to this that we wish to draw the attention of our readers—that, if the English constituencies hardly know their own minds, and cannot be relied upon to follow this or that leader, for any length of time together, the blame is not with them, but, if there be blame anywhere, with the strangely

altered conditions of political life which are exhibiting themselves just now in England. English politics are again passing through a revolution, in which new, or newly developed, forces are at issue, in consequence of which party warfare will probably have to be carried on in very different ways from heretofore.

The revolution is two-fold, or rather may be said to comprise two distinct revolutions,—the one internal, the other external. England's acquisition of her Indian Empire, and of its Indian\* vast Colonial Dominions has been the work of many generations, and there has been no very great enhancement of her territorial possessions in recent years. But there have lately been momentous changes in the relations of the outlying Empires and Colonies, to the Central Government. The assumption, by the Crown, of the duties formerly assigned, in form at any rate, to the East Indian Company, was the herald of a change in our own country which has had counterparts in Canada, Australia and elsewhere. A few houses-full of genteel officials in Downing Street boast that they manage the affairs of "an Empire on which the sun never sets," and the English public is anxious to share in the delusion. But the puppets, as they consider them, that the Downing Street officials attempt to work by strings and wires are too large, too complicated, and too far apart to be under their control; and thus arise innumerable and interminable difficulties, of which the English public is only occasionally, but too often, made aware by loud complaints from the "dependencies;" by troublesome and costly "little wars," and so forth. The custody of these "dependencies," moreover, involves England in embarrassments with other nations, which provoke much difference of opinion among persons generally too ignorant to form opinions of any value; and altogether there is a swaying about of the popular mind which renders any regular and statesmanlike action impossible.

What inferences are we to draw from this real or seeming fickleness of the English public? Not so much that the English public is fickle, as that the lines on which party warfare is still, to a great extent, carried on, the strife between old

fashioned Whigs or Liberals and old fashioned Tories or Conservatives, by no means represent the actual struggle between classes and interests which has already fairly begun, and which we may expect to become far more vigorous than it is now, before many years are over.

The land question, British as well as Irish, is only one out of many that are now darkening the political atmosphere of England. But, without reference to the others, it will suffice as an illustration of the critical state of affairs perplexing the minds of English Statesmen at present. To speak plainly, England has been steadily advancing by almost imperceptible stages, and with infinitely less disadvantage to all classes concerned, to a crisis as momentous in its way as that which was marked in France by the Revolution of 1789. There is no danger of any such outburst of passions, such bloodthirsty violence, or such an upheaval of classes as occurred in France, and distressed all Europe ninety years ago. Whatever civil strife arises, it will be a bloodless one; and whatever revolution is effected it will doubtless be one in which "vested interests" will be dealt with tenderly, and all well-grounded "rights" will be respected. But none the less must we prepare for a crisis of great moment, and a struggle in which vast issues will be involved. It will be a struggle, as we have already said, between the masses and the aristocracy, and one, therefore, in which the present arrangement of political parties will be quite out of date. For, be it noted, that Liberals, as a rule, are as aristocratic as Tories, and that a great many of those who call themselves Liberals are, as regards the great questions of the future, quite as Conservative as the Conservatives. There are a great many declared Radicals in the House of Commons, but, as yet, only a few "men of the people" like Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Burt and Mr. Macdonald. In the next House of Commons we may expect that these "men of the people" will be far more numerous, and that the Radicals, who are now reckoned at about 200 in a whole House of 662 will be much more plentiful, as well as a great deal more "pronounced" in their opinions. They will be strong enough, at

any rate, to choose leaders from among themselves, instead of accepting the leadership of Whigs or "moderate Liberals" like Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington. Mr. Gladstone is a great political anomaly, whose influence tends to retard the change, and he may have to disappear from political life before it can be consummated ; but the day cannot be very far distant when we shall see such men as Lord Hartington and all the representatives of the Whig families ranged with the Tories and opposed by Radicals of the stamp of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and if he ever attains power again, Sir Charles Dilke. Whether the result is beneficial or not to the real interests of England, it will be a momentous political revolution, and its immediate effects are likely to be seen chiefly in domestic affairs ; but it may be expected in the end to tell no less forcibly on the foreign and colonial policy of England. The successors of the Manchester school of politics cannot be expected to take the same view of "Imperial" affairs as Lord Beaconsfield and the Tories have been condemned by them for taking. India and the Colonies may be accepted as associates in a confederation or "United States" of some sort or another, but they will be expected to manage their own affairs and bear their own responsibilities and burdens. The members of the new Conservative party, composed of Whigs as well as Tories, will have to fight against the Radicals for what is called "the integrity of the Empire" no less than for the maintenance of aristocratic Institutions at home. Thus all members of the outlying branches of the Empire must watch the approaching revolution with as much personal interest as stay-at-home Englishmen can feel.

R. W. G.



### THE ALLEGED FAMINE IN IRELAND.

*Two of the saddest facts in connexion with contemporary politics are these: first, that although Irish affairs have been discussed ad nauseum during the last ten years, a considerable proportion of British electors are in a condition of the densest ignorance with regard to those very affairs; secondly, that these same people, intelligent and honorable enough as regards ordinary matters, are far more ready to give ear to designing agitators who make patriotism a trade and use the woes of their country to compass their own traitorous ends, than to give credence to men of enlightenment and substance who live in Ireland, whose interests are bound up with the welfare of that country, whose character and position give weight and authority to their words, and who are loyal to Protestant Christianity and to the British Government.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.*

A GREAT cry has been raised of late regarding a supposed threatened famine in the Emerald Isle. The cry has been, we believe, got up for party purposes only. We remember to have heard a like cry some fifteen years ago—when Ireland was threatened with a potato famine. The Famine disappointed its anticipators, but a few interested “chiels” who took “notes on the spot,” might throw a little light on the trouble. The writer of the present article was one of them, and in jotting down his reminiscences he wishes it to be understood that the notes were taken on the spot. There has been no cooking.

In the south-western corner of Ireland, within sight of Cape Clear, stand out, in bold relief, the two headlands which form the entrance to the harbour of Baltimore. Out at sea, from a distance of two miles, or even less, no entrance can be discerned, unless by the aid of a powerful telescope. The rugged

line of rocks seems unbroken. Even with the help of a good glass the entrance to the harbour seems but a crevice in the rock ; a small gap in an otherwise unbroken coast line. But as you near the gap it changes in appearance, and assumes the form of a huge, deep chasm running into the solid rock. Not until you are fairly between the frowning promontories can the bay beyond be seen. It has the appearance of a large lake, and is, with the exception of the narrow strip of water which forms the entrance, entirely landlocked ; surrounded with hilly country, a large proportion of which is under cultivation, ruined abbeys and castles, and with the small fleet of fishing boats anchored in the bay, close to a narrow strip of yellow sand, and entirely shut in from the sea by the high and rugged line of rocks that forms the coast line, the scene is one that is intensely wild. On the left hand side of the bay or harbour, perched upon the rocks, and scattered around the ruins of a magnificent old abbey, are the houses and fishermen's cabins which form the hamlet or village of Baltimore. With the exception of a very small coasting steamer which occasionally calls at the place, a vessel is rarely seen. Some three years before I visited the place, I believe an American ship, to avoid being dashed upon the rocks during a strong gale, had run into the harbour, before a southerly wind. How she got safely in was a cause of wonder to the hardy fishermen ; however, there she was, and the question was how to get her out again. Only when the wind blows from a particular point can the passage out of the harbour be attempted ; and even then the wind is often found to be baffling between the lofty headlands, which causes the passage out to be attended with considerable danger to the ship ; for a reef of rugged rocks, just visible at high water, runs along the right hand side of the entrance, and a vessel, if once she struck on this reef, would never come off again ; except in small pieces. The Captain of the American ship, had to telegraph to Queenstown for a steamer to come round and tow him out ; which, after some delay, and at a great expense, was done. It is of the inhabitants of this part of Ireland that I intend to give a brief account in

the present article, trusting that it may prove of some interest to my readers at a time when Ireland is occupying a considerable amount of public attention.

The chief house in the neighbourhood was that of the Priest, who was a fine looking man, standing something over six feet. He had been educated at Eton, and was, at the time I met him, about 25 or 26 years of age. The affection entertained by the simple country people for their Priest was something wonderful. His word was law, he was welcome everywhere, and no one ever addressed him save as "Father." Should a pig happen to be taken ill, (as pigs sometimes will) the Priest was consulted, and never failed to give his advice or help in any way in which it was needed. Should a dispute arise, it was referred to the "Father" for settlement, and he seldom failed to reconcile the parties; in fact he occupied the same position towards his flock, as a father does to his children. But his work, especially in winter, was extremely arduous, and dangerous. He informed me that sometimes in crossing the harbour (for his district included a circuit of 60 miles) it required eight strong men to pull the boat across, against a gale of wind; then again, mounted on a small, rough pony (of whom he was extremely fond) he would have to travel many miles through the snow and the storm for the purpose of visiting a sick person, or fulfilling other duties in his capacity of Priest. He had a wonderfully great number of plans, too, for working upon the consciences of his flock, specially of those who stayed away from "confessional." He visited them, waited for them on the road, met them in out of the way places at all times and seasons. He rarely threatened any one, but his eye would rest on the delinquent so lovingly; he would hear his excuse or bear with his temper so quietly, in fact, he was so such in word and truth "Father" that no one could resist him, and, believing, as he evidently did, that much of the work of a Priest is to be done by love, he took care to be all things to all men. Therefore it is no wonder that the "Father," was looked up to, loved, and revered by his flock. Quiet, unassuming, and far from rich; this is the kind of man to find his way straight

to the hearts of the ignorant portion of the Irish people No Protestant Clergyman can ever have half the hold on the hearts of his congregation, as can a good Catholic Priest on his.

Although the people of Baltimore were not divided into classes according to their wealth, there were, of course, some who were better off than others; but their extra means gave them no social ascendancy. The Priest was made just as welcome at the houses of those who were very poor, as he was at the houses of the well-to-do, and he, in his turn, was just as ready to enter the humblest hovel, and partake of the meal of bread and fish, as he was to go into the more pretentious dwelling and fare more sumptuously. Although, with the exception of the Priest, hardly a man was able to write his own name, no one was so ignorant as to mistake the tinsel of extra wealth for the sterling metal of worth. There a man was judged by the character he bore; it would be a good thing for the world at large if these principles of the ignorant people of Baltimore were more widely disseminated.

The houses of the well-to-do peasants of the west of Ireland in the agricultural districts are by no means elegant structures. Built of wood and covered with thatch they answer the purpose for which intended, but, are by no means striking. Yet, although the owners do not bank with large houses, the amount of hard cash in the possession of some of them, sometimes stowed away in old stockings, &c., &c., would surprise many of the small farmers in England!

Perched upon the top of a huge boulder was the cabin of Patrick —, one of the most prosperous of the farmers of Baltimore. The house was built of wood and thatch, and was large and commodious. The interior of the building consisted of one very large room which served as kitchen, parlour, dining-room, and stable. Several small rooms, opening from the larger one, served for the sleeping apartments of the family. In the centre of the chief room stood a long deal table; chairs and stools were scattered round the room, and on the window-sill stood pots of flowers. The family (without counting the pigs)

numbered nineteen, and consisted of the old grandmother, apparently about 90 years of age, whose sole duty seemed to consist of acting as bellows to the turf fire; the father and mother and sixteen children whose ages ranged from about 2 to 21. The eldest son was a fine specimen of the Irish peasant, a regular "chip of the old block." In addition to providing accommodation for the family the general room served as a recreation ground for pigs. Porkers of every size were to be seen strutting about as though the place belonged to them. The business of dairy farming was carried on by the family and they used the residual product whey, for the purpose of feeding pigs. This accounted for the number of these creatures to be met with. The scene that met my eye as, in company with the Priest, I entered the dwelling, was a sight never to be forgotten. A turf fire was smouldering in one corner of the room and over it bent the old grandmother, with puffed-out cheeks, trying to induce it to burn properly. Seated, tailor fashion, on the table, was the father of the family, a man of apparently 45 years of age. He was smoking a very short, blackened clay pipe, commonly known as a "nose warmer." The mother, a fine looking woman, with sleeves tucked up, exposing a pair of very red and fat arms, was preparing the evening meal. The son and heir had just returned from a fishing expedition in the Bay, and was sorting his "catch," selecting the finest fish as a present for the Priest. Sprawling about the floor in every direction were pigs and children indiscriminately mixed together. The baby had got hold of a small porker by the ears and was making him squeak in agonizing tones. The eldest daughter, a fine, comely girl of 16, as soon as she caught sight of the Priest, made desperate efforts to quell the noise, and swooping down on pigs and babies, soon, with the aid of her sisters, bundled both porkers and children into a distant corner, where, inextricably entangled, they struggled together, a hopeless mass of confusion. Several fine-milch cows were tied up in one corner of the room, while a donkey, who had a propensity for kicking, was secured in another. But the most striking figure in the group was this

aforesaid donkey, with his four legs tied up with ropes to keep him from kicking, and a large stone fastened to his tail to restrain his braying propensities, he stood the picture of dejection.

Immediately we entered the house, the farmer jumped off the table, and advancing to the Priest, paid his respects, and on the latter explaining that I was a visitor, there was a cry of "place for the stranger," and the good lady of the house brought forward a chair, which she dusted with the corner of her apron, and before I had been two minutes in the house I was on good terms with everybody, and with a baby on each knee, sundry pigs crawling about my legs and a stray fowl or two perched on the back of my chair, I was chatting away to the whole family as though I had known them for years. After drinking a pint of really excellent porter, I left the Priest to discuss some congenial subject with the farmer and in company with the eldest son took a stroll round the grounds. Patches of cultivated ground were visible everywhere, and potatoes, wheat, and other vegetables and grains were growing in profusion. All these plots of ground were the property of the old farmer who, although his chief business consisted of dairy farming, filled up his spare time by cultivating his land. In this he was aided by his sons and daughters, at least by those who were old enough to work, while the whole of the domestic arrangements were under the supervision of the mother. She baked her own bread, cured her own hams, fattened the pigs, manufactured the coarse cloth which formed the dresses of the children, and was in fact the presiding goddess of the household.

After about an hour spent in roaming about the farm, inspecting the sheds for the cattle, &c. I returned to the house, to find a good, substantial meal ready. Butter, cheese, milk and bread, all home made;—fresh fish, the result of the son's fishing excursion, cooked in various ways, served up in scrupulously clean dishes, on a table, which, although it was covered by no cloth, gave evidence of an energetic application of scrubbing-brush and soap;—all this was calculated to tempt an appetite already sharpened by the bracing mountain air. The good Priest said grace in few words, few but earnest, and withdrew.

more ado, every one devoted their attention to the business in hand. Cheerful conversation enlivened the meal, varied occasionally by the energetic demands of some ravenous youngster for "more."

The inhabitants of Baltimore all appeared to live in much the same style, and all the houses, with the exception of that of the Priest, to have the same appearance. All, rich and poor, dressed in the same homely fashion; and all were very superstitious. No one would pass the ruined abbey after dark. Once, so rumour had it, a travelling tailor, a stranger to the neighbourhood had sought refuge in the old abbey during a storm; two days afterwards he was discovered, half dead, a considerable distance from the place. His story, when he recovered sufficiently to be able to speak, was as follows:—He had been overtaken by the storm and had taken shelter, just as it was growing dusk in the old building. All went well until midnight, when a hideous woman, with sea-weed for hair, jaws like a skeleton, and clothed all in white had made her appearance. The tailor had a large pair of shears, and, with these he had defended himself for some time, until some "banshie" from behind had blindfolded him; whereupon the white-woman had taken away his scissors and bottle of whiskey and assaulted him, beating him until he was unconscious, and after that had transported him to the place where he was found. This was the legend of the abbey, and all the people believed it to be perfectly true. I must confess to having had doubts as to the truth of the tailor's version of the story; and considering that the scissors and an empty bottle were found in the ruin, I fancy the spirits that caused the tailor to roam, must have been ardent ones.

Those of the small farmers who could afford to do so, kept a fishing boat; those who had no grown-up sons to help them in the fishing would take some of their poorer neighbours to aid them, the helpers were always paid with a proportion of the fish caught and, as fish were very plentiful in the bay, they formed one of the chief articles of food. No family was without a meal of fresh fish, and wholesome bread, which, together with milk, cheese, and butter, was to be found in

every cabin, however humble. Some of the well-to-do farmers kept a small horse and cart, others a donkey only, but every man had a pig or two; many of them over a dozen; in no single instance did I meet with a case of want, nor any approach to it. The people were well-to-do, thrifty and contented; each man felt that he had a share in the land; a stake in the country; and this feeling called forth all the energies of his nature; and being absolute owner of all the produce of his land, he sold only what he did not himself require. And, as in many cases, his land produced everything to meet his own simple requirements, and those of his family; the fact that any surplus remained over and above his requirements, bespoke a condition very far removed from poverty, and furnished an answerable argument against those who maintain that peasant properties in Ireland are a social evil. Undue subdivision and excessive smallness of holdings are, undoubtedly, a prevalent evil in some countries; to remedy this the Governments of Bavaria and Nassau have found it necessary to impose a legal limit to subdivision. This limit might also be introduced into Ireland if it were found that the desire to become a landed proprietor induced the Irish peasant to take up a holding altogether inadequate to meet the requirements of himself and family. If such a limit could be introduced it would not bear harshly on the people, but the hope of becoming a landed proprietor, with a sufficiently large holding to supply all his wants, would induce an intense spirit of thrift in the labourer when he saw the chance open to him of becoming a landholder.

Enough has been said to show that the grinding poverty and want, supposed to be strictly typical of the Irish peasant proprietor, does not always exist. Baltimore is by no means favoured by nature; rocks abound; and the soil can only be cultivated in small patches. But the advantages given are taken advantage of. The farmer knows that all the improvements made in his small holding belong to himself; and he knows that the produce of his little farm, with the exception of the tithe set apart for the Priest, also belongs to himself; to



be disposed of for his own advantage. This knowledge acts as an incentive to labour ; and the result goes a long way to refute the statement made in the House of Commons in 1868, that the social effect of the system of peasant proprietorship in Ireland would be most disastrous. Perhaps the most decisive example in opposition to the English prejudice against the cultivation of the soil by peasant proprietors is the case of Belgium. This country has an average of 462 inhabitants to the square mile, while Ireland has an average of 160 only. "The provinces," says Mr. M'Culloch, "of West and East Flanders, and Hainault, form a far-stretching plain, of which the luxuriant vegetation indicates the indefatigable care and labour bestowed upon its cultivation; for the natural soil consists almost wholly of barren sand, and its great fertility is entirely the result of very skilful management and judicious application of various manners."

Much of the most highly cultivated part of Belgium consists of peasant properties, always managed by the proprietors, either wholly or partly by spade labour, a farm of six acres is found sufficient to support a man, his wife, and three children. The following extract from a work on "Flemish Industry" shows how this can be done: "Suppose" says the writer, "the whole extent of the land to be six acres, which is not an uncommon occupation and which one man can manage; then" (after describing the cultivation) "if a man with his wife and three young children are considered as equal to three and a half grown up men, the family will require thirty-nine bushels of grain, forty-nine bushels of potatoes, a fat hog, and the butter and milk of one cow, an acre and a half of land will produce the grain and potatoes and allow some corn to finish the fattening of the hog, which has the extra butter milk; another acre in clover, carrots and potatoes, together with the stubble turnips, will more than feed the cow; consequently, two and a half acres of land is sufficient to feed this family, and the produce of the other three and a half may be sold to pay the rent, or the interest of purchase money, wear and tear of implements, extra measure, and clothes for the family . . . . We have

therefore a solution of the problem, how a family can live and thrive on six acres of moderate land."

If a family of five person can thrive on six acres of land in Belgium, they can also do so in Ireland ; the account that I have given of the Baltimore small proprietors shows that in some parts of Ireland they do do so and prosper. But the climate of Ireland is much superior to that of Belgium, for the soil of the former, instead of consisting of barren sand, as in the case with Belgium, is, in many parts, singularly fertile ; the moist climate clothes the plains and valleys with the richest pasture. But the extreme smallness of many of the peasant properties or holdings has much to do with the poverty of the Irish peasant as a whole, and, therefore, it is necessary, for the welfare of the people, that a limit should be introduced. In those parts of Ireland where the peasantry have holdings of a moderate size, prosperity and plenty is apparent. In 1875 the number of separate holdings was 585,483. Out of this number 51,459 were of not more than one acre. This alone is sufficient to explain the extreme poverty of the Irish people in many parts of the land. But this fact furnishes no tenable argument against peasant properties, for, were a limit of subdivision fixed and made law, these small holdings would be done away with. Of course such a law of limit could not be passed at once, more especially would it meet with great opposition from the band of agitators in Parliament, who, should such a limit become law, would find their trade of agitating gone. But although there would be many difficulties in the way, they might be overcome as others have been before now.

In the present article I have not attempted to disprove any of the statements made with reference to the poverty of the peasants of Ireland in general, but merely to show that where such poverty exists it is not necessarily the effect of the system of peasant proprietors, but on account of the size of the holdings. The limit of subdivision would remedy this ; when a man has to support himself and family by a plot of ground of one acre in extent, it is not surprising that we find poverty and laziness coexistent ; poverty, on account of insufficiency of land to pro-

duce the barest subsistence ; and laziness, because the property being of such small extent, it does not afford sufficient employment for a man, and therefore habits of idleness are engendered, and become the rule of the family. But in those parts of the country, such as Baltimore, where the holdings are larger, the people are healthy, thrifty, and well-to-do ; contended with their state, and with no thought beyond the improvement of their land and circumstance, the agitator among them is powerless, as may be judged from the fact that while in Cork and Queenstown the people were holding mass meetings and denouncing the English Government as everything vile and wicked, and the agitators were sowing those seeds of sedition and rebellion which have lately borne such evil fruit, the people of Baltimore and the surrounding districts were uncontaminated by these feelings of discontent and sedition ; were loyal to the Government ; and looking upon emigration with feelings of detestation.

I cannot do better than conclude this article by quoting the words of our great Political Economist, John Stuart Mill, with reference to peasant properties. He says, " I conceive it to be established that there is no necessary connection between this form of landed property and an imperfect state of the arts of production ; that it is favourable in quite as many respects as it is unfavourable to the most effective use of the powers of the soil ; that no other existing state of agricultural economy has so beneficial an effect on the industry, the intelligence, the frugality and the prudence of the population, nor tends, on the whole, so much to discourage an improvident increase of their numbers ; and that no existing state, therefore, is on the whole so favourable, both to their moral and their physical welfare. Compared with the English system of cultivation by hired labour, it must be regarded as eminently beneficial to the labouring classes." French History strikingly confirms these conclusions. Three times during the course of ages the peasantry have been purchasers of land, and these three times immediately proceeded the three principal eras of French agricultural prosperity."

## COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

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HOWEVER rich the resources of this country may be in professional and clerical workers, not one out of a thousand of its numbers is sufficiently competent to perform the duties that devolve on merchants and their assistants. This defect is in the main attributable to there being no institution or academy wherein youths are trained exclusively for commercial service. The prevailing notion is that Government appointments and professions of the higher and intellectual order only are more "worth the candle" than a berth in a merchant's office, which ranges low in the scale of public appointments, and consequently low in public estimation. Parents consider a commercial vocation fraught with too great a number of risks to allow their sons to be educated for it, and teachers of course suit themselves to the occasion, hence the manifold advantages that are to be derived therefrom are, on this account, not lost sight of, but ignored. The consequences are now beginning to be so severely felt, that candidates for every branch of the public service, and holders of professions of all classes, have increased in such amazing proportions that the power of the Government to find occupation for the crowd of labourers is perfectly crippled; in fact, the labour market, generally speaking, is so completely overflowed that it could scarcely be termed an exaggeration to say that a snap of the fingers or a whistle would be enough to draw hosts of applicants. To use a commercial expression, "the supply has exceeded by far the demand" of Government, but notwithstanding, to divert from these beaten tracks is considered impolitic and unwise.

The writer of this article is a merchant's clerk, and he is proud of his position ; but his friends are mostly Government servants , and it is not seldom that he has had dinned into his ears the advisability of forsaking his berth for Government service. He has, it is believed, accepted these friendly injunctions with apparent approval, but in reality he has deemed them but the outcome of the crassest ignorance, based upon mistaken impressions that have been allowed to be formed from childhood's days. The strongest arguments that a Government employé even has ever urged in favour of his post is certainly in the present, and security in the future ; considered in a higher light, it is altogether devoid of recommendations or attractions. Let us now examine the points that should make a commercial career more preferable.

I.—It is in such a situation that the mind receives *strength and development*, for what can better improve the mental faculties than continuous attention, and a careful study of the market ; than an evergrowing necessity to form correct judgments of the future with existing materials ; than the devising of means to combat competition ; than the discovery of resources likely to lead to profitable success in the simplest and most economical way ; than the investigation of existing wants and necessities in the every-day requirements of life, and the best method possible of relieving them ; than, lastly, to have always at heart a burning desire to introduce civilization, comfort, and facilities, and for this end to make a special study of the nature of a country, of the places where barbarity exists, and of the simplest method of tapping such places, whether by rail or water ? The above are some of the duties of importance devolving on merchants and their assistants ; and it cannot but be admitted that they are of a higher standard of merit, requiring at least a thorough practical training and foundation to work upon, than the every day routine work performed in the public offices of the State.

II.—A commercial clerk is a well informed man of occurrences, social and political, both in the place where he is working, and abroad, as disturbances, of whatever nature they may be,

affect trade one way or the other, and consequently force themselves upon his attention in his interests in, and for the welfare of, the business entrusted to him.

III.—A man in business becomes a judge of character by coming necessarily in contact with dealers of all classes and kinds, and of all nationalities in the society in which he is placed.

IV.—A mercantile assistant knows the value of money, and is always able to turn a penny out of his savings, or to turn this to advantage, and to increase it in a variety of ways; he knows the value of speculation, and is never afraid to risk whatever he can spare, being cognizant of the fact that without risk there can be no gain. "Money," says a great writer and philosopher, "is like lumber or so much dirt unless it is turned to advantage."

V.—He is a polite man and an acquisition to society, as grace and politeness characterize his words and actions, and upon which, in a great measure, depend a successful and increasing business.

VI.—A man of business is generally an honest and truthful personage. Truth and honesty are powerful factors in business, and he is always careful and earnest in their practice, knowing fully, well that on them rests the securing of the confidence of others, and the interests of distant situated brethren.

These are some of the noble attainments offered by a commercial vocation, and who is there that would not be proud to be the fortunate possessor of them, rather than of ease and comfort after years of service?

But the aspirations of the present day are for high sounding titles, and for, as has already been said, professions, but a merchant unfortunately does not care a "tinker's button" for useless disciples of Locke and Hamilton, for minds trained to work out complex mathematical problems to no practical purpose, for irrelevant quoters of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, with "just enough learning to misquote," for skillful analysers of current English literature, and extractors of its beauties and discoverers of its deformities, and for Kidderminster poets and pedants,—in one word, for the brilliant successes

annually passed out by our universities in accordance with the present system of education instituted by it ; he wants practical and useful men on whom he can impose trust and confidence. But so long as there is no institution in India specially devoted to train up its lads in subjects of commercial usefulness and tendencies, with habits of a business-like nature, and with principles grounded upon morality, merchants cannot reasonably be expected to recruit their offices with men who are perfectly ignorant of the rudiments of book-keeping ; who possess no knowledge of the various articles of export and import, their uses, and differences of quality ; who have been taught to regard the market as a shop, where goods are bought and sold by bargain, without having the faintest notion even of the comprehensive meaning of this word, and the hundred and one little and great things that tend to influence this imaginary place ; and who, as men, I know from experience, are in a maze when asked the difference between nett and gross weight.

Trade in India is developing gradually and assuming vast proportions. Competition is following in its train, necessitating merchants to attempt every possible means to work as cheaply and as economically as possible, in order to be able to have or to show a satisfactory figure on the credit side of their balance sheet at the close of every year. For this end, the shears are being applied liberally in all directions where a saving seems practicable, and a watchful eye never allows to pass any such opportunity whenever it arises.

Under these circumstances is it unlikely that merchants would sooner avail themselves of local assistance than import it ? The economy of the step is apparent.

Is it not, therefore, necessary that commercial education should also be attended to ? Is it not, therefore, necessary that in a country of such commercial notoriety and regarded as one of the greatest trading centres of the world, there should be an academy to train up young men and boys for such a noble pursuit ; and is it not a matter to be deplored that, notwithstanding, there is none ?

And in concluding I could not do better than make an

extract from the work of a popular and an experienced educationalist regarding the curriculum of studies to be embraced in a commercial academy :—"Book-keeping, commercial correspondence in French, English, Italian, German, Arabic, and Hindustani, arithmetic, mental and written, commercial law, and caligraphy. 'Since manners make the man' in a variety of ways in business, it is a good thing to include politeness in the course of instruction ; physical and political geography, linear drawing, general notions of natural history, and the sciences, the characteristics of the natural products in most general use, the means by which they are changed from raw material into manufactured goods, and their effects for good or evil upon those who use them ; the study of political economy ; general ethnology, and chemistry."

J. ST. D.



## BURMAH.

### ITS PROSPECTS.

OF all the finds that have taken place, and mines that have been sprung in Upper Burma since annexation, I am of opinion that there are but two that will ever result in anything really good and profitable, the coal mines and earth oil wells. The Ruby Mines, like the Bengal Gold Mines,\* I have no faith in. The former, like the latter, were worked centuries ago, and are not now likely to be productive of any large find. We seem altogether to lose sight of the fact, that when the inhabitants of the west were living in a state of barbarism a thousand years or more back, Asiatics are comparatively living in a condition of civilization; and as such, then as now, knew the value of rubies and gold. Is it reasonable to think that a nation living in a state of civilization at such a period of time is likely to have ignored the existence of rubies and gold; the value of which they, as well as we, it is absurd and insulting to the most commonplace intelligence to attempt palming on the public the organization of Ruby and Gold Syndicates which exist only in the promoters' speculative trains.

No argument that can be adduced will convince me that there was any good ground for expecting a violent and sudden

\* With reference to this opinion, we publish the gist of a letter received from Mr. C. Purdy—a Mining Scientist of great experience, and an esteemed friend of the editor of this magazine. Mr. Purdy writes:—"It has been my business to report on several Mining concessions. I must say that my experience of Indian Mining districts conveys to me the opinion that this country possesses some of the best mining land in the world. There is no doubt that many of the natives of this country have been earning their livelihood, for centuries past, by washing gold. When science, combined with practice, is brought to bear upon the industry it must, I think, prove a financial success."

increase of the volume of the Upper Burma trade, consequent upon the substitution of an administration superior to that of King Theebaw. The mischief said to have been done by the ex-king was much exaggerated in Rangoon. As a matter of fact, he did not materially influence the course of commerce during his reign. On this point the administrative reports show most conclusively that under the old condition of things, however defective, trade increased sufficiently to keep pace with the needs and means of the population. My allusion to this point in my last chapter clearly shows that our trade across the then Burma frontier was considerably in excess of that across the frontier of India with independent native states including Afghanistan.

It is still and has always been difficult to arrive at anything like a correct estimate of the trade of Upper Burma, particularly that which extends to countries beyond the Burmese frontier.

Government returns are all we have to guide us, but the amount of trade, beyond the frontier towards China could not in former years have been very considerable. There is, however, some prospect that in course of time a trade of some importance may spring up. We must not, however, forget the fact that the French at Tonquin are contending with us for a portion of this particular trade, and are endeavouring to direct the outlet at Tonquin, while we would rush it down the Irrawaddy. The chief route of commerce between Rangoon and Bhamo must remain so, is the Irrawaddy. The Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, beyond question, the largest and wealthiest River Navigation Company in Asia, and whose 35% dividends remained unaffected by the dreadful events said to have created so much consternation beyond the then Thaymyo frontier, now grow and flourish with a mushroom rapidity. Neither roads or railways will ever affect the influence of the Flotilla on their water way, which they have so long monopolised, and are likely to continue in the enjoyment of, unmolested. For several months during the year roads are impassible, and many more years must pass over our heads ere the Public Works can construct roads such as will touch the Flotilla traffic.

inasmuch as they have a highway which heavy rains improve in place of obstructing.

A great deal has been said and written as to the probable competition between the Upper and Lower Province. A great and important factor in the question must not be lost sight of, and that is that for some years the purchasing power of the people of Upper Burma has gradually fallen off, consequent upon crop failures, the result of long and continued drought. For this the immense increase in the teak trade has much to account for, inasmuch that the destruction of the forests to meet the demands for teak is the primary cause of the drought and failure of crops. The rainfall continuing a decided tendency to diminish as the forests disappear.

This, however, may yet be safeguarded by the proper conserving of the forests and replanting. The teak tree is of rapid growth, and we are to maintain the supply of teak and protect the agriculturist against drought, provision must be made to replant, and preserve the young forests until the trees are in a condition to pass the inspector of the Forest Department. There are still untouched immense areas of valuable forest, but whether any had considerable augmentation of revenue from the forest is a reliable one, I think is open to question; as supervision of a character hitherto unknown in Theebaw's reign, will necessitate the seeking of timber in unexploited localities.

It is, therefore, in my opinion very problematical that there is any likelihood of a competition between the Upper and Lower Provinces, at any rate as far as agricultural produce is taken into account. Apart altogether from the question of the rainfall, the general aspect and character of the country holds not the slightest hope that it can ever enter into competition with the Lower Provinces as an exporting country of agricultural produce. Another important factor in the question is labour. Excellent wheat grows on many of the plains, much of which I have seen at Sagaing and Ara, but the scarcity of labour and the high rates paid and demanded is an effectual check on the chances of Upper Burma entering the field of

competition with the sister province. Lower Burma labour market is supplied from India, and during the harvest season from Upper Burma. Coolies during the busy season have little trouble in obtaining a rupee a day, and I have known loading and unloading ship coolies at Rangoon to obtain Re. 1-4 a day, hence the hundred of coolies landing weekly in Rangoon from Madras and Calcutta. All the same, it would be difficult by any monetary promises to induce natives of India to leave a rupee a day certain in Rangoon and go up-country to enter on agricultural work. Even a Burman agriculturalist will not leave Lower Burma in the harvest season to go up-country by any payment offered him—such is the condition of the labour market in Upper Burma.

The few Europeans who have entered upon agricultural pursuits in Burma, have made little headway in consequence of the high rates demanded by coolies, while the Burmese have a decided objection to work as farmers on any other arrangements than that handed down to them traditionally, that is, they will till your land and sow the seed, assist in reaping the harvest and take half the produce. Amongst the Burmese themselves, this system may, nay it does work well enough, but when a European is asked to enter into this sort of agreement, the picture is a decidedly objectionable, and is a great barrier to the opening up of extensive lands for cultivation. The urgent need of labor has long been admitted, and is only to be acquired by an adequate population being induced to migrate from India; and had Government been assisted by a more liberal-minded Chief Commissioner than Sir Charles Crosswaithe, terms more liberal, and framed in a spirit of impartiality, would have been adopted to induce immigration. As it is, the terms are hedged in by conditions that positively nullifies success, inasmuch that only in case emigrants can be obtained from the districts of Chota Nagpore and Behar, in which the Patna Division is included. This is certainly a hard-and-fast rule, and in plain English, means that Burma is to be agriculturally developed, on the condition that Behar and Chota Nagpore can be depleted of their surplus population. Why is this partiality shown to Behar and Chota

Nagpore, and why should capitalists who may desire to invest in land for agricultural purposes in Burma be bound down to draw their labor from the two favored districts selected by Government? Under this hard-and-fast rule I can see very little hope of Burma's agricultural advancement or immigration. The terms upon which land can now be had in Burma is all that can be desired, but is seriously handicapped by the concomitants.

ZITO. \*

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*SCIENCE NOTES.*

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THERE is a time in men's lives, when they need to learn how to work ; there is a time for some men when they need to learn how to stop working, or, at least, how to find enjoyment in other than their usual money-making occupations. In a well-ordered life there is through its whole term a due allowance of hours for labour and hours for recreation and improvement. The man, instead of becoming absorbed in all his business to the neglect of everything else, interests himself in works of humanity, joins social organizations, where he makes friends and lays the foundations for the enjoyment of the days of leisure that are to come. Whether he be rich or poor, the time will come when he shall be too old to work ; when he shall be compelled to give up his daily occupation and find employment, for his mind at least, in charitable work, in reading, or in social enjoyment.

One might suppose that any man might be qualified for this without special training or preparation, but this is not the case. Too great absorption in business affairs for many years unfits a man for other occupation ; he becomes the slave of work, and can find no leisure. When he seeks to retire he finds himself pursued by the demon unrest, and either passes a miserable existence, or resumes work at an age when he is fairly entitled to rest. The man of large means who thus finds himself enslaved is no better off than his poor brother who, having reached an age when he should retire, is compelled by poverty to continue his labours. It is desirable, therefore, that the prosperous business man who finds his chief delight while in the prime of life in the daily round of cares and excitements incident to trade should limit the hours given to

such labour and should seek other associations and other occupations during the hours of leisure. Then when the time comes for him to give up business he may gradually increase the time given to self-improvement, to works of charity or public improvement, and find equal enjoyment in these. He is no longer a slave, but has earned and enjoys his freedom.

The man who has no hobby outside of his daily occupation, who permits himself to be wrapped up in selfish designs in money-making, may achieve his single purpose, that of acquiring wealth, but if he should have no means of using it, he will find in it no enjoyment. The business man knows very well that there is oftentimes a great difference between the intrinsic value of a given article and its commercial value. If he cannot use it or dispose of it in a profitable way it is of no value to him. Precisely the same thing is true of the wealth he is so earnestly striving to gain. It has intrinsic value, but unless he can make profitable use of it (apart from mere accumulation) it will bring him no enjoyment. He needs to learn how to spend money as well as how to make it, and he cannot learn how to spend all in one lesson after devoting a lifetime to the other study. He cannot give up the best years of his manhood to selfish pursuits, and then at a given moment retire from business and begin to associate with his fellow-men in literary, art, charitable, religious, and other sociable organizations. He is not fitted by training or inclination for such company or such occupation of his mind and energies. He is like a stranger in a foreign land, unable to understand the language of the people or to make his own intelligible to them. He must pass a solitary existence or return to his own country.

This is the punishment meted out to those who selfishly pursue money-getting without giving any attention to their social duties. On the other hand, the successful business man who, while diligently following his occupation, keeps in close sympathy with his fellow-men, joining them in social organizations, helping to promote the advancement of mankind, and assisting in works of benevolence and charity, is a citizen of

the world, speaking all languages. When he shall reach old age he will not find himself among an alien people, but with friends, with abundant occupation for mind and heart outside of business, and with contentment, accompanying wealth, that is of real value to him, because he is prepared to make good use of it.

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Those who most fully understand the power of the electric current are least favorably impressed with the attempted methods of drawing off that current from the atmosphere during an electric discharge. Both the size and composition of the rods is inadequate and unsatisfactory for carrying off so heavy a discharge. Iron is one of the poorest conductors, especially as compared with copper or zinc.

A copper rod to be efficient should be at least three-fourths of an inch in diameter. An iron rod to be of equal efficiency should be eight times the size of the copper rod, as copper has eight times the conductive capacity of iron. If parties are to employ iron rods, then galvanized iron is better than the common iron, by reason of the coating which protects it from rust.

As to the matter of insulation. Any known insulator, be it glass or wood, or any of the common forms of insulation, is entirely inadequate during a heavy electric discharge from the clouds. To indicate the enormous electro-motive force of the ordinary electric storm, it might be well to compare the artificial lightning produced by human beings. The ordinary induction coil, with a voltage beyond measurement at the present stage of the art, only creates a spark varying in length from one-half inch to three inches. Such a spark is difficult to insulate, as it will pierce glass of the thickness of one-eighth of an inch, and wood or paper two or three times as thick. Now let us compare such a diminutive spark with a discharge of lightning, which has been known to reach one mile in length. If the spark of the induction coil, measuring two or three inches in length, pierces glass or wood as above, what must be the insulation required to control a spark or discharge half a mile to one mile in length, with all the batteries of the sky,



and with an electro-motive force millions of times beyond the computation of man.

It is apparent that the usual insulators used on buildings must be entirely inadequate for such a purpose. In many electric storms, where the discharge follows the wire, it divides in many instances, part of the discharge following the wire, and part of the discharge, regardless of any insulator commonly used, entering the house at one or more points; and for all practical purposes, the building stands in a worse position than though its owner had not attempted to protect it with the ordinary lightning rod.

In the ordinary electric storm a house would usually fare better without the protection of the lightning rods, because the electric clouds in their discharge would naturally strike a tree, a high rock or some other elevated object in proximity to the house, and would not be attracted to the house by the iron or copper rod. In other words, if the lightning rod will do what is claimed by the manufacturer, it becomes at once a dangerous fixture, simply because if it does attract the electricity it affords no adequate means of taking care of it; and it would be better to let the cloud discharge at some other point than the house, rather than to take the risk of its discharge down the conductor, with almost a certainty of its dividing up and entering the house, irrespective of any insulation known to the arts.

Lightning always takes the shortest conductor to the earth, and undoubtedly tall trees in the vicinity of a house are an efficient safeguard. It has been suggested by experts in electricity that a very efficient safeguard would be to run a large iron or copper conductor into a tree, and then if the lightning were attracted to the tree or the conductor, and it divided up in its passage to the earth, no damage would be done to near-by buildings.

One thing may be safely said, that if a discharge of lightning from a cloud is pointed directly towards a house, there is no human means of diverting it from its course, or preventing its passage in the direction which it has taken, and all the feather beds and lightning conductors that might be provided

would scarcely protect a person who stood in the way of the current. It is a well-known fact among observers that the presence of lightning rods upon houses has often failed of providing the expected protection, and there are millions of houses unprotected by lightning rods that have never been struck by lightning.

If one stops to consider the enormous current to be dealt with and the tremendous electro-motive force of such a current, it is plain to be seen that no human method can be devised for safely taking such a current out of harm's way; and the man who sits in his house during a thunderstorm protected by iron lightning rods the size of his little finger, and insulated with pieces of glass, which are no more protection than pieces of tissue paper, has not the safe protection which the lightning-rod man promised, and his money were better invested in some other purposes about his buildings.

As a matter of comparison, in insulation it is generally known that telegraph wires are insulated by glass insulators, fully an inch in non-conducting surface, with glass sides fully one-quarter of an inch in thickness. And yet all this precaution in insulation is taken with a current not exceeding four hundred volts of electro-motive force. Leakage is a troublesome factor even then. What shall we say when the lightning-rod man places similar glass insulators on your house to protect your little iron rods from discharging into your buildings the lightning of the heavens, whose electro-motive force cannot be measured even by billions of volts? It is like comparing the pop-gun with the thousand-pound Columbiad.

In the progress of an electric storm there is no special attraction in an ordinary dwelling-house why the discharge should select that medium for reaching the ground. Trees, rocks, moist earth, soil with minerals are equal if not better conductors than ordinary houses and barns. If the electricity in a storm-cloud has reached sufficient tension to overcome the resistance offered to its passage to the earth, it will discharge at that point and at that time, and no human effort or contrivance can change its course.

### THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE.\*

THESE two books are meant to serve two distinct purposes. One is a blind eulogy of the Marquis of Dalhousie, regardless of his shortcomings, but only alive to his great qualities; and the other is a sober, dispassionate review of the great Proconsul's career in India. But there is a sameness in one respect, *vis.*, the excerpts illustrating his life and career are reproduced faithfully in both.

There has been no Governor-General, or for the matter of that, any other notability connected with the administration of this country, whose character has been so variously portrayed; none who has been so unreasonably vilified as James Andrew Ramsay, first and only Marquis of Dalhousie. I do not include among his detractors the professional critic who considers that he failed to do his duty if he abstains from picking a hole in the coat of the object of his criticism—who rails at the sun because it will not light his cigar—but those from whom, at all events, an impartial verdict might have been expected, writers and publicists, thoroughly acquainted with the policy which the late Honorable East India Company had adapted towards the country for the past two hundred years, completely ignored it, and in their anxiety to secure a scapegoat fixed upon the late Governor-General as the only individual who must be held responsible for all the sins of the Indian Government, which culminated in the Sepoy Revolt of 1857. Here

\* *Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie.* By Captain L. I. Trotter, Author of "India under Victoria"—Statesman's Series, Edited by Lloyd and Co., Saunders, London & W. H. Allen & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S. W. 1889.

*The Marquis of Dalhousie.* By Sir W. W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., B.A., LL.D. *Rulers of India Series*, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1890.

is one unassailable argument in his favour that will go a great way in convincing unbiassed judgment that Dalhousie, in acting as he did, was literally carrying out the instructions and wishes of his employers, so far at least as the annexation of Native States was concerned, rather than the bent of his own inclinations. By a parity of reasoning, the annexation of Burmah may be ascribed to the personal aggrandisement of Lord Dufferin. It is the old, old story of the brass and earthen pipkin, the weaker vessel must go to the wall. Are we sure that the days of annexation are numbered with the institutions of the past? Who can say, with any degree of certainty, that in another few generations, especially if India is threatened by a Foreign Power, the independence of Native States will be respected, or the prophecy of the Great Runjeet, the Lion of the North, that the map of India would all be coloured red, will not be fulfilled?

He was only 35 years old, the youngest ruler of India since the time of Lord Clive, and without any experience but what he obtained from a few years work in the English Board of Trade, but had brought with him one of the strongest and hardest heads that ever graced a Statesman's shoulders, and which stood him in good stead in the hour of trial. On the 12th of January 1848, Dalhousie relieved that brave veteran Lord Hardinge, who had earned a name for himself in the Peninsular War, and had lost the fingers of his dexter hand while leading the "Forlorn Hope" at Radajoz. Apparently not a cloud darkened the political horizon of India, and the new Governor-General recognised the wisdom of his predecessor's project of establishing a firm Native government in the Punjab. After the first Sikh War everything seemed to go as merry as a marriage bell; at least all predictions tended to confirm this view. Lord Hardinge himself asserting that the peace he had inaugurated would be unbroken at least for a decade. Even such a far-seeing, shrewd, and just historian as the late John Clarke Marshman, whose long experience of Indian affairs had invested his sayings with the stamp of authority, and who might he said to be endowed with mystic lore, failed

to see that coming events cast their shadows before. In one of his prophetic moods he did not hesitate to say that the new Governor-General assumed the reins of office at a time "when the last obstacle to the complete, and apparently the final, pacification of India has been removed, when the only remaining army which could create alarm has been dissolved, and the peace of the country rests upon the firmest and most permanent basis. . . . Not a shot is fired from the Indus to Cape Comorin against our will." Since this was the combined opinion of Statesmen and Journalists both here and at home, Dalhousie who was new to his duties may be excused for sharing in the optimist view. But subsequent events completely falsified the prognostications. While the horrors of the Mutiny were ringing in the ears of Englishmen at home, Dalhousie observed a strict reticence. Was it the consciousness of guilt? Certainly not. The following paragraph, reproduced from a letter written by him to Dr. Grant, his confidanté, under date 25th August 1857, will speak for itself. He says:— "These wretched events in the East make me quite miserable; of course there are many who inculcate me, and although it is very hard to be incapacitated from defence when one believes oneself without blame, I believe that I care less for the blame and for the defencelessness than for the misfortunes which led men to blame, and render defence of my administration necessary. In the meantime, the rest of mind which I feel to be essential to my progress towards recovery is gone. Nevertheless, on the whole, I am better than when I wrote to you last." A sensitive nature like his was suffering in silence, and calmly awaiting final dissolution, but would not be tempted to vindicate himself, knowing full well he would be incriminating those whose reputation he was in honour bound to protect. If further conclusion were necessary, it will be found in the solemn injunction, firstly to his daughter, Lady Susan Ramsay, now Lady Connemara, and afterwards to the holder of the title of Dalhousie, to whom has been entrusted the safe keeping of his private letters and other documents, to let no portion of these be made public until at least fifty years after his decease.

This was a piece of gross injustice to himself, for it gave his enemies an opportunity they were not slow to take advantage of. The reason assigned was a valid one. The scandal that followed the publication of the Buckingham family papers justified him in the choice of the course he adopted. Although India had passed to the Crown, the members of the Court of Directors were still living, and many of them were comparatively young men, who would in all probability survive him twenty-five or thirty years. He could not be faithless to his salt, and rather than compromise that body and their relatives serving in India, he observed a strict silence in all that concerned his stewardship. What he bore unflinchingly in all the conflict of passions was known to him and him alone. Lord Canning was not placed in a more uncomfortable position than his immediate predecessor. They had both to bear with a complacency worthy of a hero all the shafts of malice and spite that could be levelled at them, and they both came out of the fiery ordeal unscathed. Ample justice has been done to the memory of Dalhousie, by his old colleague the Duke of Argyll in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he vigorously and completely demolished the aspersions cast upon one of the greatest Governors-General that ever came out to India. Time, too, has mollified the attacks of his enemies. But I am anticipating. Let me for a moment turn aside from the subject of this paper to the state of the country at the time he landed in Calcutta and took up the reins of office.

A. STEPHEN.

(To be continued.)

## "ROBIN": A LOVE-STORY.

"Only a tale of love is mine,  
Blending the human and divine."

*Longfellow.*

"GEEAHS!" exclaimed a childish voice, in an awe-struck tone, as a weird howl in the distance came nearer, and prolonged itself into a terrific yell. The moonlight pouring into a small room showed a curtained bed, round which the mosquitoes buzzed in vain, and in which sat a tiny white-robed figure, with a terrified look in a pair of very wide-open brown eyes.

"Ayah!" said the little voice presently with a note of entreaty in it; but it would have taken a great deal more than that to rouse the sleeper, and the bundle of white linen on the door-mat never stirred. Thinking himself alone, the child was in despair. A more fiendish cry than usual sent the curly red head under the bed-clothes once again, and in a few moments low stifled sobs proceeded from beneath them. "Yow!" cried the animal prowling round outside.

"Boo-o-o!" wailed the baby, among the tumbled hot bed-clothes. And the moon, big, yellow, and round, looked down on it all, and shone also on a woman, not far away—a beautiful woman, coquetting and laughing, unconscious of the misery filling a child's heart at home. A more daring beast than the rest ventured beneath a certain window, and made such an unearthly noise, that a man awoke with a start, and turned over muttering something more forcible than elegant. He was on the point of closing his eyes again, when a pathetic little sound in the next room, aroused him more effectually, and he was out of bed, and at his little son's side in a moment.

"Robin, what is the matter?" asked this man, with the worn handsome face, and sleepy blue eyes.

"Oh! father I am frightened!" said little Robin, stretching out his tiny plump arms, with a deep sigh of relief. Robin's father lifted up the curtain, and taking the boy out of bed, clasped him to him with a half unconscious pressure at the sight of the soft tear-stained cheeks.

"My poor motherless little one," he murmured,—though Robin had a mother, and a very handsome one. Then with a contemptuous look at the sleeping attendant, he took his son into his own room. Walking up and down with Robin in his arms, Angus Drummond thought of many things. He had fallen in love with a beautiful, penniless girl, whom he had brought out from a small country village at home to a gay Indian military station. He found that life was not to be as rose-coloured as he had expected, and it gave him a shock to find that his great love for his wife wearied her, and that she hungered for the admiration of other men. And on this, his only child, Angus Drummond, lavished all his love, and husband and wife drifted apart. It was long after dawn that Mrs. Drummond returned home from the dance to which she had gone alone, as had become the custom. Tired and cross, yet delighted with her petty social triumphs, she got back to find her husband sitting by Robin's bed, looking worried and anxious, for the boy seemed feverish and unwell.

The sight of her in her gorgeous toilet angered the man, who said curtly: "So you have come back at last!" "I have," she answered carelessly. "What is the matter with Robin?" The question asked with apparently such little interest, was the signal for the storm to burst, and Angus Drummond, caring little what he said, gave way to the pent-up passion of a whole night. Over the child's bed were said hot and bitter words, both by the man, tired with his night's watching, and by the woman, flushed with anger, and beautiful in all her finery, while between them lay Robin, tossing and turning, and muttering incoherently in his broken baby-language. Later in the day, Angus Drummond who had remained at home, and scarcely ever left the patient's side, went into his wife's



room. She was trying to make up for the loss of her night's rest; but an uneasy conscience would not let her sleep. On the table, among various odds and ends, lay a small ball programme, which Angus Drummond took up and glanced at. With a slight frown he turned to his wife and asked "Did you dance all night with Dycè Riddell?" "Not quite!" was the reply given pettishly. "Well Meriel, you danced with him quite enough," said her husband. "Have you no regard for our good name?"

"Our good name is not in the slightest danger!" was the sarcastic reply. Angus left her, feeling there was nothing more to be said. Over the sick child's bed, the breach between the two only grew wider, for the child could not bear his mother near him, and cried constantly for his father. It gave Meriel Drummond a pang, though she would not show it, for she knew it was all her own fault. To her the little fellow with his winning ways, his shock of red hair, and the brown eyes so absurdly like her own, had always been a bore; a being she could not understand. There came a day when the brown eyes grew duller, and the red curls clustered about a brow on which the death-damp was settling. Angus Drummond, with a terrible sorrow in his heart, knew what the end would be, and awaited it with despair. He saw his wife come into the room, with a look of real anguish on her face, which turned to one of anger, when she saw him, for she could not forgive him the possession of the childish love in which she ought to have had a share.

But perhaps there was a glimpse of another world in Robin's last moments in this one, for at the end he turned and stretched out one little hand and said "Mother dear!" That was all, and though the father felt stunned for the moment to think there had been no last word for him, he was glad when he came to think of it, of what Robin had said.

The doctors all said that Mrs. Drummond wanted a change, and ordered her home, and at their child's small white grave, the two who stood so far apart, might have been drawn together, but for an ill-timed occurrence; but for a man's kindly-meant act, and another man's unreasonable jealousy. As father and mother stood and looked at the one name "Robin"

which meant so much to them, a deep musical voice, behind them made them turn round. "Major Riddell!" exclaimed Mrs. Drummond. "I am leaving for home in a few days, Mr. Drummond, and I thought I might venture to bring these few flowers to leave here. I never expected to meet you."

"It is very very kind of you," said one parent tearfully, while the other turned sullenly away. Robin had been very fond of the big soldier, who loved his mother so unwisely and so well. "I am going home on leave, you know," said Major Riddell, after a few minutes' pause, when the white blossoms had been reverently placed on the stone. "Are you?" said the woman indifferently, looking wistfully after her husband's retreating figure. The look of misery in her husband's eyes had touched her for the moment, but the softer feeling passed, and she turned and said: "The doctors have ordered me home, and I go some time this month."

"I did not know that!" said Dyce Riddell quickly, while a sudden light came into his usually stern eyes. Then he added tenderly, "You do look ill!" while he mentally stigmatised the husband a brute, and the wife an angel. They might have been, so far as Dyce Riddell knew. It is very easy to misunderstand in a world so full of complications.

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A wave-washed, sea-girt island lay bathed in such glorious moonlight as one only sees in southern countries. Vessels lay anchored in the harbour, where the water shone and rippled, stirred by the faintest of breezes.

Lights twinkled from the shore and the ships, and the strains of a military band could be heard proceeding from a great trooper, whose huge black hulk rose up out of the smooth, silvery sheet on which it rested motionless. Little groups of people were lounging about on the deck of a homeward-bound P. and O. steamer, listening to the music none of them anxious to go on shore; they had often been before, and it had been enough amusement watching some of the passengers landing that afternoon to have a look round Malta.

On one side of the deck where it lay in shadow, apart from

the other lively groups, were two figures, one that of a woman leaning back in the low camp chair which she occupied.

Her face was indistinguishable in the semi-darkness, and in her hands was a tangled cluster of roses ; a few snowy fallen petals clung here and there to the crêpe of her black gown, and some of the flowers lay at her feet. The man who stood before her, stooped and picked them up, and placed them gently among the rest, and as he did so, he accidentally touched her hand. The woman started and broke the silence. "Thanks. They are very lovely. How did you get them ?"

"I sent my men on shore for them," replied the other. "I am glad you like them. I have never given you anything yet, I may never give you anything again. Flowers die, and so perhaps they are the best gift I can make you."

"Yes," answered the other voice listlessly.

"We have only known each other for a few months," continued the man, "and now you say it is best that I should see as little as possible of you for the remaining short time that we shall be so near each other.

"It is best as I have said," replied the other, as she rose from her chair, and they both walked out of the shadow into the broad light of the moon, which washed the deck white, and showed up everything as clearly as if it were day—showed the beauty of the woman in her mourning attire, and the magnificent height and figure of the man beside her. They made a striking couple ; but while she was young and handsome, he had a plain rugged face, a splendidly-built figure and graceful bearing. Among those of his own sex, Dyce Riddell was considered 'a good fellow,' while the women knew only too well how fatal he could be to one's peace of mind. And what woman does not admire physical grace and strength in a man ?

After the first clamour of Meriel Drummond's marriage had worn off, and when she had begun to resent her husband's fond jealousy, she gave way to her love of admiration ; and when Dyce Riddell crossed her path, she was ready to succumb to the fascination he had for most women. Nursing her imaginary grievances, she turned from the husband, who always seemed to be fault-finding, who always wore a frown

at the sight of her frivolity, and who had given up paying many of those loving little compliments which once came so frequently from him, to listen to the man she had intoxicated with her beauty, and who in his turn acquired a great influence over her. When she found that they were to be thrown together for the voyage she had given herself up to the old fascination, till Dyce Riddell forgot himself, and told her all that she was to him. For the remainder of the voyage they kept apart, and the woman thought she would learn to forget. A month after Mrs. Drummond had been settled in her old home, with her great aunt, the single relation she had ever known, she grew tired of the dulness of her life and of the few prosy old inhabitants of the place. She looked forward eagerly each mail to getting her husband's letter, but when it came she was filled with unreasonable discontent. It was always so very short and cold. Then the New Year came bringing with it an appropriate amount of snow, and three weeks passed without a letter for the anxious, lonely wife, so that when Dyce Riddell came down one day to see her, her softer feelings disappeared, and she worked herself up into a proper state of indignation. An old friend was so welcome, kind words were doubly precious to her in her unhappy state of mind, so that it was not to be wondered at that Dyce Riddell should mistake her feelings for something stronger. He put up at the village inn, and for a week saw her constantly. Dangerous at all times, he was far more dangerous in his sincerity, loving her as he did with all a strong man's passion, and thinking her a neglected, misunderstood wife, while she herself began to believe the same, knowing how Dyce Riddell loved her, and not acknowledging to herself what she knew quite well, in the depths of her heart, that the handsome face at the other side of the world was the dearest face on earth to her, so the inevitable question came one day.

Could he make her happy? Would he give up all for him, as he would for her? Position, wealth, honour, he would willingly resign them all for her. And she—she would be loved and guarded, as women never was loved before. The old, old

story! Yes, she was ready. Then came what she thought was the last morning in her childhood's home; the home from which her husband had taken her; from which her lover was also ready to take her.

It was a very beautiful white world, on which she looked from the breakfast-room window, which she had flung wide open, with some vague idea that the rush of outer cold air might cool the inward feverishness. A little spot of bright colour in the purity of the snow caught her eye. A Red-breast stood on the lawn outside, and she felt a sudden tightening of the heart-strings, as there came a rush of memories upon her. She was back in her Indian home—a stranger was speaking to a tiny boy, who was gazing at him with a child's rude curiosity: "Who are you, my little man?" was the question asked. "I am Robin," chirped the little voice, and the attitude of the speaker, who stood on one leg, with his ruddy head on one side, and his bright eyes half closed, was ridiculously like that of some pet little bird. The robin outside gave a little twitter, and hopped nearer, and then ventured as far as the window-sill; it was too much for Meriel Drummond, who, with a sob, and tear-dimmed eyes, turned from the window, and walked to a writing table in a corner of the room. "My poor little Robin," she said to herself, as she sat down, and wrote a note, which was to dash a man's hopes to the ground. The world seemed very dark to her for the next few days, and there was a great pity for Dyce Riddell, and a genuine contempt for herself in her heart one morning, when she held the answer to her letter in her hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reading it over carefully twice, and touching the signature gently with her lips—an involuntary act of homage to a man whose good qualities she could appreciate, and who was only human after all—she tore the letter into shreds. The next moment a figure darkened the doorway. "Angus" was the cry, the joyous tone of which gladdened the hearer's heart, and the women had rushed into the safe shelter of her husband's arms.

MARGARET STERNDALE.

# THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

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## *THE REVOLUTION IN TEA.*

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T is gratifying to learn from recent statistics that the importations of Indian and Ceylon teas into Great Britain and America are now almost equal in weight, and greater in value, than the importations of China teas. And yet the cultivation of tea in India is an industry scarcely half a century old, and in Ceylon barely ten years old. Reports show that between 1866 and 1886, the exports of China teas doubled; but in the same period the exports of Indian teas increased fourteen-fold. The consequences, actual and impending, of this revolution in the trade are causing such serious concern in China, where tea is a staple industry as well as a leading source of imperial revenue, that a special investigation into the whole subject was recently ordered by the Chinese authorities, the result of which was to show that the decline of Chinese tea in favor is chiefly in Great Britain and America—the latter country, however, takes Japan tea now, in preference to either Chinese or Indian,—for Russia, the next largest consumer, is increasing its demands, although not sufficiently so to make up for the loss of the British markets. It is also stated that the decline in favor of China teas is not due

to any deterioration in the quality of the native leaf, but chiefly to the carelessness with which it is prepared for market. The growing favour of Indian teas, on the other hand, is said not to be due to superior flavour, but to superior strength and greater care in preparation, so that a pound of it goes much further than a pound of the Chinese teas.

It is worth while comparing the systems on which the industry is conducted in the two competing countries, so as to understand how the great revolution in the trade has been accomplished. In China, tea is grown for the most part in small gardens farmed by those who own them; generally men of little or no capital with which to obtain fertilizers and to renew the plants from time to time. The "picking" is done by the family of the grower; but in the height of the season extra hands have to be employed. To economize this expense, the picking is pushed forward, and the plucked leaves are allowed to stand until the picking is finished, whereby they suffer greatly in quality. A consequence of this manner of proceeding is that the leaves are not evenly "withered" when the process of manufacture begins.

In India, on the other hand, the tea is grown in large gardens, sometimes covering thousands of acres, superintended either by the owner himself or by a skilled agent. In the Assam district the gardens are in the alluvial valleys of the large rivers, and many of them are formed of ground reclaimed from the primeval jungle, with all the richness of a virgin soil. The plants are grown from selected seed, and the indigenous plant has been found superior to the China plant, which was at first favoured. The labour is all done by coolies, brought from the Central Provinces and elsewhere at considerable expense, and the wages are high—for India. But with efficient, although costly, labour the greatest care is practised in cultivation, digging, weeding, etc., and especially in the delicate work of plucking. The exact moment to begin picking is determined by the overseer, and the leaves have to be removed in such a way as to cause no injury to the plant. If a leaf be carefully plucked, another will follow in about a fortnight; but if done

carelessly, the branch may be rendered barren for the rest of the season. Close and constant supervision by European managers and assistants is thus necessary, and by this means the Indian planters get some sixteen successive pickings in one season; while the Chinese get only four. Moreover, in the Indian gardens, when the leaves are plucked, they are at once started on the course of "making," and are not left to lie about as in China; so there is no deterioration.

Each picking of a garden is in India called a "break," and in China a "chop." But an Indian "break" is rarely above a hundred chests, and is often only twenty, and it is absolutely even in quality throughout; whereas a Chinese "chop" may be run up to several hundred chests or half-chests, purporting to be of even quality, but made up of many pickings from different gardens, producing a mixture which is not uniform; at the expense of the deterioration of the better leaves.

In India, each day's picking is immediately "withered," and when perfectly and evenly withered, is "rolled" lightly by a machine. In China the withered or partly withered leaves are put into small cotton bags, loosely tied, and placed in wooden boxes, the sides of which are pierced with numerous holes. A man then gets into the box and presses and kneads the bags with his feet, with the object of both rolling the leaves and expressing the moisture.

Next comes "fermentation." In India, this is done in the open air, without any extraneous aid; and it is part of the skill of the planter to know the exact moment when to arrest the process, for immediately the proper point is reached, the tea must be "fired." In China, after the jumping process above described, the tea is placed in baskets and covered up with cotton or felt mats, so as to retain the heat and hasten the fermentation. After it has stood thus covered up for a certain time, it is taken out and "fired." This firing is one of the most important of all the processes, and requires great skill and care. The Indian planter is most particular to see that only the very best hardwood charcoal is used, and that the tea is so constantly turned over that there is no chance of any of it getting



burned. A single basket of burnt leaf will spoil a whole "break." In China they often make the tea "smoky" by using ill-made charcoal, and sometimes "tarry" by firing with soft woods like fir and pine. The "tarry" flavor, it is said, will often not develop until long after the tea has left China; and some waters bring it out more disagreeably than others.

The following is, or should be, the process of "firing" by the charcoal system: After the fire is ready, a tubular basket, narrow at the middle and wide at both ends, is placed over it, and into this tube a sieve is dropped, covered with tea-leaves, shaken on it to about an inch in thickness. The leaves have to be carefully watched while the sieve is over the fire; and after about five or six minutes they are removed and rolled. As the balls of leaves come out of the hands of the roller, they are placed in a heap on the floor; and when all have been thus manipulated, they are shaken on to the sieves again and set over the fire for a few minutes longer. They may even sometimes be rolled and fired a third time until the leaves have assumed the right dark colour. When the whole batch has been thus treated, it is placed thickly in the baskets and again put over the fire. The attendant makes a hole with his hand through the centre of the mass, so as to allow vent to the heat as well as to any smoke or vapor from the charcoal, and he then covers it over with a flat basket. The heat of the fire is then reduced, and the tea is allowed to remain over it until perfectly dry. It has to be constantly watched and frequently stirred, to ensure equal heating. When the firing is done, the black colour of black tea should be well established, although it afterwards improves in appearance. The tea is then winnowed and sifted through various sieves, to divide it into the different kinds.

In India, however, another process for firing tea has been introduced of late years. It is called a "Sirocco," and is a machine for applying hot air, which is superseding the charcoal process. It is rapid in its work, and is said to be superior in many ways. The leaf is laid out on wire-gauze trays, which are passed through the hot-air machine at a temperature of three hundred degrees, and in from fifteen to twenty minutes

the tea is thoroughly fired. It is then placed in the "sifters," which are worked by machinery with either a lateral or rotatory motion, and the different grades are sifted out, such as Dust, Broken Pekoe, and Pekoe. The larger and coarser leaves which do not pass through the sieves are cut to an even size and classed as Pekoe Souchong.

The Hankow Commissioner of Customs declares that the method practised in China of rolling and squeezing the leaves before fermentation, goes a long way to account for the large quantities of inferior teas which are sent into the market—of good leaf spoiled.

The weakest part of the Chinese system, however, seems to be in getting the tea to market. In India everything is done on the garden, from the picking to the packing ready for shipment in properly branded "breaks." But in China the grower does not prepare the tea for market; he brings it up to a certain stage, and an intermediary "tea-man" has to complete the work at his convenience. Thus the tea is often exposed to the influence of the weather before it gets into the lead-lined chests. The "tea-man" lives mostly in Hankow, Shanghai, or Canton; and about March or April he starts up-country well supplied with copper "cash." At some suitable point for shipment he has a central "hong" or factory, and "godown" or warehouse; thence he despatches his agents in all directions, and they scatter sub-agents all through the tea-districts to collect the leaf from the growers. It is gradually brought in to the "hong" in bags, and may be for days on the road, exposed to the weather, thus imperfectly covered. When enough is collected at the "hong," the tea-man proceeds to pick and refine it. By means of a revolving sieve, the larger leaves and the smaller are separated; then come mixing and blending, so as to produce an average appearance for different "chops;" and then it is packed for market.

One of the complaints is, that this packing is very carelessly and roughly done in China, to the further injury of the delicate leaf. The coolies are said to tread it into the boxes with their feet—not always bare—with a total lack of discrimination,

and with such amount of pressure as to produce a large proportion of Dust. The Commissioner at Wuhu reports: "Instead of the tea being packed carefully, it is rammed down hard, and is put into the chests while still hot. Hastily packed and heavily pressed down, the tea cannot possibly escape injury; and being put in and covered over while hot, it becomes damp when it gets cold. While hot, the tea is very brittle, and gets broken very easily, yielding in consequence a large percentage of Dust. The object of packing the tea while hot is to enable it to retain its aroma, so that when the chests are opened there may be a fragrant odor emitted. The aroma is there, no doubt, but at the expense of the tea, which suffers in consequence. The tea, after being fired and packed, is conveyed part of the way in wheelbarrows and part of the way by boat. It is handled roughly *en route*, and being protected by a few mats only—and these hastily thrown together—it gets wet. No notice, perhaps, is taken of this circumstance, and hence the tea gets ruined."

Shanghai merchants complain of the quality of the teas manufactured in the Ningpo district under the name of Pingsueys. Some of the dealers, they say, do honorably make and supply pure tea; but the majority mix "spurious rubbish" with the good leaf, and color it to look like the genuine article. One of the least harmful forms of adulteration is tea-powder mixed with congee and rolled into pillules, to sell as "Gunpowder;" but in many cases all sorts of foreign and even injurious substances are introduced.

In Foochow, we find the European merchants complaining of the frauds of "tea-men" selling a "chop" of inferior stuff by a false sample of good quality. But a more serious matter, as more difficult of detection, is the large admixture of what is called "Lie Tea"—that is to say, leaves other than tea-leaves—and the employment of congee or rice-water, tea-dust, and soot, and other deleterious substances, in the manufacture of locally packed teas. Even the expert is often unable to discover the presence of "Lie Tea" in the finer grades, so cleverly is the fraud manipulated.

To come back to India: We find a very different system in vogue. The moment the tea is ready, it is packed—loosely, and never pressed, but shaken down—in strong air-tight boxes and shut up at once from atmospheric influences. No leaves are broken in the packing, and no Dust is made in the chest; indeed, many planters pass the tea carefully through a sieve before packing, so as to remove whatever Dust may have formed in the previous processes. Every chest is honestly and faithfully what it professes to be, and every box in a “break” is precisely the same as the rest in the “break.”

Here then we have the secret of the decline in favour of China teas, and the rapid ascent of Indian teas in markets where sterling quality is so quickly appreciated. In this country a single garden will contain thousands of shrubs, the products of which are picked, withered, rolled, fired, packed and despatched in one spot, and under one watchful, experienced and faithful supervision. In China it will have been noted, from the facts disclosed in the investigation under notice, everything is the reverse; and although labour is cheaper there than here, there are so many profits to intermediaries, so much handling, and such taxation, that the ultimate cost is greater than that of our own teas, which go a great deal further. The foregoing facts are instructive, and serve to show that honesty is, after all, the best policy in the long run.

## SCIENCE NOTES.



## MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION.

(Translated.)

MATHEMATICAL problems are in a measure akin to puzzles. There is something exciting in the boldness with which our understanding is challenged to prove its strength, and it imparts a feeling of satisfaction to unravel mysteries which have for a time baffled our efforts. Such mental exercises have in all ages been attractive to both young and old, and for this reason we think our readers will be amused by some reflections concerning an algebraic quantity which has cleverly been designated "Whew!" It consists of three 9's, the second as the exponent of the first, and the third as the exponent of the second, which means that 9 shall first be multiplied 9 times by itself, *viz.*:  $9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9$ , giving the number 387, 420, 489. The product thus found indicates how many times 9 a second time is to be multiplied by itself; but what 9 multiplied 387, 420, 489 times by itself gives as a product is not so easily figured out as the former multiplication. It would require 369,693,100 ciphers, and to count it, working ten hours daily, would take fifteen years and 230 days, not to mention the time passed in computation. Scientists tell us there are infusoria so small that 40,000,000,000 of such are found in one cubic inch of water. A ball the size of the globe would contain 2,429,093,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, or two sextillions four hundred and twenty-nine thousand and ninety-three quintillions of such

animals. But this number is far from being "Whew." A ball that should be able to hold "whew" of the infusoria here mentioned, at the rate of 40,000,000,000 to the cubic inch of water, would contain an inconceivable number of globes, for the distance between the surface of such a ball and its centre would require 554,539,612 ciphers for its expression in miles. How great a length such a number of miles would have can be seen from the following comparison :

Light travels 192,000 miles a second, thus using eight minutes and thirteen seconds to traverse the distance from the sun to the earth. But to accomplish the distance from the surface of the aforesaid ball to its centre light would need a number of years written with 123,231,012 figures.

Still another relation may serve to show "Whew's" crushing dimensions. Light accomplishes in every second about five hundred billions of oscillations, a number so great that the loudest note ever measured, which makes 36,000 vibrations in a second, must sound 440 years to perform so many vibrations. But although in order to traverse the radius of the abovementioned ball, light would require this vast number of years, yet it does not more than infinitesimally approach the "Whew" vibrations.

The story of the inventor of the game of chess is well known. The King of India bade him name his own reward, upon which he asked to receive the number of grains of wheat that would be produced if one grain of wheat were paid him for the first square of the chess-board, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on, doubled up for every square of the sixty-four. When these amounts were added the sum was found to be 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 of grains, or in other words such a quantity that therewith all the continents of the earth could be covered with a layer one-third of an inch in thickness, and that if the same ground were sown with wheat in the proper manner it would take more than seventy years to produce the above amount of wheat, which is equal to thirty-four billion bushels.

One stands aghast before this number, and still is aghast

to nothing as compared with "Whew," for if we were in the same manner to double up the amount until it reached "Whew" number of grains, the chess-board, instead of having 64 squares, must have 1,228,093,894 squares, in which case if each square had one square inch of surface the space covered would be an area equal to 193 acres.

We once saw some calculations, less indeed in proportion than "Whew," yet of a character not less astounding, in which numbers hardly to be conceived were made in a measure comprehensible by being compared with quantities of a more familiar nature.

For instance, if one cent. were set out at compound interest in the year 1 at four per cent., on the 1st of January, 1866, it would amount to 1 quintillion 201,458 quadrillions 332,000 trillions of dollars. If we were to take this sum as a capital and would use its yearly interest (four per cent.), then the income tax we should have to pay at the rate of one per cent. would be 480 quadrillions 583,320 trillions of dollars. If we paid the Tax Collector this sum in silver, he would need 3,003,645,000,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation. Provided the whole earth's surface, both land and water, were peopled as closely as possible, we should have but 1-2,000,000 part of the drivers required, and the line of wagons would have a length of 8 trillions 442,000 billions of miles. The speed of light, as mentioned, is 192,000 miles per second, and it would take 743,600 years to reach the Collector, beginning at the furthest wagon, if he, to have better control of the wagons on both sides, stationed himself in the centre of the line. Again a robbery could be committed on the hindmost wagon, which would not be discovered till the 24,780 generation of Tax Collectors. If, on the contrary, instead of using the interest of the capital—the bulk of which, by the by, in gold, would be equal to 44 globes—this capital were distributed among the people of the earth, each one of its 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants would receive about 1,200 trillions of dollars to live on, and could every second use 2,000,000 for 38,096,000 years without reaching the bottom of his purse.

Again, in another place, in an article on anagrams or transpositions of letters, similar examples are given as to the rapidity with which numbers will increase. We find, then, that two letters can be changed  $1 \times 2$  times; 3 letters  $1 \times 2 \times 3$  or 6 times; 5 letters  $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5$ , or 120 times; which is enough to illustrate the point. The transpositions grow in number so quickly that while, for instance, the word "Dame" can be subjected to the following: Dame, daem, dmae, dmea, deam, dema, adme, adem, amde, amde, aedm, aemd, mdae, mdea, made, maed, mead, meda, edam, edma, eadm, eamd, emda, emad; the word "periodical," that contains ten letters, can be transposed 3,628,800 times, and twenty-four letters can be changed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times, all of which changes, according to Euler, could not be written by the population of the whole world in 1,000 years if each one were to write forty pages with forty transpositions on each.

When King Stanislaus, of Poland, then a young man, came back from a journey, the whole Lescinskian House gathered together at Lissa to receive him. The master of the school, Jablowsky, prepared a school festival in commemoration of the joyous event, and had it end with a ballet performed by thirteen students, dressed as young cavaliers. Each had a shield, upon which one of the letters of the words "Domus Lescinia" ("The Lescinskian House") was written in gold. After the first dance they stood in such manner that their shields read "Domus Lescinia;" after the second dance they changed order, making it read: "Ades incolumnus" ("Unharm'd art thou here!"); after the third: "Mane sidus loci" ("Continue to be a star for the country"); after the fourth: "Sis columna dei" ("Be a pillar of God"); and finally: "I! scande solium!" ("Go, and ascend thy throne!") Indeed, these two words allow of 1,556,755,200 transpositions, yet that four of them convey independent meanings is certainly very curious.

If we pass from the sphere of letters to other objects, we are struck by the strange discovery that twelve persons can interchange their respective positions 479,001,600 times, which number of changes it would take them not less than 1,848 years



to accomplish if they moved once every minute for twelve consecutive hours daily.

Card-players who are continually bewailing their ill luck of always receiving the same poor cards, will perhaps be reassured by knowing that the fifty-two cards, with thirteen to each of the four players, can be distributed in 53,644,737,-756,488,792,839,237,440,000 different ways, so that there would still be a good stock of combinations to draw from, even if man, from Adam's time, had devoted himself to no other occupation than that of playing at cards.

Unbelievers, who, if not able to master the foregoing assertions, cannot, even in the face of mathematics, refrain from shaking their heads with a doubt as to their correctness, we shall, in conclusion, soothe with an experiment of whose correctness they can convince themselves, with a small amount of patience. In the following combination the sentence, "Prove it, by counting" is read from the middle "P" towards the four "g's" in the corners, in many different ways—45,760, if mathematics are to be trusted.

g n i t n u o C y B y C o u n t i n g  
 n i t n u o C y B t B y C o u n t i n  
 . i t n u o C y B t l t B y C o u n t i  
 t n u o C y B t l e l t B y C o u n t  
 n u o C y B t l e v e l t B y C o u n  
 u o C y B t l e v o v e l t B y C o u  
 o C y B t l e v o r o v e l t B y C o  
 C y B t l e v o r P r o v e l t B y C  
 o C y B t l e v o r o v e l t B y C o  
 u o C y B t l e v o v e l t B y C o u  
 n u o C y B t l e v e l t B y C o u n  
 t n u o C y B t l e l t B y C o u n t  
 i t n u o C y B t l t B y C o u n t i  
 n i t n u o C y B t B y C o u n t i n  
 g n i t n u o C y B y C o u n t i n g

That there is a rich variation of the different directions in which this can be done is readily seen; whether, on the other hand, the variations are so numerous as the above number indicates, is a matter about which our readers may satisfy themselves by counting.

### A DACOIT EXPERIENCE.



WE have all heard of the dacoits in Burma, but many have not been in the country and have not been scared by them. Well, I will just relate to you how we were once scared in Upper Burma.

It was just shortly after the annexation of the recently-conquered kingdom that I had the misfortune to be transferred to the Chindwin District, one of the largest divisions of Upper Burma, at that time infested with the most notable gangs of dacoits and their leaders. I was serving on one of the gunboats, a two decked stern-wheeler, armour-plated and fitted with the new Gardner and Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns, which was sent up the Chindwin River to do duty in forming stations and to keep order on the river for the good of the peaceful settlers, who were being continually harassed.

We had entered the Chindwin River from opposite Myingyan on the Irrawaddy, and in two days reached Alón or Alón Myo, the head-quarters of the district, from whence we received orders to proceed up as far as practicable; taking with us a detachment of the Military Police and a guard of Goorkhas, besides our own Marines (Bombay gun-lascars). Our duty was to land parties of the Military Police at intervals, at the villages on the banks of the river where there were no regular troops stationed.

When we had deposited the last of our batch, we still proceeded and left the guard of Goorkhas at the head-

quarters of the officer in charge of the Military Police Battalion. I think the name of the station is Minsin ; at any rate, it begins with an "M.". All this occupied us nearly a week, when we turned and proceeded down stream, banking every night as soon as it got dusk, and wherever we could get a safe spot. The first day we hauled in alongside a dense jungle for the night, as we were now in the Chindwin Valley and had nothing but miles of jungle before us. As usual we posted our sentries, now only composed of our Bombay crew, armed with cutlasses and carbines ; the district being so unsafe that these precautions had to be taken in order to avoid a surprise. We would extend a gangway from the vessel to the bank, and place two sentries at each end ; while on shore, at intervals of 25 yards, a man would be stationed, thereby penetrating right into the jungle, so that if there were any dacoits loitering about, the alarm could be given on board in less than a second. These poor fellows, not being used to field service and such treatment, were scared and every hour expected a surprise. I myself was to a certain extent scared to see the suspicious-looking spot we had anchored at, and was, to tell you the truth, restless and uncomfortable, so I would get up almost every hour. At one hour in the night I got up and went to see how the sentries were faring, when, to my surprise, I saw them all clubbed together, at the end of the gangway ; fear had brought them together ; fear had taken hold of the men, and not anything would make them extend in open order again. However, as good luck would have it, we were not visited by dacoits that night, for if we had, I think we would all have had our throats cut.

We hauled off the next morning, proceeding down stream, and banked that night at a village called Pongbyin, where there was a handful of Military Police, the same batch we had deposited on our way up. There was also a European officer and a Military officer who had come up by launch on inspection duty at the village ; they hearing, or rather seeing, our vessel alongside, made for it, preferring to sleep on board than at their hut quarters among the rank vegetation, besides which they would be sure of a good dinner and a good drink.

It was a very dark night, and the men were not posted as before, except the top gangway sentry, there being the Military Police ashore. The men were amusing themselves on the lower deck, chatting, lolling, reading their Korans, etc. I was in my cabin much interested in a book. The officers, together with their two guests, had finished dinner, and were sitting over their wine on the upper deck—when all of a sudden there was a hue and cry from the men, and the *poriwallah* (sentry) below shouts, "*Dakoo ayah*" ("Dacoits have come"). On hearing this, the Commander shouts, "Heave away from shore." The Military officer runs below and summons his men to be ready, and two minutes after that the police ashore are getting ready for an encounter with the dacoits. Five minutes after there was a panic on board; no orders were attended to, and the gangway was not removed.

During this time the Second Engineer, passing my cabin, shouted, "Get your revolver ready; we'll be boarded in less than a minute." I stepped out on the lower deck, and seeing the confusion, thought that at least I'd protect myself, so off I climbed to the upper deck for revolver ammunition from the magazine, for I had none with me. When I arrived in the saloon, I thought I would have a rifle too and have a few shots from the upper deck before the dacoits came close, so I shouldered a Martini-Henri and dived my hand in for three packets of ammunition and sallied out armed to the teeth—my sword hanging, Enfield revolver in one hand, rifle in another, and my Burmese dagger, which I always carried about me.

I took up my position at the stern of the ship over the wheels, where I had the protection of a plate-iron bulwark three feet high. Here I knelt down and listened, with my face towards the direction of the noise. I could not see, for it was as dark as the inside of a cow; I could merely discern figures indistinctly, moving to and fro, and hear the din and tramping as of bare feet on the deck below. I could see one of the officers on shore with his sword drawn, trying to scan something; meanwhile our men were climbing all over the boat to hide themselves. At this juncture I opened a packet

of ammunition to load my revolver, when to my amazement I discovered I had brought three packets of Martini ball. I got desperate and flung the revolver, in my excitement, over-board, and put a round into my rifle, and had I at that moment seen anything like a Burman, I should certainly have fired.

I was not long in position, when I happened to look down before me, and saw one of our lascars on the paddle wheel holding up another man. I asked him whether he could see anything of the dacoits, when to my astonishment called out in grave disgust, "*Sahib, kuch dakoo nahi, is chakra ne gir gya pani mi,*" and then began to explain, that one of the boys (pointing to the lad he held up) who was sick and on the hospital list, came to the stern of the vessel, and got down on the wheel to wash, when he chanced to slip into the water, and there being a strong tide and he not being able to swim, was clutching on to the floats and shouting in a weak voice, "I am drowning," and, thinking an alligator had hold of the boy, shouted, "*Coomer pukrar!*" which, being misinterpreted among the sleepy men down the deck, gave rise to the scare that the dacoits had come, and thus the panic.

As soon as I heard this, I, quick as lightening, placed my weapons by, got into my cabin, raised my lamp, took up my novel, and to all appearances looked as if I had never moved before.

The panic and confusion raged for over an hour before the men could be made to learn the facts, and during this time the steward passed my door, and being surprised to see me take things so calmly, assured me that the dacoits were very close and were to be seen, and entreated me to protect myself.

Shortly after I had the satisfaction of hearing a few oaths and peals of laughter, and officers and men all together returning past my cabin. They could not help noticing my position, in my *déshabillé*, and, engrossed so much in my book as not even to look up, and on being questioned, I assured them that I had never troubled my head about the rumour and noise, and thought that the look of our formidable ship was enough to keep dacoits off, which they seemed to think too; at any

rate, they thought me to be the most cool and collected man in the ship, till I had related what I had done and heard, next morning.

We laughed for a week over that night's escapade, especially over my bungling mistake with the ammunition and loss of my revolver and the men who were climbing down the funnel of the steamer to get into safety.

The offenders who were the cause of the panic were found out next day at muster and fined, and one week's liberty stopped to the whole of the crew, with extra drill and a severe warning in the shape of a lecture. I was logged for having thrown my revolver overboard, and as it was Government property, had to pay up forty-two rupees only.

P. HAMILTON.

## DOLLARS AND SENSE;\*

OR,

HOW TO GET ON.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

*Introduction*

*I believe this world is in a great measure what we choose to make it, and I therefore propose to point out so far as I can, the methods that are best calculated to enable us to 'get on' in it, and obtain comparative happiness.*

*P. T. Barnum,  
Hotel Victoria*

*London January 19<sup>th</sup> 1890.*

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\* "DOLLARS AND SENSE;" or, *How to Get On.* By P. T. BARNUM. To which is added *Sketches of the Lives of Successful Men who Rose from the Ranks.* By HENRY M. HUNT. And an Appendix containing MONEY, WHERE IT COMES FROM, AND WHERE IT GOES TO. Copyright, by H. S. ALLEN, New York. Price, £1 8. Indian Agents: NEW YORK AGENCY, Calcutta, 32 Dalhousie Square. S.



HE latest production of the world-renowned showman, Mr P. T. Barnum, cannot fail to attract the attention and interest of those who admire pluck and self-reliance in business matters, and at the same time desire to obtain an insight into the manner in which one of the most successful money-makers of the century made his various 'piles,' despite adverse circumstances of no ordinary nature. In reviewing a book of this nature, the best, in fact the only, thing the reviewer can do is to compress into as small a compass as possible the reminiscences themselves, adding such comments as may suggest themselves, illustrating the whole with such of the anecdotes and laughable incidents, with which the book is embellished, as will best serve to show the nature and scope of the whole work. This we shall endeavour to do in the following pages. To criticise the book from a literary point of view is not our intention; but we may say at the outset that there are thousands of books in existence, of greater literary and artistic pretensions, that fail to teach, in any degree, the useful lessons that may be learnt from the simple but humorous and witty narrative told by Mr. P. T. Barnum. We have only to add that the book is well got up both as regards printing and binding, before proceeding with the work in hand.

How to get on in life is the great problem that confronts us all, whatever help may be given from the outside; it is a problem which, in the main, each must solve for himself. To make ourselves useful in our day and generation, to deserve the respect of the community, to put to the best use the talents committed to our charge—this should be the aim of all. We must be willing to work with our best endowments of mind and muscle if we would win honorable and enduring success. Work in some form, therefore, is the law of all earthly existence. We are afraid that there are few of us who come up to all the conditions herein set forth, but Mr. P. T. Barnum may be said



to have nearly attained this ideal life, and is therefore well qualified to write a work for the guidance of others. As the publishers say in their preface, "His name alone, and his wonderful career, known of all men, add great weight to his words. But the words themselves need no recommendation; they are so wise, practical, and sensible, born of a large and lengthened experience (an experience of over fifty-five years), that they carry conviction with them. The golden maxims by which he has shaped his own successful business career will, through the medium of the printed page, help to shape the lives of others."

Those who wish to know more about Barnum and his life-struggles will find the information in *Barnum's Life, and the Story of his Great Show*. The book under notice consists chiefly of a string of personal reminiscences of a man who has mingled with all sorts and conditions of men; together with a store of shrewd and kindly observations and numerous illustrations and anecdotes; marked by a dry humor which is itself irresistible.

To explain fully Mr. Barnum's theories regarding life, and how it should be used, would take up too much of our space. Broadly stated, his belief is that the world—or our particular place in it—is, as a rule, very much as we like to make it. He believes that the world is viewed from different standpoints by the two different classes that inhabit it. One class naturally looks on the bright side of life, and the other on the dark side—Optimists and Pessimists, in fact, as we know them at home. The latter class includes all the grumblers in the world; the other class takes a hopeful view of life, and looks always on the bright side. To this class belongs Mr. Barnum, and his whole life proves that he puts his theories into practice. His philosophy may be summed up as follows:—

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.

Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.

To best please a child is the highest triumph of philosophy.

A happy child is the most likely to make an honest man.

To stimulate wholesome curiosity in the mind of the child is to plant golden seed.

I would rather be called the children's friend than the world's king.

Amusement to children is like rain to flowers.

He that makes useful knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.

Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.

The noblest art is that of making others happy.

Wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.

Innocent amusement transforms tears into rainbows.

The author of harmless mirth is a public benefactor.

I say—as the poet said of his ballads—if I might provide the amusements of a nation I would not care who made its laws.

The foundation of success in life is, says Mr. Barnum, good health. We all know that a man, when he is in ill-health, can no more accumulate a fortune than he can do satisfactory work. He has no ambition, no incentive, no force. But we think that the writer of the book under review goes out of his way when he indulges in an indiscriminate abuse of tobacco as one of the chief causes of bad health. "But," says the writer, "I speak from experience. I have smoked until I trembled like an aspen leaf, the blood rushed to my head, and I had a palpitation of the heart which I thought was heart disease, till I was almost killed with fright. When I consulted my physician, he said, 'Break off tobacco-using. Nicotine is poisoning you.'" This only proves that Mr. Barnum had 'been there' too often, and he waxes intolerant of the use of tobacco, either because he abused that use, or because his constitution was such that it was not fitted for the habit. But when the writer begins to generalize and gets clear of his hobbies, his advice is worthy of attention. The young do not look far enough into life to see that health is the uniform and regular performance of all the functions of the body, arising from the harmonious action of all its parts. By proper attention, a healthy, energetic and vigorous frame may be had in conjunction with a powerful and vigorous intellect. Science and experience alike confirm the fact that the two are not only compatible, but that

the one is in every way an aid to the other. How many, however, only discover these facts when too late. In India, for instance, they have only, comparatively speaking, recently been acknowledged, and it will be the rising, and not the present, generation that will benefit by the discovery.

One of the chief difficulties that presents itself to parents and guardians is the selection of a vocation for those under their charge, and it must be acknowledged that to this important consideration too little attention is paid. It is the writer's belief that unless a man enters upon the vocation intended for him by nature, and best suited to his peculiar genius, he cannot succeed. The author says:—"It is very common for a father to say, for example: 'I have five boys. I will make Billy a clergyman; John a lawyer, Tom a doctor, and Dick a farmer.' He then goes into town and looks about to see what he will do for Sammy. He returns home and says: 'Sammy, I see watch-making is a nice genteel business; I think I will make you a goldsmith.' He does this, regardless of Sam's natural inclinations, or genius." Against such process of selection Mr. Barnum strongly protests. He rightly maintains that there is as much diversity in our brains as in our countenances; and surely the selection of a life-vocation ought to be a matter of judgment, rather than of opportunity.

When a man gets into the right path, the next thing is to go ahead. This may seem unnecessary advice; but some men are "born tired." They can, however, cultivate these qualities. As Davy Crockett said:—

This thing remember, when I am dead,  
Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

Perseverance is sometimes but another word for self-reliance, and, says our author: "Until you get so as you can rely upon yourself, you need not expect to succeed." We may see this illustrated in any sphere of life.

We need not, however, follow up in detail the steps by which fortune and fame are to be attained, as set forth by Mr. Barnum. They are mainly those by which all men who have attained eminence have ascended the ladder, *i.e.*, self-reliance, knowledge

of business and attention to that business, concentration, system, and, in the case of commercial men—advertising. As for there being “no royal road to learning,” the author scouts the idea. There may be no royal road in the common acceptance of the term, but Barnum maintains that there is a royal road both to learning and wealth. “The road that enables the student to extend his intellect and add every day to his stock of knowledge, until, in the pleasant process of intellectual growth, he is able to solve the most profound problems, to count the stars, to analyze every atom of the globe and to measure the firmament,” this he considers the real regal road, and the only road worth travelling. We shall leave to those who purchase the book the pleasure of reading for themselves the many excellent maxims and experiences that it contains, and shall in our next issue give a running commentary upon the most noteworthy reminiscences and anecdotes.

APEX.

## ONE OF TOSTI'S.

"Valse-music, like two successive faces—  
One dancing with smiles, one sad and tender and sweet."

—*Georges Sand.*



ALLO! what brings you here to-night, Warren? I thought you never came to this kind of thing?"

"This is the first ball-room I have been into for years, Lawrence; I thought I would just look in before it was all over, to please little Mrs. Clifford, who sent me a very pressing invitation."

"Have you only just come, then?"

"Yes; just a few minutes ago."

"Well, I believe the next is the very last dance, so you won't get much of the fun."

"My dear fellow, I don't dance; have not danced for years," said the man called Warren.

"May I pass, please?" asked a soft voice in the background, and both men started, and stepped aside, while a woman passed, with a slight inclination of her head, into the brilliant crowd beyond. A moment afterwards Major Warren left the doorway in which he had been standing, and sauntered down the room, while his friend turned away with a smile. When Frank Warren found the vision in white, which had passed him, and for which he had been looking, his first remark was, "I did not expect to meet you here to-night."

"I am out of mourning now, you see," she replied, and handing him her programme, she added with a smile, "You are only just in time, for this is the last dance." At that moment the band struck up once more, and soon the sweet, sad strains of one of Tosti's loveliest valse came floating through the room.

The low, sweet music filled the air ; " Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye," was the wail that rang through it all, and as the sad strains died away in that long, low note of farewell, Major Warren and his partner stopped, and walked out into the cool verandah. " Thank you, Miss Cathcart," said the soldier, drawing himself up, with a sigh of regret. " Do you know I have not danced for sixteen years, and that last valse was a treat ? "

" I enjoyed it too," replied the girl, looking pale and tired in the moonlight which fell on her up-turned face. Then turning from him, and looking across the silent tropical garden outside, Sybil Cathcart said, " Major Warren, I have heard the story you said I was sure to hear some day ; the story which was too painful for you to tell me."

" Yes, I thought you would be sure to hear it sooner or later," said the man. " And now do you understand why it is I have never asked for the thing I want most in this world ? "

" I understand," was the reply.

" And if I had asked you to marry me," he continued, coming a little nearer, " would you have done so, under the circumstances ? "

" No, I think not," she answered.

And for a few minutes there was a deep silence, broken at last by Frank Warren, who said, " Will you give me one of these before you go, Miss Cathcart ? " and he gently touched one of a cluster of white, aromatic lilies, which nestled in the front of her dress, and the sweet scent of which haunted him for days afterwards.

" This ! " said Sybil, looking startled for a moment, and glancing down at the drooping flowers ; but though she detached one of the lilies from its resting-place, she did not give it up to the man before her.

" It is dead ! " she said, regretfully, and with a little passionate gesture flung it out among the living flowers in the moonlight.

In a bungalow, half-a-mile away, a woman was awaiting Frank Warren's return. The room in which she sat was luxuriously furnished, and full of many a well-remembered object

the sight of which made the woman's heart ache. "He always liked pretty things," she said to herself, getting up once more and moving restlessly about the room. Then glancing through an open door for a moment, she passed into a small bedroom. Before a large toilet mirror, she stood looking long and earnestly at the figure before her. What she saw was a beautiful woman in an evening dress of some shimmering purple stuff, with the glitter of a jewel here and there. "His favourite color," she murmured, and memory took her back to the day on which she had gone to her first ball in the character of a newly-made bride. Young as she had been then, with her seventeen years of freshness and innocence, nothing could have suited her regal style of beauty so well as the dress she had then worn. It was of deep purple velvet, rich, and soft, and lasting; and to this day she remembered every word her young lover and husband had said to her when he first saw her wearing his gift.

"How lovely you are, my darling," he had remarked. "There is not another woman in the world to compare with you. And what a beautiful dress! I shall always love this colour; no one should wear it but yourself. Has it not been worn by kings? It is the one colour for you—my queen!" And then he had kissed her so reverently, so tenderly. And now—it was all past and gone. Turning away, she walked back into the sitting-room and sat down at a small cottage-piano, which was standing open. And as Frank Warren entered the house, the same sweet air which had been ringing in his ears, ever since he had left Mrs. Clifford's rooms, came borne to his ears. Standing unseen in the shadow of a curtain, he listened in painful silence, while the woman sang her sorrowful story:

'You do not love me, no;  
Bid me good-bye and go.'

She sang in her rich, sweet contralto tones, when a sound behind her made her turn round to come face to face with the man she had wedded sixteen years before.

"Frank!" was her first cry.

"Zoe! you in this country! and here?"

At first the mention of her name brought a quick, glad

light into the woman's eyes, but both the light and the flush in her cheeks died away, when she saw that her sudden appearance pained the man before her.

"You remember me, then?" she asked, haughtily, with her head thrown back in the old familiar way that he knew so well.

"Remember you!" he cried. "Is it so likely I should forget?"

"I do not know," she said, speaking more sadly this time. "It is more than fifteen years ago since we parted. I am not so young as I was, and I thought you might have forgotten."

"Where are you staying?" said Frank Warren.

"With the Dalrymples."

"And why have you come here?" he asked, pale and troubled, for even now, though he knew that the old love was dead, he could not look on this woman unmoved.

"Why have I come?" cried the woman; "to make one more appeal to your generosity, Frank. Take me back! take me back! for I cannot live without you."

"How many times have you written to me on this subject?" was the reply. "And how many times have I answered you in the only way in which I can ever answer you. I married you, loving you as —" here the speaker's voice broke, and for a moment he could not go on; then he continued, "and soon after our marriage, you made your choice, between me and —" The name in both their thoughts was left unsaid. "And I said then that you could abide by your choice," ended up Frank Warren, turning wearily away.

"And from the day you put me away from you, Frank, I have never set eyes on him," said the woman, into whose voice had crept a little wail of despair.

"Why did he not marry you?" almost fiercely asked Frank Warren, once more facing her.

"Because I would not marry him," was the answer. "Oh! Frank, I was wicked and foolish, but I loved you, and you only."

"And you left me!" put in Major Warren.

"And will you never take me back?" she asked wearily,



with her hands clasped before her in a mute appeal.

"If I did, Zoe," he replied, "we could never be happy together again, with all the past between us."

"And will you ever marry?" she asked.

"I think you know my views on that subject," he replied gravely; "I shall never marry."

"Then there is nothing more to be said but good-bye," said the woman, looking as she thought, for the last time, on the stern, handsome face so dear to her.

"Good-bye, Zoe!" he said, taking her hand in his for a moment, and then it was in silence that he put her into the hired carriage standing outside, and watched it drive away into the darkness, for the glorious moonlight was dead, and hush and gloom were over all.

The rains had set in, fallen, and nearly run their course, when sickness laid many low in the little station of Gupabad, and the belle of the station, Sybil Cathcart, was among the victims to the deadly fever which periodically carried off some one or other. When Frank Warren heard that she was dying, he asked Mrs. Glymn, the married sister, with whom was her only home, to let him see her. Sybil said she was willing to see him, and the next moment Frank Warren was kneeling by her side.

"I have come to ask your advice," said the man, taking the girl's thin white hand in his own strong brown ones.

"What is it about?" asked Sybil.

And Frank Warren, kneeling there, told her all. Of the passionate love of his youth; of his brief married life, which lasted but a few months; of all that came after, the terrible blow of finding one unfaithful who had so lately uttered vows of fidelity to him; of the long blank years which followed, and the recent meeting with the woman who had spoilt his life; her pleadings—everything.

And Sybil, listening, understood the man she loved, better than she had done before, and loved him more than ever. "Frank," she said at last, "I am sorry for you, but far more

sorry for her, your divorced wife. She repented long ago, and has suffered for years. I can imagine how her heart must be breaking, if she loves you ; I can understand that through my own love for you. So my advice is, take her back, Frank ; take her back to your heart and home. Before I go—for the time is short now, I know—promise me to do so.”

There was a dreadful struggle going on in the man’s heart, and he could not speak.

The evening was waning, and through the half-open window came the sound of the regimental band, which was playing at the club not very far off. Suddenly Sybil Cathcart started up, saying, “Do you hear what they are playing ? I am glad to hear it again ; it is our valse.” And as the music rose and fell, she continued, speaking in a low voice more to herself than to the man beside her,

‘ You do not love me, no ;  
Bid me good-bye and go.’

“ Ah ! what must it be to a woman to have to say that ? ”

“ A woman’s heart does not forget. No ; that is true, Frank. Promise me to take her back—promise ! ”

“ I promise, my darling ! ” replied Frank Warren, gently touching her hand with his lips ; and feeling alarmed at her growing weakness and pallor, he called Mrs. Glymn, who was in the next room.

Between them they laid her back gently, for she seemed to be growing unconscious ; and as the last notes of the band came wafted in on the evening breezes, Sybil Cathcart fell into the sleep that knows no waking.

MARGARET STERNDALÉ.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY IN INDIA.



WHEN the ruthless globe-trotter goes on the war path, when the blase young man wants a new sensation, when the cockney, promoted from an elevated stool in London to a cart and a waler in the Gorgeous East, wants to impress distant friends with the outward and visible signs of unrecognised greatness, photography's artful aid is invariably invoked. Like matrimony or measles, amateur photography surely lays its hold on dwellers in the land of the sun. Happy he who escapes it happier he who catches the general infection and drees his weird to the bitter end. The one saves his depreciated rupee; the other tastes unalloyed pleasures that, alas, neither wine nor wedlock can afford. You, gentle reader, who have listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy in selecting your picture, and have pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope in making your first negatives, can speak feelingly of the joys that came showerlike with the splashes from your developing trays. For you these lines are not intended. I speak to those who yet struggle against the common lot, not knowing the bliss that lies perdu in the dark room. Let these follow me, and they shall partake of happiness beyond that known to ordinary men!

I shall commence with a brief history of the art. To omit the annals would be the equivalent of running a National Congress without an imaginary grievance which, as Euclid neatly puts it, is absurd. It is hard, however, to fix an exact date for the birth of the germs of our present knowledge. Some ascribe the discovery to Porta, a gentleman who thought no small beer of himself; but though he certainly knew all about the camera obscura, it was not till the commencement of the

current century that any method was devised for obtaining an impress of the pictures produced by the agency of light. The first step was really taken by Wedgwood, who in 1802 published "An Account of a Method of Copying Paintings on Glass and of making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver." Considering that the great chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, was associated with Wedgwood in his experiments, it is surprising to find that they stopped where they did. Their method was to draw the pictures first on glass, and then by superimposing the plate on white leather impregnated with the nitrate of silver to obtain faithful reproductions. At an early stage of their work they discovered that leather was a better material for their purposes than paper; but it never seems to have struck them that the advantage was due to the presence of tannin. The specific action of tannin on the sensitive surface they, of course, were not in a position to investigate, as chemical knowledge was not at the time sufficiently advanced; yet, with the materials at their disposal, had some attempt been made to ascertain the peculiar value of leather, it is within the bounds of possibility that the discovery of photography would have been anticipated by nearly a score of years, and that to England would have fallen the honour of the invention. As it happened, Wedgwood's method of copying paintings on glass was more curious than useful, as no mode of fixing the pictures was then known and the images on the leather blackened on exposure to light. The unsatisfactory results of these experiments seem to have influenced other workers; for we find in 1803 Dr. Wollaston investigating the action of light on gum guaiacum, and in 1814 Joseph Nicéphore de Niepce devoting himself to a study of photographic effect on resins. In the latter you, my reader, doubtless recognise the fairy prince at whose touch the sleeping beauty of photography waked into life and vigour.

Though to Niepce is certainly due the honour of the discovery of a practical application of photography, and although on his investigations most of the existing processes for photographically obtaining relief blocks for printing are undoubtedly

based, his invention was but distantly prognostic of the art practised by the amateur of today. As I said before, Niépce devoted himself to the study of light action on resins, and the discovery he made was that bitumen dissolved in any of its solvents becomes insoluble on exposure to light. His method of procedure was after coating a polished silver plate with the resin to expose it in the camera obscura, and then dissolve out the asphaltum not acted on by light. The result was a picture, not very good it is true and looking all the fine gradations that mark photographs of the present time, yet one that gave correct drawing with very little trouble. One defect, however, marred its utility:—the lights and shades of nature were reversed in it; for where the shadows should have been, the bare white metal was exposed, and the finest whites, those where light had acted most, were represented by insoluble brown bitumen. To remedy this, he went into partnership with a painter named Daguerre, who had been experimenting in the same direction. So far as obtaining the highest lights on the plate was concerned, of course there was no difficulty, as the bitumen could be mechanically removed; but to blacken the whites in proportion to their natural values was the difficulty, and this was surmounted by using iodine. During the progress of the experiments Niepce died (1833), leaving Daguerre to carry on the work alone. Six long years of patient research passed without any notable result, until in 1839 accident gave what thought and investigation could not find. The tradition says that Daguerre one evening put away in a cupboard some exposed plates on which no impression was visible, and awoke next morning to find the pictures perfectly developed and himself famous. Possibly his first impression must have been that the pixies, brownies, or some other of the good little people who work for good Sunday School children had done the deed; but close examination of the cupboard showed that the bottom was covered with minute globules of mercury accidentally spilled, and a few trials proved that the appearance of the pictures on the plate was due to the mercury.

The importance of the discovery can hardly be overrated ; for it gave the first clue to the fact that the exposure of a sensitive plate to light, if only for a few moments, leads to a change in the silver salts, which, though invisible to the eye, aided even by the most powerful microscope, is yet most pronounced and requires only the application of chemical agents, commonly termed "*developers*," to make itself manifest. On this foundation photography as at present practised rests. Before the discovery the pictures produced were the outcome of exposure of plates in a camera obscura for many hours till a visible impression was made ; and that, owing to the shifting direction of sunlight, of course gave very inferior results. The publication in January 1839, of the Daguerreotype process changed the current of thought, and led to the investigations which has made possible the production of the finest "*instantaneous*" pictures by amateurs of only a few weeks' experience. Driving clouds, breaking surf, street scenes, express trains, and horse races, requiring exposures of hundredths of a second, are now quite within the reach of any young man with a few rupees at his command. In the words of one of the advertisements, he need only point his camera to the object he wants, press a button, and the trade does the rest.

Simultaneously with the announcement of Daguerre's discovery, an Englishman, Fox Talbot, published a paper on "*Photogenic Drawings*" remarkable as being the precursor of the modern science of negative making. His plan was to coat ordinary paper with a solution of common salt, and then by brushing over the surface with silver nitrate to produce silver chloride with a slight excess of the nitrate. By superimposing on the prepared side opaque or semitransparent substances and exposing to light a *negative* image was obtained, that is, one with the lights and shades reversed. But by placing the negative in contact with another prepared piece of paper and again exposing to light a correct representation of the subjects was secured, and there was no limit to the number of impressions that could be obtained from one negative. In this latter respect the advantage of the process over the Daguerreotype, which

gave only one positive image on a silver plate; was certainly great; but whereas in the Daguerreotype pictures were made in the camera much as we do at the present time, Talbot's earliest methods could only give copies of such substances as lace, ferns, and the like. The chloride of silver coating on the paper was not sufficiently sensitive. A remedy for this defect was, however, soon determined by the Rev. J. Reade, who discovered that, by the addition of gallic acid, not only was the coating rendered much more sensitive, but that it could develop the invisible image resulting from short exposures to light. At about the same time Goddard found that by the addition of bromine to the iodine on the silver plate of Daguerre its sensitiveness was greatly enhanced, so that exposure could be reduced from minutes to a few seconds. Talbot was not slow to profit by Reade's discovery, and by judiciously annexing that gentleman's and Daguerre's ideas he gave to the world in 1841 a combination which is now known as the Calotype process. In it the paper was coated with silver iodide combined with gallic acid, and nitrate of silver was used for the development of a negative image. But for some reason or other the value of Goddard's researches was not appreciated, and it was not till Blanquart-Evrard of Lille drew attention to them that bromine was used with the iodide to secure increased sensitiveness.

The further progress of photography may be likened to a stream that has its origin in places wide apart. At first the narrow rills, starting from the sources, take independent courses as if they would never meet; but gradually uniting become a great river that gathers strength and volume with its advance onward to the mighty world of waters in which it loses itself. We have seen how from the bitumen pictures of Niépce the Daguerreotype came into being, and have also noted how Wedgwood's experiments led to the "Photogenic Drawings" of Fox Talbot, which then insensibly combining with the French discoveries appeared as the Calotype process. From this point the progress made is only the natural evolution of Talbot's patent. With the advance of the art-science fresh workers were caught up, and these, by improvements and modi-

fications, have so amplified the course of photography as to make its influence felt in most of the appliances of daily life. Calotype negatives being, as stated before on paper, its fibres hindered the perfect transmission of light, and coarse prints, lacking definition, were the necessary results. To a slight extent this drawback was remedied by the use of waxed paper; but the need of a transparent support for the negative image was from the beginning felt, and Sir John Herschell was the first to demonstrate in 1843 the value of glass for the purpose. The difficulties attendant on his method of coating glass with silver chloride by subsidence were, however, so great that no attempt was made to follow in his wake, and it was left to Niépce de St. Victor, the nephew of the older Niépce, to introduce in 1847 a working process. His plan was to coat glass with albumen mixed with potassium iodide, and to sensitise the plate by immersion in a bath of silver nitrate. The silver iodide thus formed was fairly sensitive, and the prints obtained from the grainless glass negatives were infinitely superior, as regards clearness of definition, to those produced from waxed paper. Albumen as a vehicle for the sensitive silver salts (which hereafter I shall designate by the technical term *silver haloids*) had however, certain disadvantages in actual work, and was abandoned for collodion when the employment of the latter was suggested by Gustav Le Gray in 1850, and a practical process worked out by Scott Archer in 1851.

The use of collodion for retaining the silver salts *in situ* marks a new era in the annals of photography, and brings us down to the present time. Collodion certainly has given place to gelatine where rapidity is a desideratum, but for lantern transparencies and large negatives for photo-mechanical work it still holds its own against all comers. Its only drawbacks arise from the necessity for using it while still moist and from its not acting as a "sensitiser." According to the process published by Scott Archer, which substantially is the one followed to the present day, the collodion, after being "salted" by mixing with it cadmium iodide and cadmium bromide, is poured on a clean glass plate, which is then submerged in a bath



of silver nitrate. If after the plate is removed from the bath, it is allowed to dry, the silver salt would crystallise and disintegrate the film so as to render it utterly unfit for the duty it is intended to perform. The plate has, therefore, to be exposed in the camera while it is still wet, and that, in the case of landscape work, implies the carting about of an enormous number of baths, tents and other impedimenta. To remove this serious defect, photographers from the first concentrated all their energies, and many dry colodion processes were suggested, but none was perfectly successful. In all the plan was, after sensitising in the silver bath, to wash out the excess nitrate of silver, and then to apply some organic substance which would do the work of the nitrate and act as the "preservative." These "preservatives" ranged from beer, tea and coffee to albumen and tannin, but, as I said before, they all failed to give the best results. Gelatine by acting in itself as both vehicle and "sensitiser" furnished what was wanted.

I am afraid the last sentence will convey very little meaning. The term "sensitiser" has been used twice before, but on each occasion in a technical sense. As an explanation will also give an insight into the rationale of photographic processes, I shall, before proceeding further, give you a glimpse behind the scenes. From what has been said before, you of course have gathered that the materials employed in taking light pictures are—salts of silver, a vehicle for placing them *in situ*, and a support of either paper or glass (transparent sheets of celluloid have recently also come into use, and possess many advantages over either paper or glass). For the sensitive material, the haloid salts of silver—that is, a chemical combination of silver with the halogens (from *Gr. Hals*, sea salt; and *Gennao*, to produce) chlorine, or bromine or iodine—are employed because they of all compounds exhibit the action of light in the most marked degree. They all change colour on prolonged exposure to light; and it was this property that first led to their use; but the extent of the discolouration is by no means an index of their sensitiveness with short exposures in the camera. Silver chloride colours most, but it is far less sensitive than either the iodide or bromide

of silver, which alone are used for camera pictures with reasonable exposures. The necessity for employing the support and vehicle arises from the fact that photographic action on the sensitive silver salts is only superficial, the change that occurs in it on exposure to light not extending below the surface. If the silver compounds were subjected in masses to the sun's rays, the darkening which is one of their characteristics, would be merely skin deep, and the interior would remain unaltered. In order, therefore, to obtain the full effect of light, it is requisite that the sensitive material should be presented to the light in the form of a surface; and this desideratum necessitates the use of a support. The support in its turn requires a vehicle for the attachment of the pulverulent sensitive salts, and it was for this purpose that collodion, albumen and gelatine have been used.

The value of collodion lay in the fact that it had as little effect on the sensitive salt as the glass of the support; yet this very advantage was also its greatest defect. This sounds like a paradox, and requires some explanation. It is hard however to convey a very clear impression without going more into the region of chemistry and physics than the space at my disposal will permit, but I shall give you a rough idea in a few words. I have just said that the silver haloids are a chemical combination of the metal with one of the halogens, and I may now add that photographic action consists in the release of a portion of the halogen from the salt. When a plate coated with a silver haloid is exposed to light a photo-chemical change occurs—a small portion of the chlorine or bromine or iodine is set free and an oxyhaloid is left, which may be coloured or not according to the duration of the light action. The colouring is of no account, as that can be effected far better by other means: what is essentially necessary is that the photo decomposition is accomplished. But the bonds of attraction between the silver and the halogen are sufficiently strong to resist the effect of light, unless its action be long continued, and the use of the haloids under such conditions in actual work is of course out of the question. For short exposures in the camera the assistance of some compound that would accomplish

what light commenced is therefore essential, and the requirement is met by what are technically known as "sensitisers." The value of these substances lies in their power to absorb the halogens. They cannot fulfil their functions of absorption off their own bat, so to speak ; but let the hold of the halogen on the silver be only slightly loosened by the impact of light and the sensitizer seizes the weakened iodide, bromide or chloride much as a tiger pounces on stray mutton. Now collodion is as inactive as the glass support, and the "sensitizer" has to be supplied by leaving on the collodion coated plate some nitrate of silver from the sensitising bath ; which, for the reasons already given, implies the use of the plate while still moist. As I said before the first efforts to obtain plates that would keep for some little time after its preparation, were confined to washing out the excess nitrate of silver and substituting such organic "sensitisers" as beer and coffee. The processes were troublesome and uncertain, the collodion dry plates were not very sensitive, and it was not till the publication, in 1871, by Dr. R. L. Maddox, of his method of preparing an emulsion of silver in gelatine that the dry plate problem was satisfactorily solved.

Gelatine was used by Le Gray as far back as 1849 for coating paper negatives, and its employment with glass was suggested in 1853 by Gaudin, but no notice was taken of the suggestion, probably because it could not give the best results with the methods of work then known. Anyhow, to Dr. Maddox is undoubtedly due the honour of bringing it into practical use. Its superiority lies in its acting both as a vehicle and as a sensitizer. Unlike collodion it readily absorbs the halogen loosened by the impact of light ; and by allowing, for reasons that will be given, the use of stronger developers than was possible with collodion, it gives greater sensitiveness. It must not, however, be supposed that gelatine plates attained at first anything like the rapidity with which we are all so familiar. The plates were, in fact, for sometime after its introduction, slower than the collodion coated ones at that time generally in use, and it was only after years had lapsed and new experimenters had entered the field of

investigation that the conditions under which sensitiveness was increased came to be formulated.

In modern gelatine plates the bromide of silver is the salt generally employed, because with gelatine it is much the most sensitive haloid. It has, in the first place, to be mixed in a state of extremely fine division with the vehicle, and this is effected by what is known as emulsification, for details of which I must refer you to Capt. Alney's excellent work, "Photography with Emulsions." The molecular cohesion thus obtained is however not sufficiently close to obtain great sensitiveness, and the emulsion has to be boiled, or, as it is technically termed, "ripened." By this ripening the incorporation of sensitive salt and vehicle is not only more thorough but the size of the silver haloid particles is also greatly increased, and as this permits of the exposure of a larger surface of the sensitive body, the rapidity of the plate is marvellously enhanced. Ripening may also be effected with ammonia, but whatever agency is employed, there is a limit which must not be passed, or decomposition will ensue, and the emulsion has to be washed, or the soluble bromides and nitrates would crystallise and tear the film. After washing the emulsion is remelted, and applied as a coating to glass plates.

Of the working of dry plates I shall speak on another occasion.

GEORGE KEITH.

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*TOPICS OF THE MONTH.*

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PUBLIC attention at Home has, during the past month, been chiefly directed towards Mr. Parnell and his opponents. At the time of writing, the issue of the contest seems doubtful, the latest information to hand, as we go to press, being that Messrs. Parnell and O'Brien held a prolonged conference at Boulogne on Tuesday last, and from the fact that they lunched together afterwards, we may presume that revolvers were not drawn. It is not with Mr. O'Brien, however, that Mr. Parnell has to settle, but with Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Sexton and their powerful supporters. But that Mr. Parnell intends to stand firm as long as he has a supporter left is, we think, evident. The last mail brings a report of the great Parnell speech at Dublin, which city is undoubtedly loyal to the Parnell interests. Both the Irish leader and Mrs. O'Shea were loudly cheered. In the course of his speech Mr. Parnell said that if by his immediate resignation he could bring the fruition of Irish hopes one second nearer, that resignation would be cheerfully given. He would not, be said, dwell upon his defence in the O'Shea *v.* O'Shea-Parnell case; which, seeing that there was no defence at all, was, we think, rather an unnecessary statement. Mr. Parnell, however, declares that there is another side to the question. If that be so, we think that he did not use much discretion in allowing the case to go by default.

Apart altogether from the moral aspects of the case, we think it is not much to be regretted that the split should have occurred just at this juncture. It will most undoubtedly affect the next General Election, and will probably be the

means of strengthening the Unionist cause throughout Great Britain—whether Mr. Parnell retains the leadership of his party, or not. The mail news seems to point to the probability that he will retain that leadership—in the teeth of his adversaries. In Dublin, itself, the dominant sentiment is distinctly Parnellite, while all the great towns seem also to have declared for him. Effigies of prominent anti-Parnellites have been burnt in effigy, and we are told that at a mass meeting, held in Dublin, the Lord Mayor said that Mr. Parnell's opponents were the political lepers of Ireland, and he further compared Mr. Tim Healy to Judas Iscariot. Mr. Gladstone, he said, did not yet know that it was scoundrels he was dealing with. Even the *Times* is forced to confess that Mr. Parnell "has once more succeeded in placing his enemies technically in the wrong. At the same time he has secured plausible grounds for denouncing them to the Irish Nationalists as tools and hangers-on of English party politicians." So that, all along the line, Mr. Parnell seems to hold the whip hand. But what about the Irish Party? The contests and rivalries between the different factions promise to be more prolific of trouble in the future, than were even the religious difficulties between Orangemen and Nationalists in the past.

The conflict between capital and labour still continues. The discontent of the masses, evidenced by the popular uprising of working men, not only in England and Scotland, but also in Germany, France and Austria, stirred up the working men in Belgium to make a demand for universal suffrage. Mr. Gladstone, who has championed the working classes in England, and who has said that many of the difficulties of the times have arisen from the attitude of the classes in antagonism to the masses, is at least partly committed to the eight-hour movement. Corporations and employers are forming strong combinations in England to combat the growing strength of the trades unions, and special interest was recently manifested in an address, delivered in London by Mr. David Dudley Field, the eminent lawyer, on "The Functions of the State." Mr. Field believed that there was nothing comparable to co-operation as a

reconciler of the conflict between capital and labour. He utterly opposed the socialistic theories, which he declared are disturbing and menacing society, and said that they would never be generally accepted; that the State was not bound to provide work for the people or to furnish them with bread, clothes, houses or land. Notwithstanding Mr. Field's declaration, the German Government has taken a long stride in the direction of paternal government by pensioning working men.

One of the distinguishing features of the new American Tariff Law is the great increase of duties on agricultural products. We learn from the American papers that the duty on barley is 30 cents. per bushel instead of 10 cents. The duty on buckwheat is 15 cents. instead of 10; on corn 15 cents. instead of 10; on corn meal 20 cents. instead of 10; on oats 15 cents, instead of 10; on wheat 25 cents. instead of 20; on butter 6 cents. per pound instead of 4; on cheese 6 cents. instead of 4; on beans 40 cents. instead of 30; on eggs 5 cents. per dozen instead of nothing at all; on hay \$4 per ton instead of \$2; on hops 15 cents. per pound instead of 8; on preserved vegetables 45 per cent. instead of 30 per cent.; on vegetables in the natural state 25 per cent. instead of 10 per cent. These duties were imposed for the special benefit of the American farmers who, for a long time past have been compelled, by Canadian and other competition, to accept prices for their produce that were not fairly remunerative for their toil and skill. It was recognized by Major McKinley and his Republican colleagues that the farmers were entitled to protection as much as the manufacturers or wool growers, and the Tariff was framed with special reference to their interests. For years past it has been a Democratic cry that the manufacturing classes were protected at the expense of the agricultural classes; and anyone would suppose that an act proposing to equalize matters would have met with the support of the party. But nothing that is done by the Republican Party can please the Democrats, and so they are now loudly vociferating that the present Tariff is all wrong because it raises the price of farm products, and compels the manufacturing classes to pay more for their hay and butter,

eggs and vegetables. Consistency does not appear to be a Democratic virtue.

Just before the American mail left, a statement was issued from the America Mint regarding the decline in the price of silver, which is of peculiar interest to commercial men in this country, and in fact, to commercial men all over the world, at the present time. Mr. E. O. Leech, the Director of the Mint, —said to be one of the most competent men who have ever accepted the responsible duties of that office, answers, in this document, some of the criticisms that have been directed against the United State's Government regarding its method of purchasing silver, and he shows, we think pretty conclusively, that it is entirely free from the possibility of favoritism, or the suspicion of injustice. The entire business is done by telegraph, and the largest transactions do not occupy beyond fifteen minutes. It is shown that while the Government has purchased an amount of silver equal to the current production of American mines, since the passage of the new Silver Bill, the silver on hand has not diminished, and that this large and undiminished stock "is a standing menace to the price of silver, and is, of itself, sufficient to shake public confidence in it." He says the Western refineries allowed their product to accumulate instead of taking the usual course of offering it for sale or selling it abroad, so that when the new Silver Bill went into operation this large accumulation had to be disposed of in addition to the large amount of silver imported from abroad. It was unfortunate, he adds, that certificates were allowed to be issued on silver, guaranteed by a National bank and listed on the Stock Exchange, so that they could be dealt in on margins as other stocks, thus making a foot-ball of silver "to be kicked around at the pleasure of bulls and bears." "In my judgment," he continues, "there should be a law enacted against dealing in money metals on margins." Two important suggestions in reference to silver legislation have been advanced, and both were being urgently pressed. First, that foreign silver should be excluded from Government purchases; second, that an appropriation, immediately available



and sufficient for the purchase of all the surplus supply on hand, say \$10,000,000, should be made to clear the market. If these two suggestions could be carried out, the regular monthly purchases would thereafter absorb the entire domestic product, and no doubt, speedily increase the price of silver in the United States. If, on the other hand, some such action is not promptly taken, there is nothing to prevent a large increase in the importation of foreign silver into America, and a consequent still further depreciation of the price; possibly to the low level that prevailed before the present law was enacted.

Our own idea is that the Silver Bill—although a good thing in itself, stands in need of further strengthening, for it is evident that so long as America offers an open, and the best, market for the surplus silver of Europe, the purpose and intent of the Bill—namely to restore silver to its proper place in the world of commerce, will be defeated.

A few instances will serve to fully demonstrate our meaning. While the Silver Bill was pending, one of the Antwerp papers called the attention of the Belgian Government to the fact that silver was rising and that the time had come, or was fast approaching to sell a portion of Belgium's surplus silver, and doubtless the advice has already been acted upon. Further than this several foreign financial newspapers have called attention to the fact, that Roumania is about to demonetize over £5,000,000 in five-franc pieces; that Belgium, Italy, and Greece, on the dissolution of the Latin Union at the close of the present year, will be obliged to take back from France their depreciated five-franc pieces, and that the bank of France holds, ready for delivery, enormous amounts of silver, which are to be returned to the Governments which coined them, as follows: Over £5,000,000 in Italian five-franc pieces, £6,000,000 in Belgium, and £80,000 in Greek coin of the same denomination; £250,000 in Italian fractional currency, and £90,000 in Belgian fractional currency. When the Silver Bill was pending, the friends of the white metal were desirous of providing for the exclusion of foreign silver, but there seemed to be a positive antagonism to this policy, and it was not carried out. In the light of experience it will be seen that a mistake was made.

The latest news regarding the Indian outbreak in the United States is sufficiently startling. This outbreak was by no means unexpected. It was foretold some two or three months ago that the possibilities were that there would be "in the North-West, this winter, the bloodiest Indian war ever fought." An Indian Messiah appeared, who promised final vengeance of the Indians upon the whites and the restoration of Indian supremacy. Sitting Bull (who was recently killed in battle with the United States' troops) was the High Priest of this craze. General Miles, Commander of the Military Division of the Missouri, who has recently made a visit to Utah, Montana, and the Cheyenne Reservation, reports that the Indians have the utmost faith in the Messiah who (as they believe) has come to restore them to their former glory, bring back the buffalo, and drive the whites from the land. This belief exists among the Sioux, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Shoshones, and other tribes the craze having extended in all to some ten tribes. Some few persons have seen the man who claims to be the Messiah and some allege that they have conversed with him. General Miles gives it as his conviction that there is more than one person personating this Messiah. The pretender tells the Indians that when he comes to reign over them fire-arms will no longer be used or necessary; that at his coming the dead Indians will all be raised to life, the buffalo will return, and that he will draw a line behind which he will gather all the Indians, and then will roll the earth back upon the whites. Persons who have seen the Messiah allege that he is muffled up and disguised, so that his face is not discernible. General Miles believes that he is a full-blooded white. Among those who accepted the new belief, none have been so ardent as was Sitting Bull, who gave a great deal of trouble in the vicinity of the Standing Rock Agency by his attempts to stir up the bucks and promote discontent and disaffection among the Indians generally. On one occasion he gathered his followers at a camp on Grand River, some forty miles from the Agency in South Dakota, and there inaugurated the ghost dance, a fanatical, demoralizing, and impassioned diversion, which it was found necessary to suppress by the interposition of troops.

General Miles is of the opinion that the Mormons have had a great deal to do with stirring up the existing disaffection, and in promoting the belief in the new Messiahship. They have had missionaries at work among the Indians for many years, and have made many converts. As they themselves claim to believe in prophets and spiritual manifestations, it would be quite natural that they should seek to increase that belief among the Indians, especially if by so doing they could promote the conversion of the tribes to their particular faith. The chief seat of the trouble has, hitherto, been in the departments of Dakota and Platte. In that country there are about 30,000 Indians, crazed by religious excitement. There are seven military posts around this territory, all well equipped.

So far the rising has not been attended with much bloodshed, but in the last engagement the United States troops seem to have got out of hand altogether; if it be true, as we are told, that they killed two hundred and fifty Indian women and children. The Indians are so thoroughly imbued with the craze that they are in that state from which they could easily be roused to the utmost violence. Already we are told that settlers in the outstations are seeking the protection of the forts; while the excitement amongst the Indians, and even among the *Friendlys*, is intense. Any moment we might receive news of a massacre of startling proportions.

It is, of course, humiliating for the Americans to have to say it, but they themselves acknowledge that the Indian chapter of their history is discreditable to them as a nation. The situation, as it existed a month ago, is thus described by the *New York Herald*:

"In the meantime the rations promised by the Government have not arrived, and the Indians are starving. They have little or no clothing to protect them from the bitter cold, and just food enough to keep them hungry all the time. These wards of the Republic are cheated out of the food which has been promised, but when they complain, or in very desperation rise in revolt and commit an outrage, they are shot down like dogs, and word is sent to 'the Great Father' at Washington that the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

It would appear from the above that, while admirable results

have been reached in legislation, the Indian administration upon a mere party basis perplexes and prolongs the good work which has been begun.

With reference to Professor Koch's Consumption Cure (the lymph-making establishment in connection with which will shortly be transferred to the German Government) it is worthy of note that, some time ago, that Government became so much convinced of the fact that there was something substantial in the cure, that a Bill was actually drafted for introduction into the Reichstag, appropriating funds to enable the Professor to instruct all the physicians in the German Army how to administer the remedy. We do not know whether the Bill was ever introduced, but that the Government attaches the greatest importance to the discovery may be judged from the fact that it is paying to Dr. Koch one million marks down, and another million from the profits of the yearly sales of the lymph. The German Government does not usually give its endorsement to anything of this kind without the most careful examination; and we may safely conclude that it has not on this occasion departed from the usual rule. As for the attacks made upon the system by Dr. Koch's brethren of the lancet, it is well-known that the regular professional instinct in regard to new and striking alleged discoveries in medical science is scepticism. We have had instances in this country, of late, that such is the case. The discoverer of cancer-cures or a remedy for leprosy is saluted with the general distrust of the faculty, and a disposition to regard the announcement as sensational or sheer charlatanry. This, of course, is not surprising, although a friendly and hospitable spirit is perfectly compatible with wariness and a wise credulity. It is clear that progress in medical science involves discoveries that will necessitate the abandonment of conclusions based upon more imperfect knowledge, and modify beneficially medical practice. But the popular interest in alleged discoveries which promise relief to diseases hitherto deemed incurable is naturally so great, and excitement becomes at once so warm, that the profession almost unconsciously assumes an attitude of resistance to the pressure for premature approval. Pasteur's treatment for hydrophobia is still

on debatable ground so far as the faculty is concerned, and at this moment Koch's reputed cure for the early stages of consumption commands universal attention in the press. The process, in brief, is the injection of a lymph, followed by treatment. The composition of the lymph Dr. Koch has not made public, and there is good reason for such a course, because, during the excitement, the lymph would be certainly counterfeited, with results that might be disastrous. Meanwhile medical inquirers from all countries are hastening to Berlin, and the subject will be thoroughly investigated. There is no more reason, in the nature of the case, to distrust the value of the discovery than in the case of inoculation for the small pox. At the same time it is not well that the assurance of so pregnant an achievement should be hastily given, or that more should be assumed to have been accomplished than has been. And no one is more earnest to guard against an unwarranted feeling of confidence in the new treatment than Dr. Koch himself. Much less is actually claimed for it by him than is generally supposed, and in most cases it is to be regarded, according to his own statement, rather as an aid to well-known and long-tried means of cure than as an independent remedial measure. He says, in his memorable paper published in Berlin, on November 14th, that experiences with patients have led him "to suppose that phthisis in the beginning can be cured with certainty with this remedy," but that "this statement requires limitation in so far as at present no conclusive experiences can possibly be brought forward to prove whether the cure is lasting. Relapses naturally may occur, but it can be assumed that they can be cured as easily and quickly as the first attack. On the other hand, it seems possible that, as in other infectious diseases, patients once cured may retain their immunity; but this, too, must for the present remain an open question." In part the same may be assumed for older troubles, he adds, "when not too far advanced; but patients with large cavities . . . will probably obtain lasting benefit from the remedy only in exceptional cases." It is clearly a matter of importance that these important limitations should be widely understood.

CALCUTTA, 31st December, 1890.

APEX.









## Supplement to Western "Wit and Wisdom."

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